



A little magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and art: published quarterly with supplements of interest.

Annual subscription, 50 cents. As a convenience to subscribers, the publishers will assume that a continuance of the subscription is desired, unless notified by the subscriber to discontinue at the expiration of subscription. Rates for advertisement may be had by application at the business office, 238 Post Street. Application entered at the Post-office, San Francisco, as second-class matter. Elder & Shepard, Publishers.

## March, 1902

| ON THE PRINCIPLE OF LOYALTY IN BIOGRAPHY                                | by Anna Strunsky                     |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| HAWTHORNE AND LAVENDER: A REVIEW -                                      | by Dorothea Moore                    |
| WAYFARERS IN ITALY: A REVIEW  | by Rev. Henry E. O' Keeffe, C. S. P. |
| "CULTURINE"   | by Thomas Dykes Beasley              |
| Notes from a Reading of Edwin Mark-)                                    |                                      |
| HAM'S "LINCOLN"   | by E. C. T                           |
| SETTERS OF TYPES  | hy Frank R Rae Iv                    |
| SETTERS OF TYPES THE PERILS OF PROPHECY THE MORISCOS OF SPAIN: A REVIEW | by Lovengo Socco                     |
| Two Manages on Charge a Drugger   | Lu E C Manus                         |
| THE MORISCOS OF SPAIN; A REVIEW   | oy E. C. 1120078 10                  |
| A FORGOTTEN CLASSIC: AN APPRECIATION -                                  | by T. C. W 1                         |
| The Art Ro  | om                                   |
|   | by H. W. Rolfe 15                    |
|   |                                      |
| The Children's 1  | Room                                 |
| THE LISTENING CHILD: AN APPRECIATION -                                  | by Dora Amsden 1                     |
| THE FOREST AND THE NIGHT: A POEM -                                      | by L. Gerstle Mack 1                 |
|   | (age seven years and a half)         |
| Borrowings  |                                      |
| SUPPLICATION  | by Edwin Markham                     |
| A SWARM OF BEES WORTH HIVING  | Fourth page cove                     |
| Supplements   |                                      |
| IMPRESSIONS BOOK-MAR  |                                      |
| IM RESSIONS BOOK-MAP  | ,                                    |

by George Hansen BABY ROLAND

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY OF REVIEWS.

HAWTHORNE AND LAVENDER. By W. E. Hen-ley. Harper & Bros. \$1.60 net. WAYFARRER IN ITALY. By Katherine Hooker, Illustrated. Limited edition of 400 copies (100 for sale). Elder & Shepart. \$7.50 net. Linkold. And Other Forms. By E. C. Martham. McChurp, Philips & Co. \$1.60 net.

THE MORISCOS OF SPAIN—THEIR CONVERSION AND EXPUSION. BY Henry Charles Lea, LL.D. Lea Bros. & Co. \$2.25 not. THE LISTENING CHILD. BY S. W. Thacher. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25. School edition,

50 cents net.

### On the Principle of Lopalty in Biography.

E have our standards. We raise them in the highways and demand that

they be taken wholly in earnest. They are the ichons of the social conscience, and when we pass them straight-kneed it is unwittingly and through mistake. For the standard binds us. On every hand we are moved to throb with the socially selected feeling and pressed to school ourselves in the approved mode of conduct. Often we are made sane and strong by the forces of convention, but often we find that through them we have abandoned individual prerogative, dulled ourselves with accepted codes, that we have grown ungenerous with average points of view and stulted with narrow doctrine. We are creatures and puppets of convention, and for what we lose we gain, but for what we gain we pay dearly,

There is a standard of loyalty, and woe to the biographer who deviates from its pre-

scribing lines! To be at peace with the reader he must be at peace with his subject. A breach of loyalty in any work of a biographical nature offends as does nothing else, the unwritten law for the creation of personal history being that he alone who loves the life shall tell its story. Else why do it? "It is the note of evil so soon it dies." Why carry the unworthy and insignificant into the permanence of literature? Boswell is faithful to dear Dr. Johnson. He is more than sympathetic; he is, after the manner of sturdy fellowship, loyal to all which made up the personality of Samuel Johnson. Such is our fastidiousness that had there been one snarl in The Life, one word inserted with mean spite, the work, which is a literature in itself, would stand spoiled. Not only where there had existed a personal relation between the subject of the biography and its writer is there scope for Mr. Symonds was loyal to Benvenuto Cellini inasmuch as his sympathies taught him to understand what was fine and strong in the life of the artist-desperado. Macaulay wrote a critical and even censorious essay on Warren Hastings, yet the faults are given no greater prominence than the virtues; all sides of his nature are set out with understanding and sympathy; nothing is slurred; the life is treated with the balance of fairmindedness, and the essay is cast in genuine warmth. It pulsates with a feeling for that giant figure which is none other than loyalty. When the Countess Hetzfeldt, on the death of Lassalle, commissioned his "friend" and co-worker, Bernard Becker, to write his biography, and the result was an unfounded attack called Revelations Concerning the Tragic End of Ferdinand Lassalle, we were given an example of pitiable and flagrant disloyalty.

What are the characteristics of this feeling, and by what may it be known? Loyalty is almost a primitive virtue. It has stood preeminent in the crudest conventions of the crudest societies. Today the gratification it gives us is subtle and dear. Perhaps we would rather meet with its play in our books, in our fellows, in our hearts, than with that of any other emotion. Loyalty has been the guarantee for success since leapt into the mind of man that vastest of all concepts, mutual aid. The feeling has a long and honorable history. It is allegiance to a once-found good. Something in us demands that we remember what we have at one time recognized as a flash struck from great being, that we remember and record and do battle for and make good. Then, also, it is ushered in by doubt and trial. It is the travail of faith. So it is in the loyal responses which we make that we test immortality. Permanent every incipient act of his, every move! More than a name writ in water he whose deed is so finely stored. And shall not the same be

said of us?

Here, then, in serving the standard, we serve well. But here, also, enters the spoiling hand of convention. Like begets like. What is of convention must remain conventional. The formality and the narrowness of set criteria creep upon the sentiment and immediately it becomes too binding and dominant. It makes its plea in the face of truth, disguising, concealing, the lips smiling pitifully, half in indulgence and half with bravado. It becomes as difficult to be rightly loyal as it is to rightly live. The feeling must fight its way against its inherent tendency of unscrupulous kindness and against those forces which environ us and which compel us to feel and act as they prescribe and according to a consistency of their own.

That this is so, that there is a standard of loyalty, and that it is difficult to live up to, is borne out by the surprise and anger which met Mr. Henley's biographical bit in the Pall Mall. William Ernest Henley is charged with disloyalty to Robert Louis Stevenson. Why? Because he refused to let pass for true the portrait his eyes and heart found false. His criticism of Mr. Balfour's book offended lovers of Stevenson, but Mr. Henley is himself the tenderest of his lovers. According to Mr. Henley, Robert Louis was more than angel; he was man. Do you say angel is more? But Mr. Henley prefers man, which answers all of the charge. Rather than quarreling over a supposed insand treachery, why not do Stevenson the honor of taking for granted that he had been the first to thank his friend for the word? Surely his spirit had qualled before the adulation Many an anomalous thorn had pricked him from out the too zealously wreathed laure crown. "He might also have felt with pride that the splendor of his fame would bear many spots," says Macaulay of Warren Hastings, and further, still striving to save the states man from the unearthly and insubstantial fame which Mr. Gleig, driven on as he was by the furor biographicus, was creating for him, "he had sufficient judgment and sufficient udgment and suffi

greatness of mind to be wished to be shown as he was."

Robert Louis Stevenson is too great for pyrotechnic splendor. We love him for those qualities of which his would-be friends are ashamed, for the sensitiveness and the visioning and the quick knowledge of affairs human which was more than knowledge, and also, and not the least for these, for his struggles and his failures. We love him for his love of bold lipped youth and dread of crabbed age. Here he proved himself philosopher. Mr Henley states that the years narrowed and lessened him, shut him in from the larger sym pathy and from the more daring reach. Yes, we knew that. We learned it from himself from his letters, from his soliloquies; but he was sorely distressed over it, and for tha we honor him. How few those, who being sick in spirit, know and care! He cared and cried out with passion against the peril. It is for this reason that our tastes run counte to Mr. Henley's, and we prefer Virginibus Puerisque to anything in Hazlitt and Lamb Stevenson is more modern, more frank, more close to us, more charged with the trouble and the eternal destiny of climbing man. But there lies no treachery in a difference c opinion, and loyalty to the man at the expense of loyalty to the truth is but a poor thing As critic it was binding upon Mr. Henley that so important a name as Robert Loui Stevenson should be rescued from extravagance. Dispute his knowledge of the facts and his critical acumen but never dispute his right to speak. It is even as Robert Loui would have done and one could almost see the brilliant eyes of Lewis smile and fill and smile again at the tumult and the irk, and his hand reach to take that of his friend as in acknowledgment. Perhaps it again has been possible for these two

#### "To lie in the peace of the Great Release As once in the grass together."

No better illustration than this of the difficulties which beset the path of him wh would be loyal in his biographical statement. Conventionally, the exponent of loyalty i compliment, and you are only then loyal when you have made of your man a catalogue ( the virtues. There are, therefore, two manifestations of the principle of loyalty—that che fanatic, caper, superlative, puerile, bent only on seating the little god of its making o a throne in a drama of one night's running, and that of the lover in whose love somethin of the iron has entered, but who feels that to posterity it were a gain to have the picture.

ANNA STRUNSKY.



#### Hawthorne and Lavender.

RITING of William Ernest Henley in 1872, Arthur Symonds says, "Five years ago Mr. Henley was practically unknown." Yet only a little while after this Mr. Henley had become the arbiter formæ for the younger English writers of his time. While the volume of his writings was small as it has ever been - his influence was powerfully felt through the pages of the Scots Observer, and later, in 1889, as the editor of the New Review.

This ability to mold the characters of those about him came as much from what he was as from what he said. He was, as his picture in the last Critic shows him to be still, a type of the wholesome, fearless, honest Englishman, endowed beside with a keen and

cultivated intellect.

Heir direct of his great elders,—Heine, Meredith, Whitman, Verlaine,—he was yet able, in his first slim little Book of Verses, to find a fresh, free and spontaneous form,

entirely modern and entirely his own.

The mastery of form, however, came by no royal way, but just as did Stevenson's, by the keeping at it. For when a collection of intricate and difficult verse-forms came to be made, all of the best of them proved to be by one William Henley, then unfamiliar to any but the rare readers of the Germ.

In Hospital, - brutally plain, strangely compounded of fact and fancy and recklessly human, - was a fresh contribution to the truth that is in things. The Sonnet sketches have

had many lovers and as many enemies. They demanded an opinion.

Then later came the Song of the Sword—a great song for England free—and the London Voluntaries, as absolutely realistic as subtly poetical. It was natural that they should remind one of Mr. Whistler's black and white. Mr. Henley knows his London perhaps as well and interprets it more completely, as color is more than line alone.

London, its black fogs and black vices, its spring skies and spring joys, its indefinable, everlasting charm! And always in the blackest day, in the darkest soul - faith, a faith

so entire as to be arrogant:

We have fulfilled ourselves, and can dare, And we can conquer, though we may not share In the rich quiet of the afterglow What is to come.

After the Song of the Sword came a small volume of admirable criticism, warm, strong and informing, and now comes another small book of verse, Hawthorne and

Lavender.

Fortunately Mr. Henley is not fond of the importunate nudge which so often is the sole value of a title. So that beginning with the Præludium one may go on undisturbed through the clear, high, sonorous cry which follows it; love of Spring, love of Youth, love of Life, love of Death. Form and content commingled with a dignity that is distinction and a passion that is power. Some of these verses, notably numbers XIX and L rise above the rest with extraordinary beauty. That numbered XIX is itself the very wing of the Spring in the garden of Love of which it sings, and that numbered L a Greek chorus finding its voice in a later time.

> In sumptuous chords, and strange," Through rich yet poignant harmonies; Subtle and strong browns, reds Magnificent with death and the pride of death. \*

Of Winter, the obscene, Old, crapulous Regent, who in his loins — O, but who feels he carries in his loins The wild, sweet-blooded, wonderful harlot, Spring!

These lines from the Præludium convey in a measure the attitude of Mr. Henleyhis color — his freedom — his confidence. London Types and a few bits of Epicedia make up the remainder of the volume.

Both Mr. Henley's prose and verse is of a quality that makes the demand for quantity an impertinence. With this book it can be more surely said than when said earlier,

"Mr. Henley has not only written, he has educated."

Mr. Henley pretends at this writing that so much inordinate attention has been given to his remarks about Robert Louis Stevenson that he mentions him under his breath and only by initials. And while one's estimate of Mr. Henley's work will be left finally to those to come who will have never known or cared for the man, yet for us of today it must alter our feeling for him.

That he can be most brutal in the cause of truth, his virulent article on Balzac has already shown. His attack upon his dead friend can only be called meanly courageous. Why not leave to the sure and certain hand of time the restoration of the balance between undue praise and undue blame? If Stevenson had ever been blatant for fame, or anything but the fairest, pluckiest and sweetest soul under the sky, one might bear Mr. Henley's

strivings of the spirit better.

In the complaint that the Stevenson of the later years was not the Stevenson he had known, there sounds the fatal note of a purely personal grievance. Mr. Stevenson was always lovably acquaintable, and it is right that a man who lives should go on living out the old man and becoming the new.

If Mr. Henley will keep quite quiet hereafter one will admit his honesty - even his reasonableness, and covering his dicta with the "napkin of forgetfulness," remember only his work - the ultimate thing by which every man must stand and fall.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

#### "Wayfarers in Italy," by Katharine Hooker.

BOOK by Mrs. Hooker has come to us with the simple title of Wayfarers in Italy. Every honorable word concerning that picturesque country must in itself be more or less a literary contribution, but when the author is an intimate observer the work deserves close attention. To write with grace of Italy one must first forget its failings and love it. To the full spirit it is a most lovable land.

The author of the book under consideration has been possessed with this gift of affection. She has dealt with her subject sympathetically, and we feel that her perceptions,

because affectionate, are worthy of reverence.

However, it must not be gathered from this that the work is built on a large basis. It is not in any manner like Ruskin's or Symonds', a systematic study of the country, its history, art or government. It is rather a narration of the impressions of a traveler who is alive to every phase of beauty in Italy - even the beauty of its gentle decay. A book filled with keen descriptions of out-of-the-way places must have the charm of novelty-a most excellent quality in writing, if the writer safeguards the point of honor. This author is honorable and gracious.

Of all the countries in the world Italy, the most, forbids any expression of vulgarity. In a land where all language is music and the rustle of a leaf a song, even one strident voice is out of place. A superficial tourist is a grave scandal in any country, but infinitely more so on Italian soil. The author of the book before us is polite and gifted with the

gift of distinction. Necessarily her production is interesting.

Even the small towns of Italy abound in treasures of poetry, romance and beauty, and when a loving heart reveals them to us we are beholden. There are stretches of Italy which the unwholesome breath of the newer civilization has never touched. To the modern mind there hangs over these places a charm even in the midst of their undignified dissolution. The author has caught something of the spirit of place. For instance, Loretto is a tiny spot, yet call it by its name and troops of angels hover around the poet mind. Think of Lucca in the month of June, with its vineyards and olive trees and great towers standing like naked spears against a sky, soft enough to touch! Who that saw them can ever forget the waters below or the heavens above the Adriatic? Assisi is in the heart of the Umbrian hills, yet even in this our time of spiritual doubt, many a pilgrim would travel barefooted on the sacred soil of the good Saint Francis—for was it not in Assisi that he held sweet converse with the birds and swooned away for very love at the comeliness of the wild flowers?

All these and more has the author of Wayfarers in Italy perceived and expressed with a touch of fine fancy. There is Rimini, whose stones alone tell all the tragic horror of Francesca's guilty passion, since the gossips now are silent and there is no tradition of the story. Ravenna, where Dante solemnly sleeps, and light-hearted Siena, with its Palio where a horse-race is indeed an innocent merriment. A shallow wayfarer might have been shocked when the jockey's banner was taken to the church to be blessed, or when the successful horse stood at the head of the banquet table, before a manger filled with the finest delicacies a horse could eat. Because the Italians take their religion genially it must not always be concluded that they are not seriously spiritual. The author is quick to see the distinction between what is of the core of religion, and what is the manifestation of national temperament. Lights and flowers and color and florid music must feed Latin hearts and imagina-They are an attractive people in their wit, sentiment and melancholy. It is a rare delight to come upon a writer who is analytic enough to wholly understand them. It is quite as interesting to receive the impressions of one who is susceptible to the scenic beauty and who has a zest for the odd and unknown nooks of Italy. Many of the smaller places, not the less redolent of mystery and charm because they are unheard of, are pictured for us with truth and sympathy. Quite enough is given to provoke the reader's finer appreciation. The shorter descriptions are grouped under several chapters denoted by such graceful sentences as "On the Lombard Plain," "April in the Marches," and "Driving through Tuscany."

Of the larger cities Milan, Florence and Venice are the only treated. Milan will suffer, or is suffering, from the irreverence of the modern spirit. Its cathedral is ever glorious. No one but God could blight it. Florence, too, is eternally great and would be beautiful even to the blind and foolish. As for Venice, she is a bride adorned for her nuptials. In Italy the women are easily beautiful. Because of this they are not tempted to the indignities of fashion. It seemed to me that they all dressed their hair alike. I know not whether it be the softness of the hair or the grace of the head or the light he lover's eye which prompted in me the ancient thought that beauty is but the splendor

of the true.

The acute workings of the feminine mind are best for discerning such coincidences or fonding petty marvels in tapestry or lace or shades of color in raiment. Because Italy has such a wealth of elegant detail it is good that a capable woman should write about it. 1, for one, am greatly beholden to the gentle [lady who made this book, — Wayfarers in Italy.

REV. HENDY E. O'REFFEE. C. S. P.



#### "Culturine."

- " And have you read That book by Stead? I quite forget The name, and yet I ought to know—
  I thought it so—"
  "And so did I;—
  But tell me why
- Balzac's the rage?"
- "My dear, it's age!"
  "Ah, yes; I see,—
  Like brasses?" "Oui?"
- " But is he not A little? - what?"

- " Perhaps; but then, He wrote for men, -
  - For Frenchmen, too !" " How smart of you! -And, by the way, I think they say The Renaissance
    - Was made in France?"
      "Not 'made,' my dear;—
      It means—how queer! I can't recall
    - The term at all!"
      "H-m! Will you take Pralines or cake?"

THOMAS DYKES BEASLEY.



DWIN MARKHAM'S best work appears to be inspired by the performance of another - artist or author. He fails not to choose nobly, be it said. In his "Lincoln" poem James Russell Lowell is the compelling influence. Lowell wrote his "Lincoln" ode in 1865; of Nature's method in the creation of his hero, as follows:

> "For him her old world molds aside she threw, And choosing sweet clay from the breast Of the unexhausted West With stuff untainted shaped a hero new \* \* \*

" Here was the type of the true elder race,

And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face."

Markham takes Lowell creation and presents him in a few strong words:

"The color of the ground was in him, the red earth, The tang and odor of the primal things."

Lowell wrote: -

"But the high soul burns on to light men's feet."

Markham : -"Forevermore he burned to do the deed."

Lowell:-

"The measure of the stalwart man."

Markham: -"To make his deed the measure of the man."

Lowell: -" And loyalty of Truth he sealed As bravely in the closet as the field."

Markham: -"He built the rail-pile as he built the State."

Lowell: -" Pride, honor, country, throbbed thro' all his strain."

Markham :--

" Pouring his splendid strength thro' every blow."

And so on; the same stateliness of measure, movement, sentiment. He has followed a worthy model most worthily. An intelligent student, yielding himself gracefully to the subtle influence. It will interest the analyst to read Lowell and Markham in association. \*

Very different from this reverential following is the bold, impudent theft of a Kipling, for instance, from the blamed Americans, whom he hates most cordially. To steal from them is a good British joke.

Like this, for instance: -

"Open the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout, For things are running crossways, and Maggie and I are out."

Twenty years ago or more Will Carleton wrote: --

"Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout, For things at home are crossways, and Betsy and I are out."

Maggie and I "quarreled about Havanas."

Betsy and I "quarreled about religion."

Betsy and 1 "quarreled about religion."

The manner in which Kipling drags an occasional "Americanism" into his verses is amusing, if not ridiculous. His "thirst," for example. And his "Tommy" of the "M. I.," gabbling Cockney in South Africa, long time in service there, talks about

"riding like Tod Sloan."

#### Supplication.

Give me heart-touch with all that live, And strength to speak my word; But if that is denied me, give The strength to live unheard.

EDWIN MARKHAM.



#### Setters of Types.

OME dozens of years ago came a man born late—a relic of the Middle Ages; a jousting knight let loose in a city of petitioggers; a handicraftsman brought to face the shibboleth, "labor-saving"; an honest soul in the epoch of thievery.

He brought with him the longings and love of worm-eaten things, of natural

expression that had been down-dragged and prostituted by petty men for a petty gain, and by a public enamored of sheen. He brought with him a mediæval art in its fullest expression; fought and conquered the present and turned it to the past. He did more. He introduced honesty into work that had grown to be a fabric of shams—tore down the false veneers, the painted marbles, the tawdry gildings, and gave us instead a few bits of honest workmanship, simple to crudeness, but, for that very reason, good in our sight.

This much did Morris.

And so we of today find men making books and pictures, buildings and furniture, textles, metals and all the what-nots of crafismanship in the manner of the Middle Ages. Not only this, but making them by hand as if time were of no account nor modern devices for its saving. This much did Morris: and then, full of years and honors, he died.

Following him was a motley crew of as weak rogues as could well be found. Strong me, too, followed, but the rogues were loud-voiced. Everything heavy and black in types, massive and rough-hewn in wood, everything old, everything dark in tone, everything straight and severe, no matter how bad, how crude, how out of place, was hawked in the name of Morris. And from the age of tasteless gewgaws we come to an epoch of forced simplicity. The word "hand-made" gives place to that old curtain of mediocrity, "imported." We buy from men who advertise ignorance as a virtue; and blemishes are the mark of the pseudo-handicrafts,

In no line is this so true as in the making of books; and I, a maker of books, raise my voice, not against handicraftsmen in this noble work, but against the senseless following

of a fad and the hoodwinking of the public for gain.

My argument is this:

We have arrived long since at a place where machines would enslave our very souls true. The hope of the handicrafts is to prove the sullen sameness of products delivered by machine, thus to awaken interest in the truer work — and that is well. But in the fight for better work, more human, vital work, it appears to me a defeat of the purpose to east all the progress of the years to air, and begin in a servile imitating of work now gone and dead, of methods displaced by our most common intelligence, and of materials unwieldy and ancient and crude.

The heavy types of old England were made by men unable to cut gentler types. The hand-press of Gutenberg was the best mechanical device of its day. The crude old woodcuts of Jensen were surpassing works of art then; they are so yet, but it is despite

their childish conception, not, God wot, on account of it.

I would speak for the progress of years; for the honesty that Morris taught; for the

uplifting of these very handicrafts; for art, and truth, and love of work.

Only a few books may be done in the olden style—if we be honest. Imagine literature brought to the plane of mediavalism—imagine writers sharpening goose-quills, dipping ink from a horn and laboriously setting down a society novel in the weird spelling of Chaucer! Imagine these enthusiasts reclining of a cold night between bearaskins upon a heap of straw! Imagine them seated at a table before a bowl of stew, delicately fishing for savory chunks with their fingers; or arguing with a quarter-stave over the cab-hire of an automobile! Bah!

I speak for the progress of years; and declare as foolish, insincere and dishonest this

hawking of faked-up handiwork.

Only a few books may be made as Morris made them—a few good old romances, perhaps, or the reprint of work long dead. In such a book, harmony of subject are sought—old types lend a touch of charm, old forms may be revived. Such a book, by its very touch, harks us back to the sturdy days of the tale—we are lost in game-run forests; thrilled by the pageant-dreams of tourney; fair-lipped ladies and lusty knights smile and ride again—and the world is young.

But here let the old work die. A renaissance is not art, but imitation, and while a certain charm may attach to the work of the revivalist who truly loves the past, it is not art in the true meaning—it is not creation—and is none the better because it is stamped with

the imperfections of old methods.

FRANK B. RAE, JR.



#### The Perils of Prophecy.

N one of those oracular utterances whereby Mr. Hall Caine fondly hoped to achieve the coveted and titular distinction of a prophet, he has flatteringly if not eloquently expressed his belief that "besides the story of 'Romeo and Juliet,' which will yet have many incarnations, there are lying in your American life many a human and powerful tale,—the tale of 'Othello,' of 'King Lear,' of 'Hamlet,' of 'Macbeth' and of 'Caliban' himself, - only waiting for the voice of Prospero to call them forth." Now, "I am a fellow o' the strangest mind in the world," to repeat a phrase made famous by Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek, and if I refuse to receive with the credibility of a disciple of Apollo this latter prophecy from the shrine of Dodona, it is less through irreverence of its oracular delivery than through a profound skepticism confirmed after many years of habitation among the American people.

It is true we have many wizards of song among us who can call the spirits from the vasty deep; but in the caustic query of Hotspur, "Will they come?" We do not sublimate our passions nowadays; we dissect them. And this minute examination of the mainspring of our emotions equivocates very largely against hero-worship and the advent

of any mighty minstrel to enshrine their heroism in tragic verse.

We no longer perceive Othello's visage in his mind, for all mental qualifications whatsoever are now catalogued by the sciences, and this ecumenical category of sensations in minutia would be rent asunder by the tremendous passions of a King Lear or Othello, and the no less passionate, though morbid and introspective natures of Hamlet and Macbeth. No doubt we are still "swung in the purpose of the upper sphere," as Mr. Markham poetically expresses it (though the majority seem more concerned with its purple than its purpose), but with the yearly diminution in the immense caloric power of the sun is a corresponding diminution in the volcanic eruptions of our soul.

And certainly more futile than to gild refined gold or to paint the lily would be the folly of attenuating the ingots of Shakespeare's creations until they extended to the thin

dimensions of a novel.

And if it required a thousand years of Catholicism to produce a Dante, a thousand years of feudalism to produce a Shakespeare, will it not at least require a corresponding number of years to give birth to a poet who will voice the intense nationality of the American people?

Such a nationality does not exist today, and herein lie the perils of any prophecy concerning it. For until the ages fuse the alien and heterogenous mass of humanity on our

shores into a vaster homogeneity it will be impossible for our world poet to appear.

So far the most democratic of American poets has been Walt Whitman, and he has rather catalogued the multiform phases of life in these United States than given expression to the multiplicity of its vast tendencies toward grander incarnations in art and literature.

The majority of his poems are therefore not so much inspired creations as they are

deliberate compendiums.

Now, according to Owen, "all conceivable types of humanity Shakespeare has dissected and has well nigh exhausted the attributes of each."

"In his magnificent totality Shakespeare is infinitely greater than any system code or methodical series of prescriptions of any kind, whether speculative or regulative, religious or moral." Are the conditions favorable today for the sunrise of such a great poet among us?

One whose mind will be profoundly analytical and yet vastly synthetical in scope? It is true we are daily constructing temples to Mammon that tower to the proportions

of the pyramids, but within their marble walls there are no silent crypts containing altars sacred to the dead, and no holy shrines dedicated to the Muses.

"The times are out of joint." The giant hands of Labor at the forge are bringing to a white heat the metal of our nationality, and not until its brawny hands have welded it together with the indissoluble links of brotherhood and equality will the Shakespeare of America arrive. LORENZO SOSSO.

#### The Moriscos of Spain-Their Conversion and Expulsion.

N the torre de la Vela of the Alhambra there is a marble tablet which declares that from this tower, on the 2d of January, 1492, in the 777th year of the Arab dominion, the flag of Castile and Aragon was unfurled and proclamation was made that the kingdom of Granada had passed into the power of their Catholic majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella. The most unmeditative American traveler whose eye has been caught by these familiar figures, as he turns to behold that most beautiful of all landscapes, the Vega of Granada, can hardly have failed to wonder what became of the remnant of the faithful who were thus finally dispossessed of the fair land which for so many ages had been their home. Beyond the wheat fields and olive groves, across a dozen threshing floors where the cattle are treading out the grain as they trod it out for Boaz he sees the tiled roofs of old Santa Fe where the besieging sovereigns held their court. Columbus pleaded with them there. Across these very fields he went, broken at their refusal, thinking the years of labor wasted, resolving without hope to lay his enterprise before the king of France. But one rides after him, and over there, not quite two leagues away, he overtakes him and commands him to return, for Luis de Santangel has caused the queen to change her mind. Yet one can hardly think of these things here. In the sad stillness of the evening he starts, on finding himself wondering if the horsemen yonder are the guard of the incoming caravan, or, straining to catch the sound of the muezzin coming from the Albaicin. And if he is analytic he may reflect that it is not surprising that his sense of justice for a moment urged his historic imagination to portray what once was as still being. The sons of Ishmael tilled these fields, irrigated those orchards, hollowed out yonder granaries, cut that pass over the mountains, quarried that well below us, built this tower on which we stand and ruled in that jewel-box of palaces at our back.

When Boabdil abdicated, Ferdinand and Isabella took a solemn oath granting to their new vassals, and binding their successors to accord to them, full liberty to till their fields, to travel where they would, to maintain their schools, to worship in their mosques and to

be governed by their own laws as heretofore.

The book which Dr. Lea has written tells how this compact was not kept. It contains some of the blackest pages in the history of the Christian church. It is the history of a large part of the era of persecution, describing how that people of whom the good Bishop de Talavera had said, "They ought to adopt our faith and we ought to adopt their morals," were "opersuaded" to become followers of the Saviour

If one wishes to forget the past he should not read this book. But to forget the past is dangerous, and to read the history of the church is the best means of learning what true religion is, for it tells more convincingly than theologians can tell what it is not and what it must be ever watchful not to attempt to be. Our blood-besmeared, fanatic ancestors are not pleasing to look upon, but we ourselves may the better keep from fanaticism and the narrow mind by learning well the lesson which their horrible example has set for us.

This reviewer may be didactic, but he must not leave the impression that the book itself attempts to drive this lesson home. History is best written as the non-partisan presentation of facts, and Dr. Lea has gained a world-wide reputation for handling the most difficult subjects with judicial impersonality; moreover, he is one of the two or three authorities in the world in the field which he has chosen. His own vast historical library and his freedom to travel enable him to follow the method of collating the original mauscripts which gives his work a finality which rarely falls to the lot of American scholars.

The book is thorough, well organized and well written. It describes the forceful extinction of the life of a great people which was more powerful in shaping our own civilization than those who have been taught otherwise like to admit. It tells of the inhuman than the constant of the co

people, once so mighty, fell so low? The Moriscos had a saying to the effect that the prosperity of Spain ceased when they were forced to baptism. Perhaps there is no other case in history which so clearly shows the value of skilled labor to the State.

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE.

#### A Forgotten Classic.

AN APPRECIATION.

T is of Dreamthorp I would speak - that almost forgotten classic of the heart, so few this day and generation seem to know, and yet nowhere can one find more delightful reading than the dozen papers contained in this volume of charming essays, so rich with fine and subtle thinking and written throughout in a style of much grace and sweetness, delicately shimmering here and there with bits of poetic fancy - in a word, a book one learns to love, and finds, as with everything else, it gradually growing more beautiful; a book to be placed close on the shelf with dear old Thackeray's Roundabout Papers and Lamb's Elia, Kingsley's Prose Idylls and Lowell's My Study Windows, and there is something, I find, in these pages which touches me with a sense of kinship and a fresh sympathy and affection for the man each time I indulge the mood.

Few, these days, seem to know the name of Alexander Smith, and yet early in the fifties this young Scotchman was one of the best-known men of letters in all England, with no mean reputation in this country. Both press and public united in praise and enthusiasm. His poems were reviewed and read by every one. Even Tennyson, we find, spoke well of the new singer; but alas! before long came the reaction. His second venture was received more coolly, and finally came the cry of plagiarism, which, however, was fully vindicated by his later work, but caused the young poet to cease verse and devote himself to prose, and here he proved himself a master. In 1863 Dreamthorp made its appearance, the work on which his future fame must be based, and well it has stood the test! His friend, Mr. P. Proctor Alexander, in a memoir to Last Leaves, a volume of collected sketches and criticisms, says: "It seems to me that of all his books this (Dreamthorp) has most of himself in it; gives the most express image of the man as he was to those who best knew him; of his quiet, hearty ways, his lurking humor, general effect of geniality he produced; geniality strongly acidulated — were such a phrase to be permitted - with a cynicism never untender."

"Dreamthorp" - "a castle, a chapel, a lake, a straggling strip of gray houses with a blue film of smoke over all - stands far inland; and the streams that trot through the soft, green valleys all about have as little knowledge of the sea as the three years' child of the storms and passions of manhood. The surrounding country is smooth and green, full of undulations, and pleasant country roads strike through it in every direction, bound for distant towns and villages, yet in no hurry to reach them. Everything 'round one is

unhurried, quiet, moss-grown and orderly.'

Such is the picture of the author's abode — a peaceful spot to suit a poet's whim and fancy, and it is here we are taken into his confidences, always alluring and charming, as he meditates on "The Writing of Essays," "A Lark's Flight," "Christmas," "Men of Letters," "On the Importance of a Man to Himself," "A Shelf in My Bookcase," "Books and Gardens," and "On Vagabonds"—this latter quite worthy of Stevenson's "Apology for Idlers." So rich and full of sweetness and light are these suggestive chapters I'm sorely tempted to quote, and, at length, would space permit.

"The Essayist," he tells us, "is a kind of poet in prose, and if questioned as to his uses he might be unable to render a better apology for his existence than a flower might," Yet these essays are not mere fancies and need no apology - they are each full of thoughts - thoughts worth the thinking, and one is happier and better and purer for the T. C. W.

companionship with this beautiful soul.

#### A Great American Potter.

HERE is a certain passage in Pater's Greek Studies that has always had a very especial interest for me. It runs as follows: "In consequence of the perishableness of their material, nothing remains of the curious woodwork, the carved ivory, the embroidery and colored stuffs, on which the Greeks set much store, —of that whole system of refined artisanship, diffused, like a general atmosphere of beauty and richness, around the more exalted creations of Greek sculpture, . . results of a designed and skifful dealing of accomplished

fingers with precious forms of matter for the delight of the eyes."

It is a recognition, this passage, of the fact that behind the greater arts of Greece there was a world of craftsmanship; that the Athenian cared not alone for the Phidian frieze, the Parthenon that bore it, the god or hero or athlete in marble or bronze, but for perfect workmanship and exquisite design in the little bronze mirror as well that lay on toilet table, the wooden or ivory distaif with which the housewife spun, the sun-baked flasks that were carried with unguent to the bath, the cup from which the water or wine was drunk at table; cared, furthermore, for the greater and nobler things, and succeeded in producing them, precisely because there was this "general atmosphere of beauty and richness" all through life, from top to bottom. A national art always must mean that architects, painters, sculptors, exist and work at the command of the whole people, embodying ideals that all entertain, laboring with a love of beauty and a technical skill that all in some measure share or at least can respond to, with a background, in other words, of craftsmanship, of enlightened effort to make life beautiful to the senses in every little detail. Only a nation that can and will

"Give to barrows, trays and pans Grace and glimmer of romance"

can build Parthenons and Westminster Abbeys; only the habitual love of beauty and the habitual fashioning of beautiful things can lead to the occasional fashioning of these miracles of art.

Those, consequently, who look to see American life rounded and completed through beauty's coming to play as great a part in it as intelligence does now must welcome every indication of an awakening and development along the lines of craftsmanship,—must be thankful that the baskets and rugs of Deerfield, the blue and white weaves of the South, the plates and jars and vases of Hugh Robertson of Dedham, and suchlike things, are being made and admired and bought. It is a most encouraging outlook. One may

well believe that at last the dawn of a more artistic day is at hand.

Of all the signs of such advancement the pottery of Dedham is to me the most interesting and significant. For one thing, it is an attempt to begin at the right place, to beautify the necessary articles of daily use. Baskets and rugs and counterpanes we may conceivably do without, but not plates and drinking cups. Mr. Robertson's hope and aim is to make it possible for every person to see and use three times a day articles that are pleasing in color and design, and obviously made by one who loved his work and loved beauty, instead of by a machine, of steel or of flesh and blood. And he has succeeded. His wares are not altogether cheap, though they will be when the public supports him. They are, however, altogether beautiful. A table spread with Dedham is far more pleasing to the eye than one furnished with the inantities of Sèvres or Meissen ever was or ever can be.

Then the pleasure is enhanced by the knowledge that Mr. Robertson himself, in his spirit and life, is as fine as the work he turns out. We never can entirely separate the man from his productions, and in his case it is well that it is so. His career has been one long history of devotion to an ideal. His father was a maker of coarse brown wares for cooking. It was a successful business, but the son was not content. He was practicing a craft that was capable, he knew, of something better. So he began to study clays and glazes. Finally he had a vision, it would seem, of plates, of creamy white, with blue decoration

round the rim, and over all a double glaze, transparent without and finely crackled within. He began to toil toward this. He had to discover everything for himself - how to build the proper kiln, how to make the glazes, how to fire. His progress was extremely slow. His means were at one time exhausted. Once, after burning all other fuel, he had to strip the sheathing from his workroom to keep the fire going until his end was attained. Once, at a critical period, he stood with his eye at the peephole, watching the development of the glazes under the heat, with little intermission, for seventy hours. His health was shattered by the experience. Yet nothing discouraged him. He persevered until his result was secured. Help came finally, from artists and wealthy connoisseurs. His plates, perhaps ten years ago, began to be sold, by Briggs and Tiffany and Burley. Now there are a few persons who have little collections of them, which they value very highly, -strong plates of various sizes, with all the marks of good handiwork; decorated with excellent conventionalized plant and animal forms, such as the rabbit, turkey, grape, snow-tree, magnolia, in all the shifting shades of blue and green; and covered with a beautiful crackle, that charms the eye and suggests all sorts of lovely patterning. He dines well who sits down to a dinner of herbs from such dishes as the best of these. It is to be doubted if their like have ever been made since the Chinese wares of several centuries ago, which one sees only in museums now, or picks up in old Dutch towns.

This, though, is not Mr. Robertson's only achievement. He has developed, somewhat recently, a splendid blood-red glaze. Some of his vases that have it are said to be altogether the equals, in color and texture and shape, of anything that the greatest potters of the Orient have produced. Other vases he treats with a vitreous "volcanic" glaze, which runs down their sides in streams of blue, green, orange, brown, and red, producing a blending of colors and lustres richer than can be conceived by one who has not seen them. One hardly knows whether to admire them more, or the magnificent ox-bloods

mentioned previously.

Old age has brought Mr. Robertson some measure of the honor, some very slight measure of the prosperity, that he deserves. He at least knows that there are a few who reverence him for his faithfulness to a noble task, and look up to him as a great creative craftsman worthy of comparison with the best of older days. Such reward, the recognition of those who think and feel as he does, the consciousness that he has satisfied their desire for beauty in their surroundings, is the only recompense he very much cares for. "I should like to be rich," he says, "but only in order that I might give these things to every one who can get the pleasure from them that I do."

H. W. ROLFE.

#### THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

#### "The Listening Child."

AN APPRECIATION.

HE work of collecting and arranging this book of poems was, with Mrs. Thacher, a labour of love, undertaken because of her belief in the importance for young children of having the best poetry read to them in its effect upon their after life. She had also felt the mistakes grown people often make in deciding what poetry children prefer; and every poem chosen was first submitted to the test of approval by a "listening child."

After accumulating a mass of material the difficulty of selection still remained; and in this Mrs. Thacher's task may be compared to that of culling from an armful of exquisite flowers only enough to compress into a single vase. Here it is that her knowledge, taste and judgment have been shown, for the volume is portable and compact; yet she has explored the fields of poesy from the earliest times to the present, and given selections from many authors who have been overlooked by the compilers of far more bulky collections.

To the question, "Are there not many poems in this volume beyond the comprehension of children?" I would answer that there are many people to whom poetry never appeals no matter what their age. "Poeta nascitur non fit" is a truism, but no less true for its triteness, and not only is the poet born a poet, but the gift of poetic apprecia-

tion is also innate.

In his "Talk to Children About Poetry," which prefaces the collection, Mr. Edward Thacher says: "The power to make true poetry, and the power truly to hear it, are things that learning cannot work out, because there is something in them that we can fairly call magic: "; and again: "Sometimes you can hear the sweetness or the greatness sounding through a poem, although you do not quite know what it is about." The truth of his remark, "The youngest of you has sometimes been delighted with a poem, or a part of a poem, whose meaning he could but faintly understand," comes home to me forcibly when I recall the thrilis of delight I felt as a child upon hearing Shakespeare's ode to "Morning" in "Cymbeline," the opening poem in Mrs. Thacher's sollection.

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalicod flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
Narise, arise."

\*\*Arise, arise.\*\*\*\*

The godlike idiom, the words shining like jewels in a casket, fascinated me, and the lines —

"On chaliced flowers that lies: And winking Mary-buds-"

seemed like a fairy vision, though the exact significance I hardly grasped; still, as I grew in years the words sang through my life until they reached their apotheosis, through Paderewski's inspired interpretation of the song in Schubert's perfect setting.

And so music and poetry go hand in hand, sister muses, sharing equally Grecian homage, and was not Orpheus the son of Kalliope? In his "Ideal State" Plato decreed

that poetry and music were to be combined.

"The choruses should sing to the young, tender souls of children, reciting in their strains the sum of all noble thoughts," Both music and poetry were under a severe censorship. "The poet should not be left to his own devices, for bad music, like a bad companion, tends to corrupt the character." Is Plato "exploded" after all?

Leaving the ancients; in other countries, Germany and China, for instance, the study of the best poetry is an important part of a child's education. Why is it, comparatively speaking, neglected with us? It is essential to spiritual and mental growth, and it is as easy for a child who has the poetic faculty to commit to memory a classic as it is for it to

learn doggerel, whilst the mind may become in this way a storehouse of melody.

Mrs. Thacher's aim may best be expressed by quoting from the preface to "Tales From Shakespeare," when, alluding to his young readers, Charles Lamb "trusts that the true plays of Shakespeare may prove to them enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity."

In quoting from this preface I am led to the essay by Mr. Edward Thacher, which, in his preliminary note, Mr. Higginson says "will be more and more valued with further study." The importance of such suggestive writing may be understood when we consider what Professor Gates, that vital "Impressionist," said of Wordsworth's prefact of "Uryrical Ballads." "In it Wordsworth stated doctrine after doctrine about the nature of poetry, and the relation of poetry to life, and the century went on working out and illustrating his methods."

In Mr. Thacher's study the history of poetry and its psychological value are put forth in beautiful, clear-cut English, the language the centuries have bequeathed to those who

have studied and sought after purity and simplicity of style.

As a medium for religious training poetry is preeminent, but especial care should be taken in its selection with this end in view. We all remember the old bedside songs repeated to children, who were then left alone in darkness, prey to the terrors of a morbidly wrought-upon conscience. I recall at random some lines from *The Peep of Day*, a popular religious primer for children:

"Now if I fight
And scratch and bite,
In passions fall,
And bad names call,
Full well I know
Where I shall go!"

Having probably committed all the offenses mentioned above, I cowered under the bedclothes, conjuring up with the vivid imagination of childhood,

"A hell of dreadful pains."

The "Northwest Passage" of dear Robert Louis Stevenson, who truly remained "a child until he died," is an epitome of the agonies British children suffer, terrors 1 trust unknown to our wholesomely brought up, buoyant, young Westerners:

"Must we to bed, indeed? Well then

Let us arise and go like men
And face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed."

To every English-bred child that breathless speeding down the "long black passage" "with the breath of the bogey in my hair" is a terror never to be outgrown or forgotten.

Equally false, from a scientific standpoint, are many of the old hymns. Thus Dr. Wats, the immortal author of "How Doth the Little Busy Bee," deliberately ignored the facts of our planetary system when speaking of the sun:

"He never falters in his course, But round the world he flies!"

Compare this with Tennyson, who kept abreast with Spencer and Huxley. In these lines "science is turned into sweetest music," "shot through with the incandescent light of genius:"

"Move eastward, happy earth, and leave
Yon orange sunset waning slow.
From fringes of the faded eve
O happy planet, eastward go!
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
The silver sister world and rise
To glass herself in dewy eyes

That watch me from the glen below."

Any imaginative child might sink drowsily into a sweet dreamland after listening to their repetition.

Does not every child live in two worlds, of fact and fancy, and is it not our bounden duty to aid in the peopling of this ideal world, which haply may prove a fairer realm to

dwell in than the world of reality?

Children are the "heirs of the ages," let us see that they come into their kingdom.

The preparation of this volume was undertaken by Mrs. Thacher for that object and to bring into each life the spirit of poetry—that spirit, says Professor Gates, "whose wayfaring through passions and aspirations and joy, and through drear times of sadness and desolation, was our wayfaring, since we have gathered unto ourselves all the usuffruct of it."

DORA AMSDEN.

#### The Forest and the Night.

In the dark night when all are asleep And when you come to the forest deep, The bushes and trees all look so tall They seem to want to crush you all.

L. GERSTLE MACK (age seven years and a half).

N France, where every change of literary feeling brings with it a change of literary philosophy, the great change of our time is believed to be a return to the subjective. We no longer wish to describe nature like the 'nature poets,' or to describe society like the 'realists,' but to make our work a mirror, where the passions and desires and ideals of our minds can cast terrible or beautiful images If the French are right—and every new book which seems at all of our time is, I think, a proof that they are—we are at the beginning of a franker trust in passion and in beauty than was possible to the poets who put their trust in the external world and its laws."

"Some of the poems in From the Hills of Dream would have been almost impossible ten years ago. For ten years ago Miss McLeod would have asked herselt, it is this a valuable and sober criticism upon life?' and we should probably have lost one of the most inspired, one of the most startling, one of the most intense poems of our time, her incomparable Prayer of Women."

"O spirit that broods upon the hills, And moves upon the face of the deep, And is heard in the wind, Save us from the desire of men's eves!"

W. B. YEATS.

The re-issue of From the Hills of Dream, by Mr. T. B. Mosher of Portland, Maine, is an authorized one, and contains many additional lytrics, besides having the advantage of the author's careful revision. Mr. Mosher is represented in California by ELDER AND SHEPARD. An interesting catalogue will be sent upon application.

#### BOOK LOVERS, LOOK HERE!

If you do not know anything about

## THE LITERARY COLLECTOR

it is time you learned something



T is a monthly magazine for the man or woman who buys books to keep and to love. You probably will not find a popular new novel mentioned in it. But you will find no end of the most delightful papers about rare books, first editions, binding, book-plates, private presses, manuscripts, illumination; there are bibliographies, letters from the Old World, bookish queries and notes, current book-sales prices,—everything that can be brought together to keep you in touch with the prog-

ress of the book-lover's world. The LITERARY COLLECTOR costs \$1.50 a year, 15 cents for a single copy. You can have it on trial for three months by sending 25 cents to

THE LITERARY COLLECTOR COMPANY
29 West Forty-Second Street - New York

Read "The Lamentable Legend of the Lark" in the January number

OME of Dr. Taylor's critics are disposed to criticize him for "imitating" FitzGerald, this criticism being based on the fact that Dr. Taylor has employed in the construction of his poem the stanza that FitzGerald used in his translation of Omar's "Rubáiyát." According to this, Thomson is to be condemned for "imitating" Spenser by reason of his having written the "Castle of Indolence" in the stanzas of the "Faerie Oueen," and Byron likewise for having cast his

"Childe Hardod" in the same form. Writers of verse have never supposed they were cut off from using approved forms, or that any particular form was a thing set apart to be used only by him who first wrote in it. The question always is, when one's thoughts are demanding metrical expression, In what form shall these thoughts be embodied?— a momentous question, and one to be decided on after much deliberation; for unless the verse be a work of art it cannot be a poem. There may be poetry scattered around in it, but the product will not be a poem—a work of art. Poe demonstrated long ago that no long composition can in the nature of things be a poem, and his demonstration has never been, and cannot be, overthrown. And, as we know full well, all the great epics are kept alive by their purple patches alone. Hence, the form is all important; and in choosing, the poet thas the whole world of verse-forms before him for selection. He may, indeed, invent a form of his fown, but if he can find a form which precisely suits his purpose, why invent something which does not suit his purpose? When Gray selected a stanzaic form for his famous "Elegy," he chose that which was familiat to literature, not deeming it necessary to invent a stanza for his purpose; and who would have had it otherwise, or who has ever deemed that Gray was an imitator?

As for Dr. Taylor, he evidently chose the "Rubáiyát" stanza because, in the first place, it was that in which he was satisfied he could best express his thought; and in the second place, because his poem was mainly (not wholly, however,) intended to be an answer to Omar's materialistic pessimism; and being such, an added force would obviously be given by using the same stanza as that in which the poison is conveyed. But the truth is, that FitzGerald did not invent the stanza which Dr. Taylor is criticized for "imitating." He took it from Omar himself, the Persian's quatrains having the unrhymed third line with the other three rhyming. FitzGerald's merit (and it is great) was to percive the value of such a rhymed four-lined stanza as a poetic form, and to use it so effectively as to make us drink old Omar's poison as though it were honey. Indeed, all the English translators of the "Rubáiyát" who have succeeded FitzGerald have done as he did in the matter of following the form of the original, except perhaps Mrs. Cadell, and she obviously did not for the simple reason of her deficiency in the mechanics of verse.

She used the four-line stanza, but was arbitrary in the matter of her rhyme.

Whatever Dr. Taylor's poem may be, it is at least good art: it has a central theme, a beginning and an ending, the thought of one stanza leads naturally to the thought of the other, and each part is in due relation to every other part. Furthermore, there is no padding, for every line and, indeed, every word, has its value. In brief, it is a jointed and connected whole: and, besides, it is neither so long as to break down under its own

weight, nor so short as to be inadequate.

Omar's quatrains are not, and were not intended to be, a complete work. They are dat least most of them) detached from one another. The old mathematician simply put down from time to time, in stanzaic form, some thought which at the time was surging within him, not having the least regard, in many instances, to the connection of his stanzas with one another; and they seem to have been quite arbitrarily arranged. Besides, they are full of repetitions. FitzGerald took these and treated them after his own fashion—in some instances compressing four or five stanzas into one, and in at least one instance (as Mrs. Cadell has pointed out in his stanzas on the pots), greatly expanding his original. In this way, and also by rearrangement, he produced something which not only is far superior artistically to the original, but something as well which is one of the triumphs of our literature; and yet, if it be critically examined, it cannot, in the strictest sense, be deemed such a unity as to satisfy the cannos of art. And this simply because it could not, in the nature of things, be so, as long as the translator followed, even at a considerable distance, his original.

# Worth Reading, Worth Remembering

Impressions of travel may be educational and lasting, or they may be fleet and evanescent. Under favorable conditions, such as are found along the scenic Sunset Route and on a train such as the Sunset Limited, where everything tends toward the comfort, convenience and pleasure of the passenger, the impressions cannot be otherwise than agreeable. Every passenger along the Sunset Route becomes an ambulating advertisement. tells his friends of the old Spanish Missions on the Coast line: of one hundred miles of travel almost on the beach: of oil wells in the surf; of orange groves in swiftly passing panoramas; of the wonderful mirage; of fields of salt, white and glistening; of fascinating desert scenes, and of Indian and Mexican border life. Still eastward, the train crosses the great Lone Star State, stopping at San Antonio, of Alamo memory; at Houston, the great cotton center; at Beaumont, gushed into fame by its spouting oil wells; and passes through the sugar, cotton and rice plantations to the historic old city of New Orleans, on the Gulf of Mexico, -- surely a journey destined to leave fadeless Impressions. For illustrated literature, write to any agent of the 

E STRONGLY object to slang in any of its aspects. In conversation it is vulgar, in literature it is degrading, and in poetry in especial it is atrocious. And yet, how, having enunciated these as our principles, are we to excuse ourselves for liking, and greatly liking, The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum, by Wallace Irwin? We can only take refuge in the old saying that to all rules there are exceptions; and Mr. Irwin has undoubtedly found one of the few exceptions to our rule. For we have rarely laughed over a slight piece of work more than over his little book; and yet it is the very apotheosis of slang.

The fun of the book undoubtedly lies in the element of contrast. We have been accustomed to see the sonnet made the vehicle of the most delicate and highest thought, and its form has become to us suggestive of much that is noblest in poetry. Now, if Mr. Irwin, in his use of the sonnet, had departed from the gravity of style which is in consonance with the form, he would have reduced his work from a piece of art—even if not of the highest art—to mere vulgar parody; but this he does not do. He writes in a manner fraught with gravity; the thought is all legitimate to love. But the expression! it comes upon us with a shock which must result in laughter, even among the most precise. Let us give a specimen of Mr. Irwin's sonnets—of which there are twenty-four in all, forming a complete love poem:

"Life is a combination bard to buck, A proposition difficult to beat, E'en though you get there Zaza with both feet, In forty flickers, it's the same hard luck, And you are up against it nip and tuck, Shanghaied without a steady place to eat, Guyed by the very copper on your beat Who lays to jug you when you run amuck.

"O Life! you give Yours Truly quite a pain.
On the T square I do not like your style;
For you are playing favorites again
And you have got me handicapped a mile.
Avaunt, false Life, with all your pride and pelf:
Go take a running jump and chase yourseli!"

This is irresistibly funny. It is not vulgar, for it is thoroughly in character; one can almost see the "Hoodlum" struggling to express the thoughts which fill his heart and finding no medium but the one which is familiar to him. And the contrast between method

and expression is intensely humorous.

The "Hoodlum" is pessimistic throughout, and with good reason, for his love, Mame, will have naught to say to his suit, but prefers a drug clerk by the name of Murphy; and the sorrow of the unfortunate lover is the theme of the book. It is the apparent dead camestness which shows throughout that makes Mr. Irwin's work artistic and redeems it from vulgarity. Much as we reprehend shang in general, we enjoyed the book to the full; and if the fun is not very refined, it is none the less genuine. An introduction by Gelett Burgess is also funny; but Mr. Irwin's work needs no bush.

T. A. K. in The Syracuse Herald.

## Personal attention

Given to

PACKING, STORING, SHIPPING OF BOOKS AND LIBRARIES

## F. M. De Witt

318 POST STREET SAN FRANCISCO

# THE PRESS OF THE S

The designer of books and printed in this. The Stanley-Taylor Company has been cared for by one of the directors of the Company papers and inks—a second heads a department pushed to a successful completion  $\rho$ 

The policy briefly outlined above is the really fine things. It insures a uniform; of the best things ever done anywhere of a Hoodlum, Wayfarers in Italy, The Catalogue of Mrs. Co. Sowing, Impressions Leaslets, and other things to delight the

(Visit our offices, they are interesting. Fille

656 Mission Street

## EY-TAYLOR COMPANY

he a student, a scholar even. Experience tells 1878. Each detail of the business is watched and is in charge of the department for selecting hing and typography—a third watches this work

of success to the printer who seeks to do
ty, a continuity of efficient service. 

Some
done by us: Impressions Calendar, The Love Sonnets
y, Sonnets of de Heredia, Into the Light, A Season's
who understands 

no no
who understands

ul things—the work of this rare shop

n Francisco, Cal.



## The Thentieth Century Press

at 144 Anion Square Abenne San Francisco, California:::

Established by H. Bruce Brough und I. H. Nash.

A Modern Plant, with Every Facility for Perfect Work

UNION PHOTO-ENGRAV-ING CO.

142-4-6 Union Square Ave. San Francisco: California

Established .. 1865

The Hicks-Judd Co.

Printers

Bookbinders

Publishers

21-23 First Street

San Francisco : California

# THUMLER & RUTHERFORD

538 California St., San Francisco

EXPERT

BOOKBINDING LEATHERS, SILKS BROCADES, ETC.

Bankers' Cases, Wallets, Etc., to order

We have peculiar facilities for executing every variety of work in our numerous lines

TECHNICAL WORK

# D Books on Arts and Crafts D

ON CATE DY

#### ELDER AND SHEPARD

### Cosonial Furniture in America

By LUKE VINCENT LOCKWOOD

An historical, sound study, written for a large, discriminating audience. 300 illustrations, large 8vo (a companion to Mumford's "Oriental Rugs"). Price, \$7.50 net.

#### the Curniture of Our Corefathers

By ESTHER SINGLETON

Critical descriptions of plates by Russell Sturgis

A work of authority and completeness, presenting for the amateur a clear and completensive account of the Puritan, home-made articles, the quaint Dutch blongings, the rich furnishing of the great Southern Colonial mansions. The many superb illustrations are aspecial feature of the work, containing upwards of 300 photogravures, half-tones and artistic line-drawings. 2 volar, projl 8 vo. Price, § 20.00 net.

## French Curniture and Decoration in the Eighteenth Century

By LADY EMILIA F. S. DILKE Illustrated. 8vo. Price, \$10.00 net.

### Issustrated History of Furniture

By FREDERICK LITCHFIELD

With 300 illustrations of examples of different periods and nations. Imperial 8vo. Fourth edition. Cloth. Price, \$6.00 net.

### History of Lace

By Mrs. BURY PALLISER

An enlarged reprint of an important work long out of print, containing all the original illustrations, and supplemented by some 200 reproductions. Edited by M. Jordain and A. Dryden. Royal 8vo. Price, \$12.00 net.

#### Oriental Rugs

By JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD

The pioneer authority in a field as empty as it is extensive. Valuably illustrated. Large 8vo. Price, \$7.50 net.

#### Rugs, Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern

By ROSA BELLE HOLT

A handbook for ready reference. With colored and other illustrations. Price, \$5.00 net.

## Chinese Porcesain

With notes by T. J. Larkin and 485 illustrations. 8vo. Price, \$3.50 net.

## Indian Basketry

By George Wharton James

Second edition, enlarged, with 360 illustrations. 8vo. Price, \$2.00 net.

#### Decorative Klower Studies

By J. FOORD

For the use of artists, designers, students and others, with 40 colored plates. Folio. Price, \$12.00 net.

### the Decoration of Houses

By Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr.

Fully illustrated. 8vo. Price, \$2.50 net.

## PAUL ELDER AND MORGAN SHEPARD

238 POST STREET : : : : SAN FRANCISCO

## Bonestell & Company

We make a specialty of attractive papers for publications, pamphlets, booklets and such. We particularly recommend at this time the Albion Book Paper (English finish) for inside type or cut work (half-tone or line). and Herculean Cover in the new shades of gray and brown makes a stylish and attractive cover. Our lines are exclusive : : : : :

Note: The paper upon which IMPRESsions is printed is one of our specialties

401-403 Sansome Street and 500-508 Sacramento Street ...

## A. Zellerbach & Sons

"THE PAPER HOUSE"

Importers and Dealers in all kinds of

# Paper

416-418 Sansome Street

San Francisco, Cal.









## O. Kai & Co.

316 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California:::

Importers of Japanese Art Goods. Main office, Tokio, Japan. Established 1886. Telephone Black 3566.









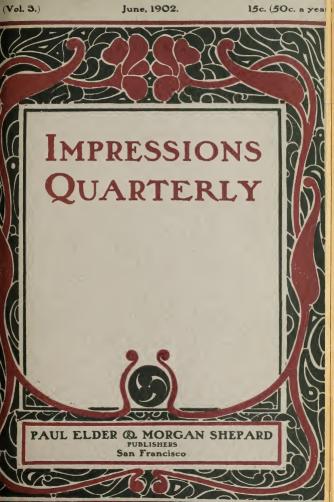
## The Asahi

224 Post Street, San Francisco, California:::

Japanese Embroidery and Drawn Work a Specialty. Beautiful Presents. Easy to send to your friends by mail.









A little magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and art: published quarterly with supplements of interest.

Annual subscription, 50 cents. As a convenience to subscribers, the publishers will assume that a convenience of the subscription is desired, unless notified by the subscriber to discontinue at the expiration of subscription. Rates for advertisement may be had by application at the business office, 238 Post Street. Application entered at the Post-office, San Francisco, as second-class matter. Elder & Shepard, Publishers.

## lune, 1902

#### CONTENTS:

| THE GREEK PLAY AT STANFORD              | by H. W. R                  |   | 2  |
|---|-----------------------------|---|----|
| ULYSSES: A REVIEW                       | by Wallace Irwin            | - | 2  |
| THE LOVE STORY OF ABNER STONE: A REVIEW | v by T. C. W                | - | 2  |
| A PORTRAIT OF LITTLE MAREN, "I AIN'T    | r                           |   |    |
| Naughty"                                | by P. I. Johansen           | - | 2  |
| OMAR KHAYYAM, JR.: A REVIEW             | by Valentine Blake -        | - | 3  |
| On Beauty as a Labor-Saving Device -    | by Laura B. Everett -       | - | 3  |
| THE GENTLE ART                          | by James Johansen           |   | 3  |
| To Dorking, via Paradise                | by Francis Chester -        | - | 3. |
| THE TOILERS                             | by Harrold Johnson -        | - | 3  |
| "THE TOILERS": AN APPRECIATION          | by Dora Amsden              | - | 3  |
| PHILOSOPHY: A SONNET                    | by Harrold Johnson -        |   | 3  |
| THE MADNESS OF PHILIP: A REVIEW         | by Minna V. Gaden -         | - | 3  |
| Borrowin                                | Ø\$                         |   |    |
| LINES FROM ANTIGONE                     | •                           | - | 2  |
| A WORD OF COMFORT                       | from Robert Louis Stevenson |   | 3  |
| Transformation                          | by Ben Bradford             | - | 3  |
| Suppleme                                |                             |   |    |
| Suppleme                                | TILL .                      |   |    |

WITH THE FIELD-LARK by Irene Hardy

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY OF REVIEWS

ULYSSES: A DRAMA. By Stephen Phillips. The Macmilian Co. Cloth. \$1.25 net. William Co. Cloth. \$1.25 net. Wallace Irwin. Illustrated by Gelett Burgess. Elder & Shepard. Paper. 60 cents net. THE MADNESS OF PHILIP AND OTHER TALES OF CHILDHOOD. By Josephine Dodge Daskam. Illustrated by F. G. Gory. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

THE LOVE STORY OF ABNER STONE. By E. C. Litsey. A. S. Barnes & Co. Boards. \$1.00

Poems. By Irene Hardy. Elder & Shepard. Limited edition. Boards. \$1.50 net. THE ANTIGONE OF SOPIOCLES. Translated by H. R. Fairclough and A. T. Murray, Professors in the Leland Stanford Junior University.

Elder & Shepard. 35 cents net.

### the Greek Play at Stanford.

GREEK play: The words have usually conveyed, even to those who have

read Greek and known a drama or two in the original, an impression of something noble and beautiful indeed, but too cold and passionless and restrained, too remote from both the life and the art of today. We have recognized a certain greatness in the Greek drama, but have not found in it the charm and direct appeal of Shakespeare. We have remembered with delight the college days when we puzzled out the first perfect lines of the Prometheus, or Sophocles's Electra, or the Alcestis or Ion, and traced the story onward little by little to the end: but we have felt that we saw through a veil, and caught only a small part of what the Greek himself must have seen and heard and thought. And most of us have taken it for granted that this limitation was inevitable, that the centuries have made it impossible for us to do more than gain a fleeting glimpse and far-off echo of something that once, when living, must somehow have been full of beauty to the eye and ear and the mind. Only those who have known how to brush away the mist that unimaginative editors and critics have managed to raise, and go straight to the play itself with unobstructed eye, and have had, furthermore, the dramatic instinct that knows how to divine the action and build up the scene from the faint indications of the bare text, seeing life where most can see but dry bones -only those have known what a Greek play really was, and can be today. The "Antigone," consequently, as it was presented recently at Stanford University, was to most who saw it a great revelation of the fact that the dramatic art of Greece was as moving, as natural, as convincing, as modern, as that of Shakespeare or Goethe or Sudermann or Rostand. Scores of those who witnessed this performance said that they never had seen on the stage before anything so entirely beautiful, and with an appeal so varied to the intellect, the deeper emotions; the delight in noble music interpreting noble poetry, and the love of color and graceful movement and harmonious grouping; while all, whether ready to go to this length or not, admitted that it was of surprising and absorbing interest, something that could hold its own on our stage with "Hamlet" and "Othello" and "Lear."

This triumph, it must of course be conceded, was only in part a triumph of the Greek drama in general. Much was due to the circumstances of the particular play and the particular place. The "Antigone" is especially adapted to move a modern audience. Mendelssohn music, whether we think it Greek or not, is assuredly very pleasing, and added immensely to the effect of the performance. One can hardly conceive of a presentation of the play without it, or a fairly good substitute for it. Then Stanford has in its Greek department two scholars who, while trained in the soundest traditions of classical philology, have nevertheless (for the two things often exclude one another) the keenest sense of literary and æsthetic values, and are acquainted with the whole body of Greek dramatic literature; while one of them has musical ability that makes him an ideal leader of the chorus, and the other has proved to be a really great actor, who played the role of Creon as it undoubtedly has never been played before except in the rendering of the "Antigone" in French in the Theater Français. And Stanford has too, and has always had, many other good amateur actors. The part of Antigone was played extremely well. Even experienced theater-goers, who have seen the best that the stage has afforded for thirty years, have very rarely beheld anything so beautiful. And the minor parts also were without exception taken well. It was an altogether exceptional performance, far beyond anything of the sort

that has been attempted in this country before.

And yet this does not mean that other reproductions of the kind cannot be extremely successful, and well worth the attention of modern audiences. There are a dozen plays that would please almost as much as the "Antigone" does. It is not beyond the range of possibility that other composers should be found, who will do for them, measurably, what Mendelssohn has done here. Other universities have scholarship and enthusiasm and a

The third and last act deals with the home-coming of Ulysses, the faithfulness of Penelope and the slaying of the false suitors. This part is manifesty more "stagy" than that which precedes and is probably the most effective for dramatic purposes. As literature, however, it is perhaps not so fully inspired as the first two acts.

In *Ulysses* Stephen Phillips has done no new work. He has taken up that which has been handed from poet to poet along the centuries. He has infused a modern spirit into

the really immortal word of Homer.

WALLACE IRWIN.

#### "The Love Story of Abner Stone."

N these strenuous days when my study table is fairly beset with all sorts and degrees of fiction, given over, for the most, to adventure and analysis, it is not only most refreshing, but a real delight, to chance, as has been my good fortune, upon so quaint and charming a story as Mr. Edwin Carlile Litsey has given us in *The Love Story of Abner Stone*.

Here, at last, is an old-time story from the heart for the heart, so pure and sweet that one falls at once under the spell, and willingly indulges the mood to the very end—and beyond! It bespeaks, as well, of that tranquil, quiet life of Kentucky in the early sixties, and each page breathes a fragrance of honeysuckle and jessamine rare to define, but none the less subtle and evasive. Moreover, the author has caught the true spirit of that dear land and time, and has given us some charming pen-pictures, none more

beautful than the following of a declining day:

"The sun had sunk below the horizon. As I now directed my gaze to the western sky, one of those rarely beautiful phenomena which sometimes accompany sunset in early spring was spread before me. Spanning the clear sky, stretching from western horizon to zenith and from zenith to eastern horizon, was a narrow, filmy band of cloud. Aby some subtle reflection of which we do not know, the whole had caught the golden sheen of the hidden sun, and glowed, pale gold and pink and safron. The sky was clear but for this encircling cloud-band, and my fancy saw it as a ring girding the earth with celestial glory,—a fitting path for spirit feet when they tread the upward heights. I watched it pale, with upturned face, its changing tints in themselves a miracle, and thought of the wonders which lay beyond it, which we are taught to seek. Thought of what was on the other side of that steadily purpling curtain stretched above me which no human eye might pierce. Groves of peace and endless song and light which never paled —my mother's face.

"A star blossomed out in the tranquil depths above me, white and pure as a thought of God; some dun-colored boats were drifting in an azure sea out in the west, and a whipporowill's plaintive wail sounded through the dusk from adown the fence-row. Up from the still earth there floated to my nostrils the incense of a dew-drenched landscape,—fresh, odorous, wonderfully sweet,—and a friefly's zigzag lantern came traveling toward me across the darkening meadow. Everything had become very still. It was that magic hour when the voices of the things of the day are hushed, and the things of the night have not yet awakened. Only at intervals the whippoorwill's call arose, like a pulse of pain. The voice of the plowman in the adjoining field came no more to my ears; a respite from labor had come to both man and beast. The birds were still. There was no flutter of wings, no piping cry. The earth rested for a spell, and a solemn quietude stole over the scented fields."

But I would not forget—this is a *love* story, where we learn to know (and, perchance, love!) human beings, and who of us will not fall under the charm of the purity and sunshine of Salome—a rare, beautiful soul, indeed—and be the richer and nobler because of her!

And who of us, too — you and I, gentle reader — will not feel the full beauty and faithfulness of the joyous home-coming and the sacredness of the incidents which follow!

I dare not yield to the temptation to quote of these, lest I mar the pleasure in store, but I would have you hear Abner Stone's little preface to his own story, which, after all, strikes the keynote to an exquisite bit of harmony—the music of which we shall treasure in our

hearts when it is heard no more!

"It seems a little strange that I, Abner Stone, now verging onto my seventieth year, should bring pen, ink and paper before me with the avowed purpose of setting down the love story of my life, which I had thought locked fast in my heart forever. A thing very sacred to me; of the world, it is true, yet still apart from it, the blessed memory of it all has abode in my breast with the unfading distinctness of an old picture done in oils, and has brightened the years I have thus far lived on the shadowed slope of life. And now has come the firm belief that the world may be made better by the telling of this story—as my life has been made better by having lived it—and so I shall essay the brief and simple task before my fingers have grown too stiff to hold the pen, trusting that some printer of books will be good enough to put my story into a little volume for all who care to read. And I, as I pursue the work which I have appointed unto myself, shall again stroll through the meadows and forests of dear Kentucky, shall tread her dusty highways under the spell of a bygone June, and shall sit within the portals of an old home whose floors are now pressed by an alien foot."

On a certain shelf here in my library, apart and quite by itself, are a few little volumes I would not exchange for the wealth of Prospero's dukedom. Among these is Thackera's Bsmond, Page's In Old Virginia and Gentleman of the Old Black Stock; The Choir I visible and Kentucky Cardinal, by Allen; Virginia of Virginia, by Rives; Sir Percival, by Shorthouse; Prue and I, by Cuttis; each bearing an outward visible sign of an inward spiritual grace, and to these classics of the heart shall I add this Love Story of Abner Stone, for not since Allen's Kentucky Cardinal have I read a more beautiful tale.

The quiet simplicity of the binding of this little book and the finely grained paper, broad margins and clear typography are in perfect keeping with its contents and spirit.

T. C. W.

### A Portrait of Little Maren.

"I AIN'T NAUGHTY."

I ain't naughty, am I, ma?
I'se jus' sleepy,
"n you's ti'd, ain't you, ma?
' cause I cried an spanked my doll.
I's so sleepy, nice mama;
Me'n dollie
Want to go to sleep 'n see
All the funny people, ma.
N'men I'll play 'n never cry
'n' tamp the floor,
'n spank my doll'n slap my tog;
But he so dood, 'n never cry.

-P. I. Johansen,

March 1902.

### "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr."

ALLACE IRWIN has again done the unexpected. That he should do the unexpected has been rather expected of him since he perpetrated that epoch-making joke, The Love Somnets of a Hoodlum. Now, if he had worked along the line of logical sequences, he would have written another slang book, and the world, if pleased, would not have been surprised. His latest ink-ling, The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, fr., is just as whimsical, just as humorous and just as original as the Love Somets, but otherwise it has nothing in common with the former book. In The Rubaiyat the author has shunned slang studiously, has cultivated a hyper-degant diction and combined real poetry and ingenious nonsense in such a way as to take the reader's breath away. Like FitzGerald's translation, Mr. Irwin's Kubaiyat contains one hundred and one stanzas, which, without exaggeration, offer one hundred and one surprises. It is full of the freshness of a young genius, and

When the Hoo'dlum's book came before the public it carried a more direct message, passays, than many a more serious work ever dared to carry. It showed us convincingly how the long-reverenced sonnet could become an "easy mark" and a "carry-all for brainfag wrecks," and it will live as a protest against the use of the sonnet form as a vehicle for mediocre thought. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr., too, has brought a clatter of raillery about the heads of the imitators who will not lef FitzGerald's beautiful translation

alone. To quote from Mr. Irwin's mock serious introduction :

"Since the publication of Edward FitzGerald's classic translation of the Rubaiyut in 1851—or, rather, since its general popularity several years later—poets minor and major have been rendering the sincerest form of flattery to the genius of the Irishman who brought Persia into the best regulated families. Unfortunately, there were scores of imitators who, in order to make the astronomer go round, were obliged to draw him out to the thinness of Balzac's Magic Skin. While all this was going on the present Editor was forced to conclude that the burning literary need was not for more translators, but for more Omars to translate; and what was his surprise to note that the work of a later and superior Omar Khayyam was lying undiscovered in the wilds of Borneo!"

If FitzGerald's Omar took his inspiration from wine, Irwin's Omar certainly owed moth of his poetic frenzy to the narcotic effects of tobacco, for the book abounds in praises of the weed—and many of these lines one cannot help admiring for their real poetic

beauty:

seldom descends to parody.

"Mark how Havana's sensuous-philtred Mead Dispels the cackling Hag of Night at Need, And, foggy-aureoled, the Smoke reveals The Poppy Flowers that blossom from the Weed."

Between Smoke and Kisses the poet's love was about equally divided. The muse of the younger Omar seems to have been a flirtatious jade, for the kiss and the cigar seem to wage an equal rivalry in the motif of these rubalyat. As note the following:

"A Microbe lingers in a Kiss, you say? Yes, but he nibbles in a pleasant way. Rather than in the Pipe and Telephone Better to catch him Kissing and be gay."

The unusual construction of these rubaiyat are worth studying. As a rule, they start out with the most poetic intentions, sustain a perfect style for two or three lines, then descend suddenly without warning, tumbling the reader out of the balloon of ideality and landing him with a jar on the rude soil of reality. This is done so skillfully that you forgive the author at once and are ready to take another fall with every new stanza. For example:—

"I can forgive the Oaf who nothing knows And glories in the Bubbles that he blows, And while you wrestle blindly with the World He whistles on his Fingers and his Toes."

Mr. Irwin whistles on the fingers and toes of his fancy and does other surprising gymnastics which tend to add to the gayety of literature. He is mad with a surprising degree of sanity and a good part of his rubaiyat show what a healthful form of wisdom nonsense may become. The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum was a bright promise, and the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr., is certainly well on the road to fulfilment. The book is aptly illustrated by eight startling freak drawings by Gelett Burgess, and is made complete by a set of slyty pompous notes which are a side-splitting satire on all the schools.

VALENTINE BLAKE.

### On Beauty as a Labor-Saving Device.

LL heroines are not beautiful, but they would be if all novelists were wise; for beauty is the simplest, the most effective labor-saving device ever made use of by the creator of a character in fiction. Too old to be patented, the invention was used by writers great and small until some one with an itch for innovation introduced the ugly heroine. New appliances are not always good.

The change necessitated pages of qualification,—occasional brightenings of dull eyes, smiles that transform, cleverness that enlivens, sacrifice that illuminates. The child's remark about her pet, "She is not a pretty cat, but I try to be just as good to her as if she were pretty," becomes in the confessions of the novelist, "She is not a beautiful woman, and I try to make up to her for the gift I have denied her." Who ever drew with urrelenting hand an uglier heroine than Becky Sharp, and who ever strove more arduously than Thackeray to redress the wrong he had done? What he gained in power he lost in time; to measure the value of beauty as a labor-saving device, ascertain the ratio between the number of pages devoted to Becky and the number given to Amelia. All wisdom is not of a time remote; Scott never denied beauty to any young woman, but this is may have been due more to the kindness of his heart than to his recognition of the economic advantages that accompany the bestowal of the priceless gift.

Is it objected that the rag-tag story-tellers have conferred beauty indiscriminately? Who can blame them for being generous with the gifts the gods provide? What one can not easily excuse is their trying to prove that the bestowal is beauty. Were they wise with the wisdom of the ancients they would not attempt to convince with catalogues. What is Homer's description of the daughter of the gods? Not laughing eyes, rosy checks, pearly teeth; but instead the assumption of beauty so great that for such a woman men well might go to war. "Assume, assert," one longs to cry to those who have learned no lesson from Homer. "Assert, but do not try to prove. Say your heroine is beautiful, but stick the quill back into the goose from which it came before you try to coerce me into acceptance of a type that is beauty to you. Tell me your dream of fair women, singer beside the Yukon or the Congo, tell me they are beautiful and my heart confides in you and joys in their beauty, but describe to me lips, hair, int of skin, and my mental picture faisfies your asseverations. Make the assertion once in your own person, let each character repeat it,— it is true: site is beautiful. — go on with the story."

LAURA B. EVERETT.

Let us not lose the savor of past Mercies and past Pleasures; but like the voice of a bird singing in the rain, let grateful memory survive in the hour of Darkness.

- Robert Louis Stevenson.

### "The Gentle Art."

HE book is not a new one, and in fact is now out of print and virtually unprocurable—I speak of James McNeil Whistler's *The Gentle Art of Making Enemites*. Although a controversial book showing his victory over Ruskin,
Oscar Wilde and a host of minor other critics, and purporting to defend only
the painters' art, so many brilliant reflect lights are east from the statement of
his own point of view that the book should be read by every worker in the arts.
Whistler is not expected to look at a subject with the eyes of convention. His own

original imitative genius (today so recognized) and the searching painstaking of his method

of working always discovered a new thought, or better, an old idol.

The book attracts the critic, and he is the enemy he would make. He would have none "criticise in a technical way but the man who has passed his whole life in the practice of the science which he criticises," he argues the glib fluency of the litterateur criticising the painter—a case of the blind leading the blind, and both falling by the obliquity of ignorance upon the unfortunate arrist.

To Whistler the critic is not a necessary evil working for the elevation of art. Unless the critic be also a doer of the word, he should not influence the unknowing by his opinions.

The dedication of the book, "To the rare few who early in life have succeeded in ridding themselves of the friendship of the many," and the prologue quoting Ruskin's criticism, which was the basis of the action brought against him by the author of The Gentle Att and many other sententious statements shows Whistler's whimsicalities. Originality, for which all artists strive, our author does not lack even in the style of his writing. Perspicuity of statement, sarcasm, innuendo, epigrammatic logic marks every page and holds the reader's interest with what is an individual's quarrel with the world—a quarrel for principle's sake, it is true, but an interesting one. The unexpectedness of turn everywhere lends a charm which tempts one to read the book again.

Whistler's case against Ruskin we think was won by the keenness of his own wit rather that yan actual damage done him. It was the victory of a principle over tradition. A victory with a double verdict—first, the jury's, with damages for one farthing; and second, that of the public given twelve years after the trial (1878), or at the time of the

publishing of The Gentle Art,

Some of the retorts in the famous case have become stock expressions like this one:
Attorney—"The labor of two days, then, is that for which you ask two hundred

Whistler -- "No! It is the knowledge of a lifetime."

As an antagonist Whistler delights in discovering an opponent's vulnerable place and running the point until it draws blood. The unwary critic thinks he has said the final word and settles back in complacency only to be aroused by the echo of his own voice and the laugh turned upon himself.

In the catalogue is found criticisms favorable and otherwise, and in the thumb marginals of these, many quaint reflections and contradictions often of the same critic. By the absurdity of the generalization and the statement of a general principle in the "reflections

these criticisms have a value to the litterateur as well as to the painter."

The Red Rag is an appeal for art to stand alone, without legendary, emotional or other support, beside being an apology for the nomenclature of his pictures.

In the Ten O'dock lecture the sententious style is admirably fitted to attack the opinion of mediocrity that genius and art are the product of morality. To him genius is an accident of nature or a favor of the gods,—an isolated fact disassociated from circumstance, having neither nationality no reace,—"Art is a cruel jade," "Shunning the spotless Swiss to sea no pium-eater in Nankin," and "In Rembrandt finding immortality in the Jews' quarters

in Amsterdam."

From his logic we may deduct,—Shakespeare not the product of an English nationality nor Cervantes of the Spanish, nor Goethe of the German, but the man the master of the nation, not its son and brother to all the world. The new master arrives and a "period"

is born retarding with the perspective of the model,—the influence diminishing gradually and is finally lost as a vital force.

Mercilessly he strips everything of its sham and ridicules the Amateur and Dilettante.

These two have no temple for worship save their own vanity!

The statement that there "never was an art-loving nation," "nor an artistic period," we not understand. That culture is vain and leads to no good but labor and self-satisfaction is a disappointing theorem. It is opposed to evolution. The great of the earth may be few, but the many certainly reach a higher level by their effort to comprehend the great. There is a vast difference between an ignorant Englishman, or American, and an Australian bushman, and we believe the superiority is due to culture.

Whistler maintains an artist's right to his own work, unaltered, and carries the principle to an absurdity when he censures the removing of his butterfly signature from the sign-

board painted by him for the galleries at Suffolk Street.

"Eccentric is the adjective they apply to me," and so he must be judged in the ignoring of convention or the accentuation of certain truths. One who has studied under him speaks of his immaculate attire of black, and gray gloves; his black-dyed hair except for a single white lock tied with a blue ribbon. This is certainly carrying the picturesque to an extreme. Because of such whimiscialities the man's work was once superficially judged. He arrived at certain principles of art by study, as when he states, "To paint life-size is untrue, —something must be allowed for the diminishing of the perspective, although but a few feet intervene the model and artist." Poe calculated the length of "The Raven" by exact mathematical rule on the theorem that intense emotion is the basis of poetic art and melancholy the true poetic mood. One regards poetry as the science of emotion and the other art as the science of seeing, and Whistler's "arrangements in color" are analogous to Poe's arrangement in meter.

Swinburne, who calls Whistler "the brilliant amateur in the art of letters," says "Phidias thought of other things than 'arrangements' in marble," which he certainly did, as the master must possess knowledge of a deep and fixed character. He reduces that

knowledge to the exactness of a science.

A word as to the mechanical book (for those who may not know it) typographically, it is an "arrangement" artistic and unusual, and reflects the originality of its author or his whimsicality. To spend an hour with the contents of this book is to start a chain of "reflections," profitable and pleasurable.

JAMES JOHANSEN.

### Transformation.

Dew, raindrop, snowflake crystal white, Sun—fleecy splendour high above. Soul—wonder, striving toward the light, God—endless life, immortal love.

-Ben Bradford.



### To Dorking, via Paradise.

ELESTINE was not with me, but I had a letter in my pocket which, like a fairy, knocked at my heart from time to time, and bade me look abroad to see how she had bewitched the countryside.

So I sped out of Reigate at a ten-mile clip, my heart ballooning. It did seem strange to be alone, though—to see no little gray glove on my left handle-bar, to take rises without whispering, "puis-je l'entrainer, Celestine?"—to spin down into the valley with no taste on my lips of a flying kiss snatched

on the summit, at the risk of two young lives!

No hand-in-hand foolishness today, swinging her forward with a rush, pulling myself up abreast of her, jostling her, jollying her, coaxing her, harrying her, hurrying her till

she had learned her wheel as a jockey knows his mount!

As I floated down Reigate Hill two riders, wheeling in, wondered to see me smile. They carried each half a stone more dead weight than I, not to speak of my buoyant spirit, for they were accounted, in the British fashion, as cumbrously as knights of old, with gear enough to make an American cyclist shudder. What with mud-parats and spatter-flaps, chain-case, lantern, brake and a pump like a small cannon, it must have swelled their calves to pedal up that hill! And I on a 21-pound machine, free of all their litter save for the toe-clips which (fools!) they scorned, went by them like Mercury, praying that my light single-tube tires might by some miracle miss the flints. The road was cruelly peppered with these little arrow-heads, but I was far too mad to give a care for the track that day.

I swung off the Dorking road down a narrow lane, shut in on one side by a brick wall enclosing at least three chapters of mystery (by the look of a garden I saw through a postern door), and on the other by a barrier of living hawthorne. I passed an old house retiring behind a close so alluring that I christened the place Honeymoon Inn, for the stage was ready set for two romantic lovers, if I knew anything of dramatic courtship! Then, on a sharp down grade, with my feet on the frame of my machine, I took the stone bridge over the River Mode at the bottom, as one turns an engraving over to get at the next page.

It was an obvious bridge, proud with the 'picturesque, evidently built to facsimile some well-known sketch by Ruskin, and to wheedle "oh's 1" and "ah's 1" out of American tourists. I took it, as I say, like an oyster — I took it before I quite knew what was happening, as one takes a cold, or an offered hand (expecting a kiss to follow), and then, lo I here was Betchworth, standing in the road like a pretty gril massquerading in her grandmother's

gown!

For Betchworth is beautiful and ancient. Her houses smack of the scene-painter and stage-carpenter, with "practicable" doors and windows—surely no one really lives behind those decrepit walls and diamond-paned lattices! No one really dwells in the "Spotted Cow" tavern—it is only a place for the first old man and the comic relief to prate of somebody's lost will! The village should be inhabited by strolling players, and, indeed, what folk there were seemed to be well trained in their groups and poses. It was nothing but a toy village of embossed paper, propped up in the middle of a Surrey landscape.

Had Celestine been there we would have off to the bank under our godmother's elm and drunk Betchworth dry from the stone church to the last half-timbered house, and from the wooden gate up three steps in the row of hazels (a gate immortalized by how many copy books!), to the farmer who grinned after his huge waddling sow, as they ploughed through the sunshine. But the place was too much joy for one, and, with a gasp at the mill and a chuckle at the common, I tossed Betchworth behind me and was off, flying,

Still, it was almost as if Celestine were with me—how else could Surrey have shown so beautiful? I swung on, like a Prince in search of Fairyland, for the valley lay before me like a picture book and I had but to turn the next page to come to an adventure, mild but joyous. I took the first road I saw, not caring where it led. What should I care in such a country, on such a day, with Celestine's letter in my pocket! The road from the Garden of Eden leads through Arcady to the Forest of Arden. The road out of Betchworth, a wee lad informed me, led to Leigh; so it was there I was bound.

The road ran straight for a mile and then hid its head in a row of poplars. Now the straight run is not for Celestine, who prefers curves and ambushes, with the delicious shock of unexpected witnesses to our revels, at which time she is wont to reform suddenly and pedal saucily with her hands in the pockets of her corduroys. When two lovers walk out in the evening, so says Zangwill, the author of the story always notices the sunset, but the lovers never do. By this I know I was alone, for the memory of that view is still with me.

Landseer and Rosa Bonheur had been along the road just before me, and had arranged on the uplands many a composition of sheep, horses and cattle. It was like riding through an old-time picture-gallery, except that all the best paintings were not on the "line." Those that were "skied" were some stunning big canvases in Payne's Grey and Prussian Blue, hanging like enormous living maps over my head, charts of fairy continents controlled by no "balance of power" either, for some celestial Napoleon was at work carving

out ethereal kingdoms and dominations even as I watched.

Next came a mile-long coast into Brockham, and I swiftly overtook a mailcart laden with pink-and-white temptations. And one of them was a little — oh, so little — like Celestine! But it was not she, though some quaint trick of manner suggested it, so that, had that maiden coaxed her mouth into half of Celestine's delicious gaminerie, I had charged into that cart forthright. I would have kissed her or missed her, were she Celestine! But it was not Celestine; no, not by six thousand miles!

For Celly wears saucy petticoats that toss and foam about her ankles—not such dray as these English skirts that flapped limply like sails drying, when the cart joint of They do say that English girls wear petticoats that reach but to the knee—I'm not so

sure of that, but it seemed probable.

It was not Celestine; no, not by three full semitones! These were English voices, their speech throaty—and ungrammatical. I heard their rising inflections (every sentence ended with "isn't it?") the redundant "have got" and the illogical "I expect." Celly says "I guess," but she does not err in tense. No, nor in mood, either, as I knew by the steady glow of the letter in my breast-pocket! I lighted a cigarette and passed them like

a runaway motor-car.

The breeze was whistling amorously in my ears as I pelted into Brockham on a bicycle rampant. The sun was patting me on the shoulder and not a hen that scuttled hysterically across the road but called "Gluck!" as I ran her down. My eyes fell on sweet Brockham Common and rested there as a tired child enjoys a beautiful room. There were two tall poplars behind Arthur Lemon's house, straight as exclamation points!! The old houses had such pleasant, homely, good-humored faces! The sward was full of charming, dimpling undulations, like the palm of a glove on some giant Celestine's hand! Were Celestine a village, in some moods she would be like this. I know now why they call that old, comfortable, genial carriage a surrey. There had not been a jolt nor a jar in the landscape since I left Reigate.

Will you believe that I had not yet read my letter? It was still sealed, warm and fragrant over my heart, like an unopened flask of perfume, urging me homeward to enjoy it beneath the may tree in the garden at Rosenfels. It litted me over the fence gate of Betchwood Park — such a small sheet of paper to make a kite of, too! It flew me along the old imme-tree walk, over the yonder fence again, it snatched me like a Genie — such a tiny magic paper carpet! — past the "Punch Bowl" tavern and into funny little Dorking town. And all the while my anticipation was nibbling at its delights. Would there be any pleasure left in it when I got home, if I stole so much sweetness beforehand? Ah, yes! too much for a fool like me — first the icing, then the plums, and lastly the firm, sweet material of Celestine's love.

Well, did I see Surrey, or only Celestine? In my mind they were marvelously commingled. For that day it seemed to me that the road from Reigate to Dorking led through Paradise!

FRANCIS CHESTER.

### The Toilers.

(Lines suggested by the Donahue statue "To Mechanics," San Francisco, Douglas Tilden, sculptor.)

The toilers look upon it and are strong, And learn at length the dignity of toil.

Behold the master-workmen, and behold
How Labour conquers all!—Old Tubalcain
Hath still great sons, firm girt and swathed in brawn,
Fashioned for mighty deeds in brass and iron.
This shaft shall breast the Titan of the seas
That laughs at storms, or rib the iron horse
Thundering resistless over continents,
Defying mountains and the flinty rocks.

He knows whereto he works, that aged man, Whose eagle eve rivets the whirring drill: He knows the vast, deep purposes beyond, He knows the worth of man. Like Angelo His hands have wrought terrible things with power. (Thus Labour would make masters of us all, Sculpturous bodies fit for Phidias And minds of wisdom ripe for will and deed.) He shall pass: but from his loins have sprung Daughters and sons, and grandchildren have sat Upon his knees. When the tall redwood falls, Around the stump new lusty scions tower, Straight-limbed and sure, as lordly to the skies: The solemn grandeur of majestic sires Fades not away. - Behold the sons of toil. Mighty to do and mighty to endure, The kingly servants of high enterprise, All labour-knit in love, and knowing well To honour and to rule and to obey.

HARROLD JOHNSON.

### "The Toilers."

HESE vigorous and forceful lines were written in compliance with a request, by Harrold Johnson. The author, graduate of London University and of Manchester College, Oxford, still a very young man, is making his mark in London as lecturer for the Ethical Society of which Dr. Stanton Coit is president.

His collection of poems under the title Wood-Notes Wild met with favourable criticism, and his Millet series—"The Sowers," "The Angelus," "The Gleaners" and "The Toilers," breathe a fervent spirit of pure altruism, and will stand comparison with "The Man with the Hoe." When Edwin Markham clasped hands with Harrold Johnson on this side of the Atlantic he welcomed a kindred spirit and a true and

appreciative exponent of his thought.

"The House of Life," a poetical interpretation of the allegorical paintings of G. F. Watts, met with special acknowledgment by that great artist; but his masterpiece in versification and classical scholarship is "A Round of Sonnets" published in the Transcript and which he presented to the Boston Library. In these he describes and interprets the frescos of Puvis de Chavannes, though no word painting could convey to the imagination the transcendent loveliness of the master's colouring—from whose hand, alas! the brush has fallen—his last work in Paris remaining unfinished, no living artist daring to essay the task of completion.

Perhaps of these sonnets the one to "Philosophy" is most worthy of quotation, though

all are beautiful and deeply significant.

DORA AMSDEN.

### Philosophy.

(PLATO.)

A warm, blue sky above the Acropolis,
Colour and joy and ease and grace and light;
The Parthenon, serene, intense and white,
Dreaming of mystery and of loveliness;
A garden where the glow of morning is:
Pure pillars, flowers and trees repose the sight,
And all is tender victory and delight
Where Youth dared dialogue with Socrates.

Here art and thought were rounded into one In noble form and calm sufficiency;
Here Plato talked divine philosophy;
Here Milo's Venus loved beneath the blue;
Beauty and truth in man and marble grew
Like morning—dawns begotten of the sun.

HARROLD JOHNSON.

### The Madness of Philip.

AD Don Quixote been published in the age of Chivalry, its splendid audacity could scarcely have outdone that of The Madness of Philip, a kindergarten Tragedy, the title story of the latest collection of the short stories of Josephine Dodge Daskam. But it is the cleverness with which this cherished modern institution is assailed that is most appalling. We have only the barest outline of Miss Daskam's biography, but if the humor, not to say temerity, which has given us her kindergarten types was not born of actual experience with her dramatis personæ, Miss Daskam's penetration is only equaled by her courage and

versatility. Mrs. Wiggin never gave us any characters bearing the slightest resemblance to Timothy and Mrs. Ruggles, - who have always seemed to belong to the kindergarten and who do to the same extent that Philip's long-suffering parent is connected therewith, if the facts are remembered, - are no longer our only enduring types. Philip and Mrs. R. B. M. Smith are become immortalized. As to the "youngest assistant," let no one worry. Neither let it be imagined that anything of permanence and value in the kindergarten has been cut short in its career. A more definite biographical knowledge of Miss Daskam would also be interesting to

her readers in connection with that most unique of her character sketches, Ardelia in Arcady. Nothing short of a social settlement experience can account for so realistic a picture of Ardelia's unspeakably revolting habitat, the slums, but would not explain the genius with which we are made to sympathize with Ardelia's two awful days in the country, and actually to rejoice with, if not for, her escape from artificial selection and her return to her natural environment. It would, however, be asking too much of the brief career of so young and prolific a writer to expect that Miss Daskam's acquaintance with her Choir Boy Uncelestial had been due to some experience as organist in a metropolitan church, but her Edgar Ogden and Tim Mullaly are too real to have been painted from anything but very

live models.

Yet, fascinating and delightful as they are, Philip, Ardelia and Edgar are but pathological studies compared to Dicky. To say that there is nothing in recent literature more wholesome, more sane and more deliciously humorous than The Little God and Dicky, may be an extravagant expression of individual opinion, but anything more delightful than the grown-up thrill over the adventures of her pirates, from their first, masked and awe-inspiring appearance from behind the familiar barn door to their last hair-breadth escape with pockets bursting and running over with treasure—the gilded trappings of a new harness boldly snatched from a real chest in a some-yards-distant and unidentified stable-loft—has certainly not been felt since Alice in Wonderland and the Looking-Glass Country. By two quite opposite but equally impelling ways Mr. Dodgson and Miss Daskam give us the same new kind of pleasure. The grown-up ecstacy in the Mock Turtle and the killing of the Jabberwock and that in the depredations of the Head Captain, the Lieutenant and the Vicar in A Study in Piracy, if not one and the same, are both new and distinctly modern sensations so recent that they have not yet been satisfactorily understood or named. The æsthetic faculty which we call the pleasure in a landscape, as also those comprehended by the terms humor and pathos, are, we are told, quite modern. But these are rather quite mediæval compared with the newness of this something within us which might haltingly be described as a sense of lasting pleasure in joys that are distinctively, enchantingly and eternally childlike. Indeed, this grown-up ecstacy in pure nonsense and the make-believe of the golden age of childhood are emotions as little known to Shakespeare and Cervantes as was the dawn of the psychic faculty to the Silurian mollusk or the Devonian fish. Not to have read A Study in Piracy or The Little God and Dicky is to have missed two of the most pleasurable sensations that human experience and modern culture have added to our sum of happiness. MINNA V. GADEN.



HE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES. Translated by H. R. Fairclough and A. T. Murray, Professors in the Leland Stanford Junior University. A prose translation occasioned by the presentation of the Antigone, in the original Greek, at the Leland Stanford Junior University. Published in a simple but interesting manner. Price, net, 35 cents.



O SECTS IN HEAVEN. By Mrs. E. H. J. Cleveland. (Reprinted.) Twenty-seven verses of originality, independence and humor, but reverent. With original initials, in two colors. Seventy-five copies, numbered, on Japan vellum, bound in flexible suede. Price, net, \$1.50. Five hundred copies on fine book paper. Price, net, 50 cents.



HE SONNETS OF HEREDIA. Translated by Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor. A third revision of this scholarly translation, faithfully rendering these famous sonnets in the same rhymed form as that of the original. Limited edition in oblong format, 300 numbered copies. Price, net, \$1.25.

The above are published by Messrs. Elder and Shepard, San Francisco, and may be had from them at the prices mentioned.

## RECENT BOOKS

### The Law of Growth And Other Sermons

By PHILLIPS BROOKS, Selected from his unpublished manuscripts. Twenty-one sermons. Cloth, \$1.20 net. (Postage, 12 cents.)

### A Grand Duchess and Her Court By FRANCES GERARD. 2 vols. 8vo, illustrated,

87.50 net. (Postage, 32 cents.)
"A capital study of a noble woman; the work is also valuable as throwing considerable light upon such great men as Herder, Schiller, Richter, Wieland, and, aboveail, Goethe."

### The Autobiography of Lt.-General Sir Harry Smith, Bart., G. C. B.

Including his services in South America-In the Peninsula and France - At New Orleans - At Waterloo - In North America and Jamaica - In South Africa — In North America and Jamaica — In South Affrica during the Kaffir War — In India during Sikh War — and at the Cape, etc. Edited by G. C. Moore Smith. With some additional chapters supplied by the editor. With portraits and illustrations. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. \$8.00 net. (Postage, 30 cents.) "This is the sort of stuff out of which a real

book might be made, and this is a real book."—Chicago Post.

### Napoleon's Letters to Josephine, 1796-1813

For the first time collected and translated with notes, social, historical and chronological from contemporary sources. By HENRY FOLJAMBE HALL, F. R. Hist. S.

"Illustrated, 8vo, cloth, \$3.00 net. (Postage, 16 cents.)
"A very great addition to Napoleonic literature. The letters form most interesting reading, and can but modify the most virulently hostile estimate of the writer."—Bal-

### **Five Stuart Princesses**

Edited by ROBERT S. RAIT, Fellow and Lecturer of New College, Oxford. 8vo, illustrated, \$3.50 net.

(Postage, 15 cents.) The five Princesses are Margaret of Scotland, Elizabeth of Bohemia, Mary of Orange, Henrietta of Orleans, and Sophia of Hanover.

### Japan Today

By ALFRED STEAD. With preface by Marquis Ito. 12mo, 260 pages, illustrated, \$2.00 net. (Postage, II cents.)

### Peter III. Emperor of Russia

By R. Nisber Bain, author of "The Daughter of Peter the Great." 8vo, illustrated, \$3.50 net. (Postage, 14 cents.)

"As a 'secret history' of the Russian Court of the day, Mr. Bain's biography is in every sense a curious revelation."—London Book-

### What Great Men Have Said About Great Men

A dictionary of quotations. By WILLIAM WALE. Large 12mo, 490 pages, gilt top, \$2.50 net. (Postage, 18 cents.)

### In Tuscany Tuscan Towns, Tuscan Types, and the Tuscan

man.

Tonque By MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL. Crown 8vo, illus-

trated from photographs. New and cheap edition \$2.00 net. (Postage, 12 cents.) "This will be found one of the most delightful of recent volumes of travel."—Literary World.
"It is all interesting, fascinating."—Church-

### The Hours of the Passion And Other Poems

By HARRIET ELEANOR HAMILTON-KING, 12mo, 138 pages, gilt top, \$1.50 net. (Postage, 7 cents.)
The many admirers of "Ugo Bassi's Sermon in the
Hospital" will be glad to get this new volume by the same author.

### English Music in the XIXth Century

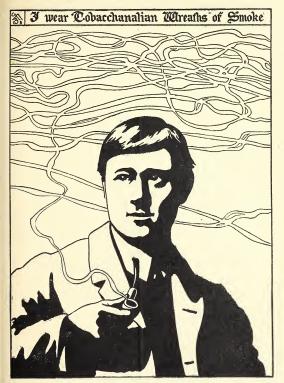
By J. A. FULLER MAITLAND, M. A., F. S. A. 12mo, cloth, \$1.75 net. (Postage, 10 cents.)
This volume is the first in a series that will contain volumes on "Music in America" and "Music in Germany," etc. Mr. Maitland is one of the foremost and most respected writers on music in England.

### Mary Boyle, Her Book

Edited by SIR COURTENAY BOYLE, K. C. B. Mary Boyle is known to all readers of Tennyson's ("Life" and later poems. Her autobiography is full of anecdotes of Landor, Dickens and the famous people of the time.

Among the Night People. By CLARA D. PIERSON, author of "Among the Pond People" and "Among the Meadow People," etc. Illustrated by F. C. Gordon. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00 net. (Postage, 11 cents.)

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 West 23d St., New York



They say the Lion and the Ladies keep The Court where Johnson jested and drank deep; Now Minor Poets label new Cigars And sell their Reputations passing cheap.

By Wallace Irwin. Illustrated by Gelett Burgess. Price, net, 50 cents ELDER & SHEPARD: : SAN FRANCISCO From The New Omar.

## Bonestell & Company

We make a specialty of attractive papers for publications, pamphlets, booklets and such. We particularly recommend at this time the Albium Book Paper (English finish) for inside type or cut work (half-tone or line), and Herculcan Ceter in the new shades of gray and brown makes a stylish and attractive cover.

Our lines are exclusive::::::

Note: The paper upon which IMPRESsions is printed is one of our specialties

401-403 Sansome Street and 500-508 Sacramento Street...

# THUMLER & RUTHERFORD

538 California St., San Francisco

EXPERT

BOOKBINDING LEATHERS, SILKS BROCADES, ETC.

Bankers' Cases, Wallets, Etc., to order

We have peculiar facilities for executing every variety of work in our numerous lines

TECHNICAL WORK









## O. Kai & Co.

316 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California:::

Importers of Japanese Art Goods. Main office, Tokio, Japan. Established 1886. Telephone Black 3566.









224 Post Street, San Francisco, California:::

Japanese Embroidery and Drawn Work a Specialty. Beautiful Presents. Easy to send to your friends by mail.





# Not Facts, but their Significance

"The value of travel," says the Howadji, "is not in the accumulation of facts, but in the perception of their significance." Thus the traveler by the New Overland Limited comes out of the coolness of the Sierras into the bloom and verdure of Californian valleys; leaves behind him the mountain pine, and in a few hours is beside the tropic palm; finds orange groves in the North, as vigorous and productive as in the South; sees the camellia blooming in March in the door yards of the Capitol City as in Los Angeles; and dates ripening in the Sacramento Valley, more than 600 miles north of Palm Valley, on the edge of the Colorado Desert, and he is face to face with a new set of facts. He may record them, and add to his stock of information, or he may perceive their significance and become a citizen of this land beloved of the sun. In the one case, travel makes him cyclopedic; in the other it makes him wise. Here he is in the latitude of the best of Europe: the latitude of Lisbon, of Central Spain, of Sardinia and Majorca, of Southern Italy, and the Isles of Greece, and the Juscious fruits of the lands of the orange, the olive and the fig are in his garden. California is a land of climatic peace, and life means comfort. For illustrated literature, write to agents of the Southern Pacific The best evidence of our worth as book printers is what we have done in this field

Catalogue of the Library of Mrs. Wm. H. Crocker, Wayfarers in Italy, In the Footprints of the Padres, A Berkeley Year, Four consecutive issues of the Stanford Quad, Three editions of the Sonnets of Heredia, A Season's Sowing, For the Blue and Gold, Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum, Idyls of El Dorado, The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, Jr., Moods and Other Verses, and a score of others:::::

The Stanley-Taylor Company 656 Mission Street, San Francisco

And the best evidence of our worth as art printers is what a worthy critic says of us

To The Stanley-Taylor Company

It is with great pleasure I bear testimony to the satisfaction I have had in your recent printing for my firm. The last circular was especially beautiful, and I have shown it to many of my friends as an example of what printing ought to be. We have found good printing in our circulars to be valuable advertising in itself. With your educated taste to aid us, we look forward to no loss of interest in the circulars we shall send you in the future

Yours truly, W. K. VICKERY, for

Vickery, Atkins & Torrey

The Stanley-Taylor Company 656 Mission Street, San Francisco

Competent critics have said of us:

"There are no better printers than these"

A MODERN PLANT, WITH EVERY FACILITY FOR PERFECT WORK

> UNION PHOTO-ENGRAV-ING CO.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PRESS

144 UNION SQUARE AVE. SAN FRANCISCO : : : : : : : CALIFORNIA

142-4-6 Union Square Ave. San Francisco: California

Established 1865

The Hicks-Judd Co.

Printers

Bookbinders

Publishers

21-23 First Street

San Francisco : : California

A. Zellerbach & Sons

"THE PAPER HOUSE"

Importers and Dealers in all kinds of

Paper

416-418 Sansome Street

San Francisco, Cal.

## "BIRDALONE" LETTERS

\_\_\_ to \_\_\_

# CHILDREN

ACTUAL LETTERS TO CHILDREN Boys and girls from four to ten-Sympathetic, Understanding, Romance, History, Personal Adventure, Fairy Tales, Jingles, Verse

TO THE INDIVIDUAL CHILD in Envelopes, sealed, and addressed with INK. Write for The "BIRDALONE" Folder which gives a full description, or send

\$2.00 for Twelve Letters

We prefer, however, to have parents make inquiries

PAUL ELDER AND MORGAN SHEPARD



# The Rubric

-"A MAGAZINE DE LUXE"-

The New Literary Magazine, Profusely Illustrated Regularly printed in 2 colors on fine Stock

#### SOME PRESS NOTICES

"An addition to literary and artistic life" "Sustains its title, 'A Magazine de Luxe'"

-Daily Journal, Salem, Oregon

"It is the handsomest thing done to date"

—The Book and News Dealer
"Nothing to set right, no enterprise to boom"

Bi-Monthly, 10c. a copy, Subscription 50c. a year

Back Number sample, or an interesting ballad, "On Board the Derelict," for 2c. stamp A Six Months' Trial Subscription for 15c.

Single copies of No. 1, 35c. SUBSCRIPTIONS will be allowed to begin with No. 1 while it lasts (or No. 4) at 50c. To Subscribers FREE, three literary impressions 12x14 in colors. Subjects: "Friendship," Cicero; "Day's Prayer," Stevenson; "Books." in colors. Subjects: Mention IMPRESSIONS.

Special until June 1st only

The Rubric ...... ...... \$ 50 a year The Erudite, monthly..... Concord Authors by Mr. Albert Lane, one each month, Emerson, Thoreau,

Hawthorne, The Alcotts, etc. ..... 3 00 \$4 50 for \$1 50

Address separate subscriptions to

The Rubric Studio Building : : Chicago



NEW VOLUME I N VEST POCKET SERIES

## Triplex and Other Essays

B yROBERTLOUIS STEVENSON

The three essays brought together in this the latest of the VEST POCKET SERIES are intimately rated in their series philosophy of life, and "seem in many ways the most purely excathed a" of all Stevenson's personal utterances, including the title essay, together with Ordered South and Walting Tours in his Vest Pocket Series. To round out and complete the personal note, three poems are also given entire: Mr. Austin Dobson's very beautiful In Memo-riam, Stevenson's own exquisite Epitaph, and the lyric by Mr. W. E. Henley quoted in full by R. L. S. at the close of his Christmas Sermon.

Printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper of special size, made to order for this series only, with type set in old style 8-point Roman (23/4 x 5 1/2 page), and Chiswick ornaments and original cover designs, the four volumes at present comprising the Vest Pocket Series are without parallel - are simply unique in American publishing.

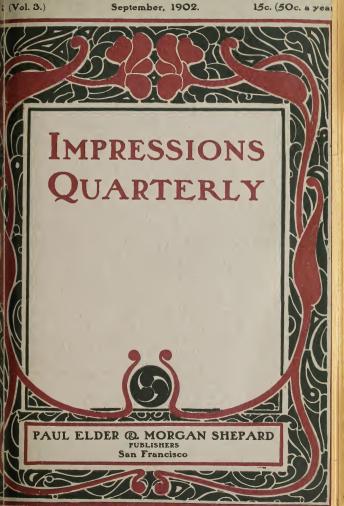
#### THE EDITION IS BOUND IN FOUR STYLES:

Blue Paper Wrappers . . . \$ 25 Net Flexible Leather, Gilt Top . \$ 75 Net 40 " Japan Vellum Edition Limp Cloth Each volume is in separate slide case. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

THE VEST POCKET SERIES

I, FITZGERALD'S RUBÁIYÁT III, SWINBURNE'S LAUS VENERIS SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE IV. Æs TRIPLEX AND OTHER ESSAYS

Т MOSH R Α N D M MOSHER'S PUBLICATIONS MAY BE HAD FROM MESSES, ELDER & SHEPARD





A little magazine standing for the expression independent thought in matters of literature and ar published quarterly with supplements of interest.

Annual subscription, from first number of current volume only, 50 cents. As a convenience subscribers, the publishers will assume that a continuance of the subscription is desired, unless as field by the subscript to discontinue at the expiration of subscription. Attest for advertisement in the had by application at the business office, 238 Post Street. Application entered at the Post-offican Francisco, as second-class matter. Elder & Shepard, Publishers.

## September, 1902

### CONTENTS

| CONTENTS.   |
|---|
| THE ROMANCE OF HOKUSAI (MASTER OF UKIYO-YE) by Dora Amsden "THE STORY OF WILLIAM AND LUCY SMITH": |
| A REVIEW by T. C. W   |
| "THE SPANISH PEOPLE": A REVIEW . by Ernest Carroll Moore .  |
| M. José Maria de Heredia by Edward Robeson Taylor -   |
| THE TECHNIQUE OF "ULYSSES" - by Bailey Millard  |
| THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST - by Lorenzo Sosso  |
| More Mere Egotism: a Review of "Story   |
| of Mary MacLane" by Dorothea Moore  |
| MUIR OF THE MOUNTAINS: A POEM by Bailey Millard   |
| "Songs of the Press": A Review - by M. P  |
| "IN THE REALMS OF GOLD": A REVIEW - by Lionel Josaphare   |
| Borrowings  |
| FROM "THE PHILOSOPHY OF DESPAIR" - by David Starr Jordan - 58                                     |
| Frontispiece  |
| THE VALUE OF TODAY · · by David Starr Jordan  |
| Supplement  |
| REQUIEM Robert Louis Stevenson  |
|   |

### BIBLIOGRAPHY OF REVIEWS

The Story of Mary and Lucy Smith Published by Houghton, Millin & Co. Omitted from publisher's catalogue.
The Spanish Propule. By Martin A. S. Hume, D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, \$1.50 net, ULYSSES: A DRAM IN A PROJOGUE AND THREE ACTS. By Stephen Phillips, The Macmillan Co. Cloth, \$1.25 net.

STORY OF MARY MACLANE. By Herseli, H. Stone & Co., Cloth, \$1.60.
SONGS OF THE PRESS AND OTHER ADVENTUM VERSE. By Bailey Millard. Elder & Shept Boards. 75 cents net.
IN THE REALMS OF GOLD. By LOTENS OF Elder & Shepard. Boards. \$1.00 net.

# BIRDALONE LETTERS TO CHILDREN





# An extract from one of the letters.

"I was happy all that day, for so many won-der-ful things had happened; but when the sun went to bed in the golden sea I got sleepy. I whisper this when I see the shadows grow—the song is called SLEEPY EYE."

Sleepy, sleepy, sandy eye,
Oh! my bed is soft and sweet,
I can sleep if I will try,
Tuck me in from head to feet.

Shadow, misty shadow land, Mists and shadows all around; Velvet shadows near at hand Slip and glide without a sound.

In the shadows I will play, Having dreams that I will keep 'Till the shadows slip away; Then I know I am asleep.

Velvet shadows, soft and gray, Come right down and touch my eyes, Keeping horrid dreams away: Good night, floating velvet skies.



The above selection is from The Philosophy of Despair which Dr. Jordan has in press for early publication. In his characteristic, trenchant style, he presents in part the reply of science to pessimism taking for his text certain quatrains of Omar Khayyam. It is to be regretted that a single quotation can not convey the full beauty and force of the essay, as these are dependent to a remarkable extent upon its entirety.

### "the (Romance of Hokusai."

(Master of Ukiyo-ye.)

"From the age of six, I had a mania for drawing the forms of things. By the time I was fifty, I had published an infinity of designs, but all I have produced before the age of seventy is not worth taking into account. At seventy-five I have learned a tittle about the real structure of nature, — of animals, plants and trees, birds, fishes and insects. In consequence, when I am eighty, I shall have made still more progress. At ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things; at a hundred I shall certainly have reached a marvellous stage, and when I am a hundred and ten, everything I do—be it but a line or det—will be alive. I beg those who live as long as I, to see if I do not keep my word. Written at the age of seventy-five by me, — once Hokusai, — today Gwakio-rojin, 'the old man, mad about drawing.'"

RS longa, vila brevis," though a time-worn aphorism, seems the best comment upon these words of Hokusai, which preface the "Fugaku Hiak'kei" (Hundred Views of Fuji). Judging from what he had accomplished, before his death in 1849, at the age of eighty-nine, and the continual increase in his powers, it is easy to believe that had his life been extended to the limit he craved, the prophecy would have been fulfilled.

M. Louis Gonse says of Hokusai, "He is the last and most brilliant figure of a progress of more than ten centuries—the exuberant and exquisite product of a time of

profound peace and incomparable refinement."

From the standpoint of Buddhism, Hokusai was the crowning glory, the supreme efflorscence of countless previous incarnations. In his career he epitomized the theory of evolution, the embryonic stages being exemplified by his progress through the schools. Trained in the atelier of Shunsho, the most skilful exponent of Ukiyo-ye art, he rapidly absorbed the methods of his master; but even the Popular School was trammeled by convention, and Hokusai's genius, rejecting academic fetters, winged its flight through all the realms of Oriental art.

He drank at the fountain-head of China, then absorbed the traditions of the "two great streams of Kano and Tosa, which flowed without mixing to the middle of the eighteenth century." Kano, springing from Chinese models, was transformed by the genius of Masanobu and his followers, and became the most illustrious school of painting in Japan. It was the official school of the Shoguns, in opposition to "Tosa" —that elegant and ex-

quisite appanage of the Mikados, which represented aristocratic taste.

The Tosa school is characterized by extreme delicacy of execution and fine use of the brush, as in Persian miniature painting. The splendour of the screens of Tosa has never been surpassed, with their precious harmonies in colour and delicate designs (so often

imitated in lacquer), against glorious backgrounds in rich gold-leaf.

He studied the technique of Okyo, founder of the school of realism, which, maturing at Kyoto, led up to "Ukiyo-ye," the popular art of the masses of Yedo. Ukiyo-ye, ilterally "The Floating World," despised by the ascetic disciples of Buddha and Confucius for picturing the gay world of fashion and folly, was the name of the school which liberated Japanese art from the shackles of centuries of tradition.

Ukiyo-ye is the supreme expression, the concentrated essence of the schools, a river of art whose fount was India, Persia and China. For centuries it was forced into narrow channels by the haughty and exclusive aristocracy; but ever widening, its branches at last

united and swept into their joyous current the common people of Japan, who, intuitively art lovers, had ever thirsted for the living stream. Now they beheld themselves reflected, in all the naturalness of daily life, yet with a spiritual rendering, "appealing," said Jarves, "to those intuitions with which the soul is freighted when it first comes to earth, whose force is ever manifested by a longing for an ideal not of the earth, and whose presence can only be explained as an augury of a superior life to be, or else the dim reminiscence of one gone; and the recognition of this ideal is the touchstone of art—art which then becomes the solution of immortality."

The originators of Ukiyo-ye, which included in its scope painting proper, book illustration and single sheet pictorial prints, were Iwasa Matahei and Moronobu, followed in long succession by Shunsui, the precursor of Hokusai's master, Shunsho; and united with it were the engravers of the Torii school, cullminating in Kiyonaga (with whose grace and beauty of line Hokusai could never compete), the refined offshoot of the Kitao, and

the elegant scion of Kano - Yeishi.

Hokusai's individuality and independence long galled his master, and a final rupture was caused by the pupil's enthusiasm for the bold and sweeping, black-and-white, caligraphic strokes of Kano. Then began a hard struggle for the youthful artist, who had no money and no influence. His father was a maker of metal mirrors, Hokusai's real name being Nakajima Tetsu Jiro, but his pseudonyms were legion. In the atleir of Shunsho, he was called Shurro, —taking with the other disciples of this school of Katsukawa, the first syllable of his master's name.

Čast adrift upon the streets of Yedo, he sold red pepper, and hawked almanaes, at the same time constantly studying, and seizing the best ideas from all the schools. Blent with an intuitive instinct for art, the Japanese nature is essentially histrionic, and throughout the whole career of Hokusai there is an element which is genuinely dramatic. C. J. Holmes, in his beautiful work on Hokusai, gives many romantic incidents in the artist's life, and

was it not by a theatrical tour-de-force that he first won popular favor?

He chose no doubt a national holiday, perhaps the festival of "Cherry Viewing" when Uyeno Park is thronged with sightseers of every station in life. Here in the heart of the great city of Tokyo is a hallowed spot—majestic, grand and peaceful, where in mystic solemnity the sacred cedars enshrine that wondrous necropolis of illustrious dead,—for a

Uyeno lie buried six of the famous Shoguns.

In the courtyard of one of the temples, Hokusai erected a rough scaffolding, upon which was spread a sheet of paper, eighteen yards long and eleven in width. Here in the sacred heart of Japan, with tubs of water and tubs of ink, the master and predestined genius o his country manifested his power. He swept his huge brush this way and that, the crowd constantly increasing in density, many scaling the temple roof to see the marvellous feat,—a colossal figure, springing into life at the touch of the creator. All who know his work can in imagination picture the grand sweeping curves and graduated shadings that the magic broom evolved; and the artistic people gazed spell-bound, while many a murmured "Naruhodo!" (Wonderful) and sibilant inhalation of the breath marked their recognition of the master's power.

Displaying less of the artist than the genius at legerdemain were Hokusai's street tricks—almost reprehensible did we not know the dire straits to which genius is often reduced. An eager expectant crowd dogged his footsteps and watched with delighted curiosity, while he sketched landscapes, upside down, with an egg or a bottle, or a wine measure, anything that came to his hand:—changing with bewildering effect from huge figures of Chinese heroes and demigods to microscopic drawings on grains of rice, and pictures made.

out of chance blots of ink.

His fame was noised abroad, and at last reached the ears of the Shogun, and now are unprecedented honor was conferred upon the humble apostle of the artisan, for he was summoned before the august presence to give an exhibition of his skill. The Japanese are ever imitative, and Hokusai may have borne in mind the legend of his prototype Sesshiu, a Chinese artist-priest of the fifteenth century, who sketched before the Emperor of China a marvellous dragon, with splashes from a broom plunged in ink.

Still more spectacular and theatrical was Hokusai's debut, for, spreading a sheet of paper before the feet of the monarch, he covered it with a blue wash, —then seizing a live cock, he daubed its feet with a red pigment, and let it run over the wet colour, when the Shogun and his astonished courtiers beheld a flowing stream of liquid blue, upon which appeared to float filmy segregated petals of red maple leaves. A mere trick!—unworthy of genius, we might say, but Hokusai had gauged his countrymen, and knew that his jeu "dzeptri! would arouse and impress these aristocratic connoisseurs, jaded with ceremonial observances, more than any display of technical knowledge, — for the Japanese, as a nation, are naively childish in their love of novelty and amusement, and of the unusual and bizarre.

Is it not possible that this trickery of the master may have unconsciously supplied the motive for Hiroshige's famous print of a Yedo suburb, chosen by Professor Fenollosa, in his beautiful work on Ukiyo-ye, — where he so poetically says, "the orange fire of maples

deepens the blue of marshy pools"?

Space does not permit any detailed description of the compositions of Hokusai, and there is no complete catalogue of his works, the one nearest to accuracy being M. Edmond de Goncourt's Catalogue ratisonné. His fecundity was marvellous. He illustrated books of all kinds, poetry, comic albums, accounts of travels, —in fact his works are an encyclopedia of Japanese life. His paintings are scattered, and countless numbers lost, many being merely ephemeral drawings, thrown off for the passing pleasure of the populace. The original designs for the prints were transferred to the blocks, and lost, though the master rigidly superintended the reproduction of his works, and his woodcutters were trained to follow the graceful sweeping curves with perfect accuracy, many of his compositions being ruled across for exact reduction.

Ukiyo-ye art is bound up with print development, and the climax of xylography had been reached in the time of Hokusai. Japanese book illustration, and single sheet printing, revolutionized the world's art. The great connoisseurs of colour tell us that nowhere else is there anything like it, —so rich and so full, that a print comes to have every quality

of a complete painting.

Professor Fenellosa, the oracle of Oriental mysteries, beautifully defines the inception of the Ukiyo-ye print, as the "meeting of two wonderfully sympathetic surfaces, — the unsandpapered grain of the cherry-wood block, and a mesh in the paper, of little pulsating vegetable tentacles." Only a close study of the making of prints will show the consum-

mate genius required to produce them.

Hokusai had served a four years' apprenticeship to the school of engraving, and his practiced eye was ever ready to detect any inaccuracy in his workmen. "I warm the engraver," he said, "not to add an eyeball underneath when I do not draw one. As to the lose, these two are nine," here he draws a nose in front and in profile, "I will not have he nose of Utagawa." The greatest difference exists in the beauty and colouring of the mpressions, and the amateur, in his search for Ukiyo-ye gems should not trust his unaided judgment.

M. Louis Gonse said of the Surimono, "To me they are the most seductive morsels of Japanese art." They are small, oblong prints, composed as programmes for festive occasions with a text of verse enriched by exquisite illustration. The Surimono of Hokusai showed the influence of Tosa, the decoration being very elaborate, and delicate as a Persian miniature. In places, the surface of the print is goffered for ornament in relief, and the

colouring is enforced by inlaying in gold, silver, bronze and tin.

Some of the best examples of Hokusai's art are the "Waterfalls," the "Bridges," 'Thirty-six Views of Fuji," the "Gwafu," the "Hundred Views of Fuji," (of which the inest edition was brought out in London with a commentary by Mr. F. V. Dickins), and he fifteen volumes of the "Mang-wa," —a term, hardly translatable, but signifying fugive sketches, or drawing as it comes, spontaneously. The preface best gives us the attention of the master.

"Under the roof of Boksenn, in Nagoya, he dreamed and drew some three hundred ompositions. The things of Heaven and of Buddha, the life of men and women, even birds and beasts, plants and trees, he has included them all, and under his brush every phase and form of existence has arisen. The master has tried to give life to everything he has painted, and the joy and happiness so faithfully expressed in his work are a plain proof of his victory."

Hokusai has been called the king of the artisans, and it was for them especially that he composed the drawings of Mang-wa. His influence is expressed in all their works: in the structure of the roofs of temples, in houses and their interiors; upon the things of every-day life, as upon flowers and landscapes, upon lacquer, inros and netsukis, bronzes

and ivory. Gustave Geffroy truly gauged the genius of Hokusai in speaking of his "flights beyond the horizon." In the master we recognize the creator. He feels the mystery of the birth of mountains, as in that weird composition of Fuji, where the great cone is seen rising above circle upon circle of serpentine coils, forming the mystic tomoyé, - symbol of creation and eternity. He feels the pulsation of the universe, and the life of ocean, and in a frenzy of creative power, beneath his hand the curved crests of foaming waves break into life, flashing into countless sea-birds born of the froth of ocean. He is the painter of chimera, the prophet of cataclysm; he "gives the world a shake and invents chaos."

How vivid is Holmes' description of the wave in the seventh Mang-wa!

"Man becomes a mere insect, crouching in his frail catamaran, as the giant billow topples and shakes far above him. The convention of black lines with which he represents falling rain is as effectual as his conventions for water are fanciful. The storm of Rembrandt, of Rubens, or of Turner, is often terrible but never really wet; Constable gets the effect of wetness, but his storms are not terrible. Hokusai knows how a gale lashes water into foam, and bows the tree before it; how the gusts blow the people hither and thither, how sheets of drenching rain half veil a landscape, how the great white cone of his beloved Fuji gleams through a steady downpour! His lightning is rather odd in comparison with the realistic studies of the great artists of Europe, but what European ever tried an effect so stupendous as that recorded in 'Fugaku hiak'kei,' where the snowy top of Fuji is seen at evening, crimson with the last fiery rays of sunset, while all the flanks of the mountain are hidden by a dark storm-cloud, through which the lightning flashes."

Poetry and art are ever allied, and the vibrations of genius encircle the globe. Byron and Ruskin and Hokusai were contemporaries. Possibly at the very moment when the poet was immortalizing himself by composing his "Storm in the Alps," the grand "old man, mad about drawing," was sketching the peerless mountain:-

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among, Leaps the loud thunder! not from one lone cloud, But every mountain now hath found a tongue, And Jura answers through her misty shroud, Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud."

Lord Byron's vivid pen also best describes the squally storms of both Hiroshige and Hokusai, - where

"The big rain comes dancing to the earth."

Was not Hokusai truly "a portion of the tempest?" as he represents himself, drawing Fuji, in winter, working in a frenzy of haste, -for the ground is covered with snow -two brushes in his hand, and wonder of wonders! one held between his toes. This picture also from "The Hundred Views of Fuji," prefaces Marcus B. Huish's work on Japanese art.

The closing scene in the drama of Hokusai's life is full of pathos. Though his whole career had been shadowed by poverty, and shrouded in obscurity, his art still held him earth-bound. Upon his death-bed he said, "If heaven would only grant me ten more years." Then, as he realized that the end approached, he murmured, "If Heaven had but granted me five more years I could have been a real painter."

So ended the life of the master of Ukiyo-ye. His body lies beneath the pines of Asakusa, but would we not gladly believe that his "soul turned Will-o'-the-wisp, may ever come and go at ease, over the summer fields"-for this was the last expression of his DORA AMSDEN.

passionate desire.

### "The Story of William and Lucy Smith."

HERE are some books, like some lives, so distinctive and individual, so radiant with strength and beauty, that they reveal to us the best that we know and are; they are so lofty in thought that we are raised; so noble that we are ennobled; so pure that we are purified. But they are, as well, the rare exception; and are only to be met with in the quiet way; and fortunate indeed is he who can gain this inspiration from the literature of the individual life.

To most of us, biography, at its best, has a charm which no other kind of history can rival, and here we are given a personal narrative of so high an order than we cannot fail to be enriched. Such is this "Story of William and Lucy Smith,"—two people who made no noise in the world, but whose natures deepened and expanded by years of beautiful life and companionship, have left this record for us containing many passages of beauty and thought that sink deep into the heart and memory. The following passage, from the wife's letter soon after her husband's death, may be taken as the key to this volume, which has been so charmingly wrought into form by the hand of one who, without ever having seen either, knew and loved them both:

"I think I can trace the growth of his opinions, from the little delicate boy who read his bible and prayed the more resolutely because of the jeers and taunts of his companions at the first school he went to; the thoughtful youth, who, very early sent to Glasgow University, and while under the spell of Chalmer's eloquence, 'got thinking' over meta-physics; the poet in nature and aspiration, chained to the dull routine of a lawyer's office; the mature mind, to which the incompatibility of the theory of punishment as held by theologians and by jurisprudence grew more and more intolerable; through all and in all the same elements—unfilinching search, honest, unbiased, striving toward truth, and unshaken devotion of the whole moral nature toward the Supreme Wisdom—the Highest—God! Sometimes I think surely some kindred nature will one day take the threads I could supply him with, and weave them into a whole. Sometimes I resolve to write out, only for myself and the nieces, all I know; or for myself only, the sweet, eventless record of—indeed, indeed,—a great untroubled happiness."

Mr. Merriam, in his fine and sympathetic preface, sums up so completely for us the charm of these two rare natures—lives which give us faith in human nature, if only to remind us how possible it is for such lives to be lived—that we cannot refrain from giving

at some length his own words:

"William Smith was a man of genius and rare fineness of nature; the associate in early years of Mill, Sterling, Maurice and Lewes. He was a constant contributor to 'Blackwood's Magazine' from 1839 to 1871, and that journal said at his death: 'No better type could be found of the true man of letters, the student, scholar and critic of our days." But his reviews were anonymous, and he was withdrawn from society and an active career by a retiring disposition and the fascination of thinking purely for the sake of thought. His very name, the commonest in England, seems like a passport to oblivion. His personal history, quite devoid of external adventure, has yet for thoughtful minds an interest comparable to that which attends the fortunes of a Stanley or a Livingstone. For he, too, was an explorer, and in realms whose secrets have an attraction for our generation beyond those of the Dark Continent. And his researches were fruitful. "Thorndale," the book which won for him the greater part of such modest celebrity as attached to his name, gives an inadequate measure of the degree of solid conviction and clear light he attained. "Gravenhurst," his later and probably less known production, brings the world's latest thought to the study of the world's oldest problem, with results which contribute not a little of clearness to philosophy, energy to religion, and peace and strength to the heart.

This volume includes extracts from his writings, dramatic, critical and philosophical,—
writings which various causes, external and internal, seem to have hindered from due recognition. One might well apply to him his own words, written of a man of like spirit with
himself, Arthur Clough: "It was not till after he had left the scene that the world at
large knew that there had been a poet amongst them. Then there was much clapping of

hands. Could he who had passed in behind the veil have returned at our summons, to receive our plaudits, we feel persuaded that for such a purpose he would not have relifted the fallen curtain."

The idea which the wife intimates, of writing herself some story of her husband's life, was so far carried out that she did write a sketch of him for their friends only, which afterward she hesitatingly allowed to be published, as the prefix to a reprint of some of his philosophical works, a connection not favorable to any wide circulation. This exquisite memoir is the basis of the present volume. No other hand could approach hers in fitness for the task she undertook. But that task did not include any history of her husband's intellectual development, nor any statement of his final views; it was the beauty of his personal traits that at that time filled her heart and inspired her pen. A fuller exposition of the subject is here given us; and with it there is blended a portraiture of her who brought completion and happiness to his life. Her charming personality unconsciously portrayed itself in her letters and writings, with a vividness which makes her a living figure.

But to her own friends one of her many and great charms was the transparency with which to those she trusted she expressed her real and inner life. It was an openness which sprang from a generous confidence, and from her constant disposition to share her best possessions with others. Especially in writing of her husband, the love which in her was almost a worship, inspired a frankness of utterance in which her own traits reveal themselves. In self-forgetfully picturing him, she has delightfully pictured herself. Of literary ambition she had not a particle; when she made a translation or a sketch it was "to turn an honest penny"; and when she dashed off verses, it was to ease her heart of its fulness of joy, of struggle, or of playfulness. Rare charms of intellect, feeling and character were combined in her. The ardor and depth of her nature were matched by its disciplined fidelity and winning grace. It is in her private letters that her genius shines brightest, if genius be the right word for such a union of insight, tenderness, sympathy and vivid interest in everything about her. One can scarcely imagine a creature more brimming over with life, a life as pure as brilliant.

Such self-revelation of such a woman we have here. And it is to be added that this life is displayed to us under all the great typical experiences of womanhood, except only that of mother. This story ends not at the marriage altar; it goes on through the every-day experiences of a most happy wedded life; still on, through the midnight shadows of

bereavement, and the sacred and sublime experiences of love stronger than death.

Whatever value belongs to this story is largely due to the extraordinary openness and transparency of the woman who is really its author, and they who rightly reading shall understand this royal woman, and appropriate her as a personal possession, will need no excuse for letting her show herself as she was. One who opens the pages at random may light on passages which come to him like secrets overheard without right. But whoever reads the whole, and understands her who is speaking, will scarcely wish to spare a word.

"Courage, confidence, cheerfulness — these were the good angels that dwelt with her, and through her they breathed their benediction on all whom she loved or who personally

knew her. As she lived in communing with great thoughts and the widest human sympathies—so her life passed in sunny repose—so the end was peace."

Wise and brave, gentle and good, the revelation of these two lives must ever be an inspiration and blessing to those of us who learn to know them as friends beloved.

T. C. W.

The life of man is dynamic, not static; not a condition, but a movement. "Not enjoyment and not sorrow" is its end or justification. It is a rush of forces, an evolution toward greater activities and higher judgment, the growth of a stability which shall be evermore unstable.

David Starr Jordan.

## The Spanish People—Their Origin, Growth and Influence—by Martin A. S. Hume.

GOOD English History of Spain has long been wanted, and while this book does not profess to be a history, for all purposes but those of the specialist it is that and very much more besides.

What other people has had so dramatic a history! The soil of Spain is the graveyard of many generations of men, women and children of a document of the peoples. In the year 1,100 B. C. Phoenician traders planted their first successive the native Celiberies and named it Coddin (Coddin). The area of

eessful colony among the native Celtiberians and named it Gadeira (Cadiz.) The men of distant Tyre planted other colonies along her seaboard, and by working her gold, silver, tin, copper and cinnabar mines they became the richest people in the world. Greek merhants were not slow to follow them, Greek towns were planted and Greek factories began to work up the native products for the Eastern world. For six hundred years Phoenicians, Greeks and Celtiberians held the land. Then came a war in which the Phoenicians were driven to ask aid of the Carthagninans, and henceforth for two hundred and fifty years Carthage drew from the rich land of Spain the wealth which enabled her to aspire to the empire of the world. Then came the struggle with Rome in which (2008 B. C.) Punic

Spain became a Roman province.

The Romans brought laws, statesmen and a power strong enough to shape the different peoples and tribes into a nation, and with their coming the history of Spain as a political unit begins. For six hundred years Spain sent to Rome a tribute almost large enough of itself to maintain the luxury which wrought the ruin of the city, in exchange for the peace, order, culture and religion of the Romans. In 409 A. D. the hordes of the barbarians swept over the peninsula and Rome-ridden Spain offered them but little opposition. For three hundred years Gothic kings ruled there professing the Arian form of Christianity and thereby dividing themselves from their zealous orthodox subjects. At the beginning of the eighth century this breach was so wide that the Moslem armies in Almagreb were invited to cross the straits, which have since borne the name of their leader, and depose the Gothic overfords. Henceforth for seven hundred and seventy-seven years the cross and the crescent battled for supremacy in Spain.

During those five hundred years in which darkness was over all the land of Europe beyond the Pyrennes, Spain was a land of light. Her people possessed a rich culture which in spite of religious hindrances they were at last permitted to share with their Christian brothers, and so brought on the lesser Renaissance. Three centuries later, when the demoralization of Humanism threatened the destruction of the church, Spain alone stood firm, and through her influence purified her and regtored to her a measure of her ancient prestice. This and what follows in more modern times is the story which Mr. Hume tells.

Spain has good claim to fill the minds of dreamers, but the things they do there and

the castles they in fancy build there can never equal her reality in magic charm.

Were it necessary one might plead that a people which owes so much to the Spanish motherland is in duty bound to inform itself concerning her history. It is ever to be regretted by us that the homage which American letters has paid her has so long stood in the way of a just and careful appreciation of her greatness. I find it in my heart to weep when I see school children trying to gather a knowledge of that dignified, brilliant and noble people that built the mosque at Cordova, from The Tales of the Alhambra, and I am not consoled by the fact that they may in their youth or in their age complete their information by reading the "Entertainment of the Thousand and One Nights."

With respect to the Spain of the Spaniard we are hardly less perverse. Concerning no other people which has largely contributed to our being are we so ignorant. We have lacked the means of knowledge, but we begin to have the means within our reach. For these reasons I welcome this book. It is a marvel of condensation, yet its lucidity prevents the reader from being confused. It is the work of a scholar based upon original sources;

judicial, but not dry nor dull.

### M. Iosé Maria de Heredia.

N the person of M. de Heredia we have a unique figure in literature-unique in this, that he took a form in which had been cast thousands and thousands of times (Ronsard himself wrote more than nine hundred sonnets) the thoughts and feelings of innumerable poets, and made that form not only a new instrumentality of expression, but made it blaze with a concentration of splendor and beauty never known before. More than that, such was his originality and such his flawless perfection of performance, that the French Academy was glad to welcome him as one of its most distinguished members. Never before had any one been admitted to those exclusive precincts on such a slender quantity of performance. Others had knocked vainly at its doors, as they proudly pointed to the libraries they had written; while this man, with only his one hundred and eighteen sonnets in his pocket, walked in without question. And his reputation has increased since the publication of his Trophies, and is likely to increase still more; for though he can scarcely be ranked with the supremely great poets, his consummate art, coupled with his imaginative quality, are almost certain to add to his fame as the years go on.

M. de Heredia was born on the 22d day of November, 1842, not far from Santiago de Cuba, with which city we recently have been made familiar by the triumph of American arms. His ancestry on the father's side is traceable to one of those daring Spanish dons who made such famous and terrible history in the sixteenth century, his ancestor having been one of the founders, if not the founder, of Carthagena-Catagéna, as the Spanish call it. All this, together with the spirit of the time, is made brilliantly and imaginatively lustrous in the eight sonnets of Les Trophées, constituting the Conquerors series. His mother was a Frenchwoman, and at eight years of age he went to France for his education, which, having been partly achieved, he returned to Cuba for study at the University of Havana; but he subsequently returned to France, where he has ever since remained, his residence having been, as it now is, in Paris. As Edmund Gosse well says, he is no more Spanish than Rossetti was Italian.

His first verses, as Mr. Gosse tells us, were published in 1862, and from time to time there were publications of his in the Revue des Deux Mondes; but it was not until 1893 that his Trophies burst upon the literary world in all the aggregation of their perfection and splendor. At the first vacancy after this publication, he was elected to the Academy; and he was the poet who was given the preference of doing honor in poetry to the Czar of Russia on his ceremonious visit to Paris in 1898.

Les Trophées contains, besides the sonnets, four descriptive pieces; but while these latter are very fine in their way, it is on the sonnets that the fame of the poet rests and will in the future rest. These sonnets cover a very wide range: Ancient Greece, Ancient Rome, the Middle Age, the Renaissance, the Orient, and the Tropics are here set before us in imaginative pictures, while twenty-three sonnets, under the title of "Nature and

Dream," treat of miscellaneous subjects.

What is most striking in M. de Heredia's work, after the great mass of material he manages to compact into a sonnet with such exquisite perfection of form, is surely his imagination. The quality of this is so fine that he succeeds in bringing his readers into sympathetic contact with life the most remote. Read any one of the great series treating of Greece, and at once we enter into the feeling of the scene and, for the time, become a part of the Greek mind; and this obtains, whether we enter the forest with Hercules in pursui of the Nemean lion, or hunt with Artemis, or follow Pan in his furtive gliding through the woods in search of nymphs, as it does when in the moonlight we watch with the goathere his goats trip to the music of the God, or go with the shepherd to the recesses of the fores for the purpose of making an offering to the great Pan. In fact, such is the vital essence of this imaginative quality, that the poet infuses life itself into lifeless things-as he doe in the singularly beautiful God-of-the-Gardens series, where the wooden image of Priapu seems to be as much alive as though red blood were coursing through its body.

It is said, and perhaps with truth, that M. de Heredia cannot be ranked with the grea

poets, because he lacks humanity. His reply to this, if he deigned to make one, would be, that with this his art has nothing to do. He is, first of all, beyond all doubt, an artist; and as an artist he uses such material as strikes him on his imaginative side. If he produce a work of art, he has succeeded; if he do not, he has failed. That each one of his sonnets is an exquisite work of literary art filled with imaginative riches, there is none to question. On this we may read with profit what Mr. J. C. Bailey says in his masterly

article in The Fortnightly Review for September, 1898 :

"It" [M. de Heredia's sonnet-work] "shows a definitely marked way of looking at man and life and nature, which is M. de Heredia's own; and it is on this originality of imagination, completed by an equal originality of poetic utterance, on a manner and matter at once beautiful and new, that his claims as a poet must be based. The manner may be described as a reproduction, with an added touch of romance, which makes all new, of the style of Horace in its richest and most carefully elaborated moments. The matter is still more original. Poetry, the musical employment of human speech by the human imagination, has been put to many uses. Shakespeare could make it unlock all the secrets of all the aspects of human life; Dante used it to make us feel life's awful responsibilities; Milton, its sublimity; Burns, its pathos; Byron, its passion; the poets of the Pléiade, the intensity and transitoriness of its delights; Wordsworth, its infinite possibilities of sympathy. M. de Heredia puts all this aside. Such uses of poetry are high, perhaps the highest, but they are not for him. Life, as he sees it, is neither a school of morals nor a hothouse of sentiment; what he sees in it is the most splendid of pageants. He has achieved with signal success in poetry what has been so often attempted in vain, and more than in vain, in painting a series of historical cartoons. It is not every one who will have ears to hear what he has to say, but to him who has, this little volume will tell far better than many larger and more ambitious books the secret of Greece and Rome and what we call the Renaissance."

M. de Heredia looks at his subject solely with the eye of the artist, and, so looking, endeavors to frame a composition of his impressions, in which there shall be beautiful contrasts of form and color, and subtile, nice felicities of expression, all packed in the smallest possible compass, and moving in the circle of prescribed rules to the step of harmonious cadence. He is a master of that succinct expression by means of which the chosen subject is so vividly presented as to stand breathing before us. Indeed, such is the sum of his qualities that it is perhaps doubtful if a greater literary artist has ever expressed

himself in poetry.

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

What if there are so many of us in the ranks of humanity? What if the individual he lost in the mass as a pebble cast into the Seven Seas? Would you choose a world so small as to leave room for only you and your satellites? Would you ask for problems of life so tame that even you could grasp them? Would you choose a fibreless Universe to he "remoulded nearer to the heart's desire," in place of the wild, tough, virile man-making environment from which the Attraction of Gravitation lets none of us escape?

David Starr Jordan.

### The Technique of "Ulysses."

LL discerning minds must feel deeply grateful for the fine drama of "Ulysses," by Stephen Phillips, alive as it is with the palpitating potentiality of a great artist; for it is a work that tends to the literary redemption of our poor trade-tortured time. Given such conditions of literary art as now exist, with the critics crying, "There is no God but Cleverness," and this performance is indeed surprising. The production of the work is a great event, and means much to art.

There is no need here to dwell upon the dramatic excellencies of "Ulysses," but, after a certil perusal of the work, I cannot refrain from comment upon the fine technique of Mr. Phillips as a writer of dramatic verse. For metrical technique, though not a very enticing subject to the layman, is really a matter for careful consideration. You say a poetical or musical work is beautiful; but what makes it beautiful; Inspiration? That is a part, but by no means all. A full knowledge of technique is absolutely necessary—without it genius is not of the least avail. Neither Shakespeare nor Beethoven could have done perfect work without such knowledge.

For clarity, for directness, for metrical daring and true musical effect, Mr. Phillips in "Ulysses" has rarely been surpassed by any blank verse writer of the past century. It is to be admitted that his lines in places are somewhat overloaded, and do not always evidence the restraint and temperance of true art, but there is much more reserve in the first two acts of "Ulysses" than there is anywhere found in "Richelieu," and "Richelieu" is a great play, though nearer to the Marlowe standard than the Shakespearean. Many of the passages of "Ulysses" are so vivid and virile that one feels that the cutting of them

would bring blood.

Subtly alert to the needs of each situation, Mr. Phillips always finds words to suit his action and his thought. Some of the speeches of Ulysses ought to make as searching an appeal as a 'cello nocturne played by a master hand. Phillips often equals Tennyson in purely poetical utterance, and is nearly always beyond him in dramatic force. There is a metric dash in many of the lines which is truly Tennysonian, and which is dangerous for lesser poets to essay, but nearly always safe in the hands of Phillips. This is shown in the changes of accent, sometimes rather difficult at first reading and seeming to defy scansion, but rarely unwaiscal. That fine line spoken by Antinous,

### "Pacing, pacing away the aching night,"

where the accent is audaciously but most effectively changed in the two consecutive words, "pacing, moing," is an instance of the author's freedom of expression. It is a highly musical line, and shows the poet's power over the long vowel. Any one affecting peneral may, after practice, write well-turned verse of the straightaway correct style—that style recommended by Dr. Johnson, with its regularly resounding rhythmic thumps; but it is by his irregularity, his occasional defiance of the minor rules of prosody and his sweep and abandon that the master is revealed. For freedom from fixed regularity is a great relief to the musical ear. What may seem to the plodder, with his little foot-rule, a redundant syllable, is often, to the musical ear, a pleasing appoggiatura or grace-note.

Grace-notes, as I take the liberty of calling them (for though the term is one used exclusively by musicians, I see no reason why it may not also serve in a discussion of verse), abound in Phillips's work as they do in the work of Shakespeare and Tennyson, and as they

do not in the productions of such so-called poets as Pope.

It is pleasant to note that Mr. Phillips pays little attention to internal cesura, leaving it subject to the demands of rhetoric, which seems to me a far better idea than to make the internal pauses in the rhythm matters of studied effect:

In tone-color and in assonance and in nuances of vowel and consonant sounds, Mr. Phillips's work is almost as rich as that of Keats. One line,

"The odorous, amorous isle of violets,"

nearly matches in long-vowel effect that wonderful line of Tennyson's,

"Laborious Orient ivory, sphere in sphere."

The use of figures, though infrequent, is effective where it does occur, and so also are the personifications. See the fine and unique expression of thought in the speech of Antinous to Penelope:

"Time, that doth mar us all and dims and damps,
Ashens the hair and scribbles round the eye,
Weareth not thee, thou miracle, away,

Ever in beauty waxing without wane."

Thus far I have expressed little but praise for this truly transcendent drama; but there are spots on the sun. These spots do not take greatly from the resplendence of the work, but there is no gainsaying the fact that to a certain extent they dim and discolor it. The best blank verse—that of Milton in "Paradise Lost," in "Lycidas" and "Comus," and of Shakespeare in "Henry VIII" and in "Lear"—is comparatively free from what are known as end-stopped lines; that is to say, lines having marks of punctuation at their close. Did such marks appear frequently they would tend to choppiness. The absence of such stops greatly facilitates the free flowing of the poet's language. Tempyson in the sublime monody of "Lucretius," gives a beautiful example of verse that is free from frequent end-stopping. Such absence destroys the apparent existence of meditated motion on the part of the poet. We have no English word that represents this rhythmic freedom, though we sometimes express it rather clumsily by the phrase "run-on lines." The French call it enjumbement. The running-on gives much spontaneity and smoothness, and is almost essential to perfect construction in long verse, though a short poem may be effective and still be frequently end-stopped; but in so writing, the poet tails to avail himself of the higher possibilities of verse-form. Certainly the writer of "Ulysses" has failed to grasp these opportunities, and here lies his greatest fault. With him it is not an occasional neglect, but may be called a persistent one.

End-stops occur in "Ulysses" in passages of five to fifteen consecutive lines. Such passages freckle the play, and there is one great mole on its face where the colloquy occurs between Penelope and Antinous, followed by Telemachus and Ulysses. Here I have

counted no less than twenty-one consecutive end-stopped lines.

Then, too, Mr. Phillips rarely makes use of a double or feminine ending of his lines, as, for example, in "Hamlet's" soliloquy:

"To be or not to be ?-that is the question,"

where the word "question" makes a good double-ending. The line-ends in "Ulysses" are single or masculine to an extent that, in such a long work, is monotonous, to say the least. If he had saturated himself with the best of Milton and Shakespeare he, without doubt, would have made a free use of the feminine ending. In "Cymbeline," for example, the proportion of feminine to masculine endings is one to four lines. In "Ulysses" I compute the proportion to be about one to twenty.

One other defect, not vital to be sure, but still, from the student's standpoint, strictly to be regarded as a defect, is Mr. Phillips's somewhat too frequent alliteration. On looking at the foregoing sentence, the reader will see an example of violent and odious alliteration; but it is not much more violent, though, of course, more odious than many examples

afforded by even a casual study of "Ulysses."

If Mr. Phillips's alliteration were simply pleasantly pervasive and relied for its effect upon internal rather than upon initial employment, it would be acceptable; but in not a few

places he overloads his lines with it.

Still, despite these structural blemishes, this work of Mr. Phillips is a great poetical production, and I fear that much water will flow under the bridges before there shall be written again as fine and strong a drama as "Ulysses."

BAILEY MILLARD.







### The Importance of Being Earnest.

"Must one more recreant to his race Die with unexerted powers?"

NE of the most simple, and yet the most beautiful, the most infinitely suggestive of Olive Schreiner's "Dreams" is that entitled "The Artist's Secret."

I believe the coming centuries will surely accentuate the pathos of her conception, and to the pitiless fidelity of her portrayal render the stern vindication of time.

It is, therefore, not in a spirit of levity, but rather with profound serious-

ness that I have chosen the above title of Oscar Wilde's brilliantly epigrammatic comedy.

On every side the departure of the great poets from our midst is lamented and deplored.

The decline of great poetry has followed as a consequence.

Our worthy critic, the modern Childe Roland, "After a life spent training for the sight," who, once of old, could boast—
"There they are, ranged along the book shelves, met

For me to criticize; each mighty name
Echoing down the corridors of Fame.
I see them all and know them all, and yet
Dauntless the pen-point to the page I set
And write, 'I came, and saw, and overcame—'"

having discovered the Dark Tower to be the publisher's sanctum, is now pleasantly engaged in the task of adulatory comment; and having long ago sheathed the sword of his

sarcasm, is toying idly with the quill of encomium.

The most illustrious instance of recent date has been the fulsome praise lavished upon Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses." When the object is less deserving the laudation becomes more conspicuous. Happily the reaction has already set in — unfortunately, as extremely opposite in view as the vista of the antipodes to ours.

When one reviews somewhat similar productions of earlier poets written at an age

instructive.

Take the "Cenci" or the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley, whose lyrical qualities, though supremely beautiful, are merged in a transcendent ideal of humanity; the "Pippa Passes" of Browning, with its one tremendous scene of passion, surpassing anything in modern literature; or his "Blot on the "Scutcheon," with its coherent cumulative intensity of pathos; the "Atalanta in Calydon" of Swinburne, whose unapproachable lyrics are like so many flashes of lightning piercing the dread pall of doom which overhangs the entire action of the drama. Will a perusal of "Ulysses" thrill and affect us as profoundly as any of these? After a second reading it has left us cold to the blandishments of a score of really beautiful lines. What is lacking is not only power but purpose. Any pagan could accuse Mr. Phillips of levtly in his treatment of the gods of Olympus.

Naturally so, for Mr. Phillips does not believe in them. They do not exist for him as they existed for Keats. And though a certain buoyancy of spirit permeates the play, and the felicities of expression are numerous, and certain sonorous qualities of cadence occasional, yet it is evident that it has not cost Mr. Phillips a drop of blood to produce it, nor shall he

be rewarded with a draught of nectar in consequence.

So different to me was the impression created by "A Masque of Judgment," by William Vaughn Moody. Although revealing the influence of Milton, it is an epical drama, whose solemnity of theme is almost haunting. Many of its passages are truly sublime, and the profundity of thought accordant. Certainly the theme is different, therefore the characters, therefore the treatment. But it possesses intensity and seriousness, purpose and power.

Emerson, in his essay on "Compensation," has taught us the homely philosophy of life. It is also the philosophy of literature. For literature, as well as life, "invests itself with inevitable conditions," and one of the most inevitable of these is the eternal truth of

soul equation. For unless we pay the terrible price which every art exacts from its pas-

sionate votaries we shall not be worthy of divinest consecration.

What trumpet blast must awaken our poets from their lethargy? Nothing but conduly munishment will attend those who violate the sanctuary of sincerity. Let them not dally with transitional or ephemeral phases of Eastern or Western literature, but travel the pathway of the soul in its quest of the eternal truth and beauty.

And this shall be the epitaph of those who worship the divine Muses with singleness of

"And it came to pass that after awhile the artist was forgotton — but the work lived."

LORENZO SOSSO.

### More Mere Egotism.

N the little comedy which everybody seems to have gone shamefacedly to see, the Jew is asked: "What would you do for ten thousand dollars?" and he replies: "I am ashamed to tell you."

For a little of what the child calls fame, in the Story of Mary MacLane,

little Mary has not been one bit ashamed to tell everything.

Some of the everything is interesting, more of it is ineffably dull and silly, and all of it is incomparably ignorant. Ignorant in the hopeless sense in that it has no knowl-

edge or values relative or otherwise.

When certain males have played the naked clown before the audiences which clowning always brings, it has seemed fair enough to run and read and rejoice foolishly with the rest. But when a real bona-fide girl —"of womankind and of nineteen years"—does it, in some way it ceases to be humorous. Possibly this is a purely womanish attitude, but it could do no harm if it were also a mannish one.

The always inquiring Critic has discovered through the rather vicious reply of a correspondent there that "Mary MacLane" is real and that her reported character corresponds to

her Portraval in the book.

Of course, the best thing for the book would be to place it safely away from sight—perhaps in the Sunday school libraries—and the writer as safely out of the way of writing

for ten or twenty years.

Things of the kind, and all the little brood of Bashkirtsheffs, call more for the Woman's Protective Association than for a publisher. When the young egotism of Butte, Montana, insists in undressing itself, in saying "damn" very often and discussing badness, it must be told to be quiet and behave itself, as are other drunk and disorderly persons. What other ethics but those of the chase and the panders can a publisher possess who promotes what only the madness of nineteen can imagine! Surely the exploiter is as much worse as he is wiser than his willing victim's folly.

The chapter characterizing the citizens of Butte and the Rabelaisian account of the olive eating shows that Mary MacLane can write of something when she wants to. Let

us suppose for a moment that the girl is sincere where she says in closing :-

"No one can know the feeling made of relief and pain and despair that comes over me at the thought of sending all this to the wise wide world. It is bits of my wooden heart broken off and given away. It is strings of amber beads taken from the fair neck of my soul. It is shining little gold coins from out my mind's red leather purse. Do you see? It means everything to me."

And suppose —a supposition wilder than anything in the book — that she had found, instead of a publisher greedy for sensation, some one to tell her to wait and learn to live.

Well! well! well in these modern days things are too complex. It was much easier long ago in the days of the fool-killer—though he never was able even then to fill all his orders. One can only think of a sentence which comes to mind from the letter of a boy friend of the Mississippi black belt, where they know English.

"The elegance and the conspicuousness of it! O Miss!"

DOROTHEA MOORE.

### MUIR OF THE MOUNTAINS.

A lean, wild-haired, wild-bearded, craggy man, Wild as a Modoc and as unafraid; A man to go his way with no man's aid, Yet sweet and soft of heart as any maud.

Sky-loving, stakwart as the sugar-pine, Clean, simple, fragrant as that noble tree, A mountain man, and free as they are free Who tread the heights and know tranquility.

A man whose speech hints of no studied art, But careless straying as the stream that flows And full of grace, poetic as the rose Which to the wind its pure song-petals throws.

Along the secret ways of Nature he Makes careful quest, and unto him she speaks And shows him that so eagerly he seeks,— How toils the Hand that sculptures all the peaks.

The skylands brown, the blest sky-waters blue He haunts and has a curious, kindly eye For glaciers, where his bold feet dare to try The dizziest summits and their threats defy.

He makes his bed amid the sheltering rocks
Where at his head a blood-red snow flower blooms;
There sleep more sweetly comes than ever comes
In the stale, headed air and dust of rooms.

Unarmed he greets the grizzly in the woods, Birds trill him friendly notes from tree-tops tall; The ouzel, thrush and quail and whimsical Gray squirrel and raccoon—he loves them all.

Alone he treads the heights, yet not alone, For with him go sweet Thoreau and the blest Kin-spirits all who share his noble zest For Nature's ways and with him walk and rest.

### Songs of the Press and Other Adventures, in Verse.

NEWSPAPER OFFICE is a hot crucible to try a man in, and he must be of good metal who can stand it for thirty years without running off in the slag. Bailey Millard has spent his life among the fascinating types that can so strangely lure men from the ways of ease; yet he is fresh, and free from city wiles and guiles as any mountain shepherd.

His surprising book of verse, "Songs of the Press," is half of weariness of artful townish ways and half of love for the wild, dear things that nature heaps so allur-

ingly from marge to marge of the continent, asking that we but delight in them.

From the "University of the Press' he comes, full of the education that a quarter of a century in that cosmopolic center gives. In other lines of work a man may study one thing or many. In the editor's chair he must study all. Everything in geography, history, cyclopedia and dictionary, comes sooner or later under his eye; and all person-

alized and stamped upon brain by their relation to some affair of human interest.

Mr. Millard is thoroughly of the West, a true representative of the crest of the wave of humanity, which has rolled westward round the world, until heaving its mass against the uttermost bounds of the continent, its greatest height is reached. He has been all of his life in journalism, and always high in his class. As compositor, as reporter, as city editor, and finally as the inventor of that fin de siecle of newspapers, the Sunday supplement as we know it here, and which is being so rapidly introduced through the East. During all of this time he has also been a steady contributor of eagerly sought prose to the higher class of weeklies and magazines; but never until now was it known to either public or friends that he ever thought in metre and rhyme.

Too narrow is my forehead to comprehend half of the beauties that lie hidden in the

lines of these stanzas of "Songs of the Press." It is a book to carry in your pocket or to

have by hand on the library table when other things tire.

So great is the variety of styles, so wide the range of subjects, that the book seems

to me like a sample case of literary wares, as the author would say.

"Here are specimens only; one of a kind. Such styles or subjects as my readers choose, I can further follow to the full of their bent." Verses to suit tastes divergent in many things, but alike in one, that the reader must have a desire to appreciate nature.

"The Songs of the Press" are but eight in number, and will be read with delight by every one who has ever lived, even for a few months, within the charmed circle of that

delightful whirl, the modern newspaper office.

The remaining and far greater part of the book, both in quantity and merit, is modestly styled "Other Adventures in Verse," but if the author is modest, his readers

need not be bashful about praise, for the book will stand it.

The "Song of the Press" itself, the first number of the book, is probably the best putting into words of the feeling that comes over one, while standing by a great perfecting web press,

"When the cylinders are humming like the wind And the paper spindle's whizzing through its stays."

The "Martyrs of the Art Room," "The Star Writer," "On the City Desk," and "The Literature of the Rushed," go farther toward completing a description of the inner

secrets of one of those modern caves of mystery where slave the news-getters.

These verses about the paper-makers were perhaps only written to please the curious, or as the author's tribute to the profession which has given him his education, but when he gets where he longs to be, out of doors and the town behind, then a different cadence, wider in swing, longer in its reach, and rising more lightly over difficulties, carries us through pine forests and valleys, over mountain passes, dipping to seashore, and off into space of the starry night, as good people go in their dreams.

M. P.







#### "In the Realms of Gold."

ERSATILITY is a challenge which the boldest are not quick to accept. An intellect of one side (or say two, because there are at least two sides to all things) is easily appreciated; an intellect of three sides may be admired; but one versatile beyond that is, at best, slowly comprehended.

Mr. Lorenzo Sosso is versatile. There are, in his book, In the Realms of Gold, poems classic as the Greek, poems of broad imagination, poems of delicate texture and fancy, tender poems, majestic poems, poems harsh and passionate,

dreamy poems, poems philosophic, spiritual poems, - poems.

Were it not that to most minds the free muse, the limitless vision, is a frustration, Mr. Sosso's work would be more generally followed. The public desires faithfulness of its artists, and versatility is deemed fickleness. To most readers the book under consideration would be more acceptable had the author clad all his verses in the sonorous grandeur of the "Proem," which begins,

"Immortal Arbiters of Rhyme";

or had shed over all the same glamour and mystic rhythm he has in that weird symbol of friendship, "The Open Door"; or descended throughout to the level of such grandly small bits of tragedy as, "Papa, Will You Read?"

Presumably the poet, in giving forth this volume, desired it to be a record of those places where his imagination had vouchsafed to pause. That some of these loved situations were of less importance than others, he must have well known; that these might be the cause of lowering the valuation of the better ones he may not have foreseen. He supposed that each poem would be an addition to the general worth, and not a factor to form a general average. He thought the reader would linger where he had lingered, marvel where he had marveled, and receive solace where he had accepted it; that the greater poems would be admired for their greatness, and the trifling ones for the mildness to which the great may condescend.

But he is not altogether blameless for the changing of his mood and for having situated some of the finest mansions of his verse in comparatively cheerless places. Perhaps it was modesty that gave the poem "Psyche" its position in the book, where it surprises the reader as a sudden view of the ocean, blue and powerful, beyond the dust of a crooked,

vellow road. Of this poem, a few lines :-

"In sinuous voluptuousness of form, Sensuous and palpitating, flushed and warm With fumes of wine, a sweet Bacchante lay.
And o'er her a rude satyr tore away
Her leafy covering as she lay reposed,
And at this flower-like loveliness disclosed Denuded, gloated, with his heart aflame, In passionate unconsciousness of shame."

Perhaps that makes one think of Keats and his Endymion—but of Keats not in his lower temperatures. Not in every few pages of "Endymion," and not throughout the some eighty lines in which he exults over his first behold of Diana is there given the sudden, warm, flesh-tinted, moving outlines of beauty as is in the above quotation. After leaving Psyche in the effulgence of a Grecian dawn, the reader passes through a few short stanzas and two sonnets to the title, "Papa, Will You Read?" which, though adequate, pathetic and true in its own environment, is placed here by Mr. Sosso with injustice to himself. Keats has fallen. Each poem punishes the other; one with its beauty, the other with its different kind of beauty. Most readers would relinquish the Grecian environment with a struggle. The author, in whom the composition of these two poems may have had an interval of months, gives them to the public together, and the quickly versatile mood is condensed and apparently more obnoxious than it should be.

LIONEL JOSAPHARE.



### THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE.

# The · Temple · Vible

In 24 Volumes 4 x 5 inches The Old Testament in 17 vols.

Also an Introductory Volume on the study of the Bible by the Bishop of Ripon; and an Experimental volume of the Apocrapha,

EACH book edited with an elucidative and critical introduction and notes by a scholar who has made it a special study. Each book with rubricated title-page, and a photogravure frontispiece by a famous English artist of a painting by one of the old masters.

The following is the complete list of volumes and editors:

#### Introduction to the Study of Holy Scriptures

Right Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., D.C.L. Genesis

Rev. A. H. SAYCE, D. D., LL. D.

Exodus

Rev. A. R. S. KENNEDY, D. D. Leviticus

Rev. J. A. PATERSON, D. D.

Numbers

Rev. G. BUCHANAN GRAY, M. A. Deuteronomy

Rev. G. WILKINS, M. A., B. D.

Joshua and Judges

Rev. A. W. GREENUP, M. A., D. C.

Samuel I. II JAMES SIME, M. A., F. R. S. E.

Kings I, II

Rev. I. ROBERTSON, D. D.

Chronicles i, II Archdeacon A. Hughes-Games, D. D.

Job and Ruth

Rev. A. B. DAVIDSON, D. D., LL.D.

Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther

Rev. J. WILSON HARPER, D. D.

The Psaims

Archdeacon Sinclair, D. D.

#### Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon

Rev. D. S. MARGOLIOUTH, M. A.

Rev. A. B. DAVIDSON, D. D., LL.D. Jeremiah and Lamentations

Rev. E. Tyrell Green, M. A.

Ezekiel

Rev. O. C. WHITEHOUSE, D. D.

Daniel and Minor Prophets

REV. R. SINKER, D. D.

Matthew and Mark

Rev. C. H. STUBBS, D. D.

Luke Rev. MARVIN R. VINCENT, D. D.

The Johannine Books

Rev. Canon BENHAM, D. D. The Earlier Pauline Epistles

Rev. VERNON BARTLETT, M. A.

The Later Pauline Epistles Right Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D. D.

Acts and the Pastoral Episties

Rev. B. B. WARFIELD, D. D.

Hebrews and the General Epistles Rev. J. HERKLESS, D. D.

Ecclesiasticus

Rev. S. MACAULAY JACKSON, D. D., LL.D.

(CLOTH, . . . 40 CENTS NET Per Volume - - - -LIMP LEATHER, 60 CENTS NET Postage 3 cents extra per volume

### Bonestell & Company

We make a specialty of attractive papers for publications, pamphlets, booklets and such. We particularly recommend at this time the Albion Book Paper (English finish) for inside type or cut work (half-tone or line), and Herculean Cover in the new shades of gray and brown makes a stylish and attractive cover. Our lines are exclusive : : : : :

Note: The paper upon which IMPRESsions is printed is one of our specialties

401-403 Sansome Street and 500-508 Sacramento Street...

### THUMLER & RUTHERFORD

538 California St., San Francisco

EXPERT WORK IN

BOOKBINDING LEATHERS, SILKS BROCADES, ETC.

Bankers' Cases, Wallets, Etc., to order

We have peculiar facilities for executing every variety of work in our numerous lines

TECHNICAL WORK









### O. Kai & Co.

316 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California:::

Importers of Japanese Art Goods. Main office, Tokio, Japan. Established 1886. Telephone Black 3566.







### The Asahi

224 Post Street, San Francisco, California:::

Japanese Embroidery and Drawn Work a Specialty. Beautiful Presents. Easy to send to your friends by mail.



# ...A Lotus Land...

The most fascinating country life in the world is that of California. Its characteristic industries are unusual, and its fruit farms, its orange groves. its olives, and almonds, and walnuts, its flower and seed farms, its dairy fields, green all the year, and its herds in rich pastures all winter, its suns of summer, and its long, stormless autumn, in which one hardly gets the feeling of ripeness from the fields, until they break out in the bloom of spring—why, there is a delightful strangeness about it all, and the poetry of the half-idyllic life is

matched by the prosy profit of it all.

Then the resting-places in the mountains and beside the sea have over them such serene skies. and about them such varied beauty from the camp beside the hidden trout stream to the luxurious Hotel Del Monte in its "Forest of Arden ": from the murmurs of the surf at Santa Cruz to the whisper of the pines around Shasta or the majestic solitude of the Giant Forest: from the placid surface of Tahoe to the mighty walls of Yosemite and the parklike floor of the Great Valley with its trees and meadows and flowers-it is all a land of enchantment, where, if we will, we can "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world."

Read "Sunset" for some details of this Lotus Land, or the other publications of the Southern Pacific, whose lines reach every section of the countryside of the Coast.

The Stanley-Taylor Company received the award of GOLDMEDAL at the International Exhibition held at Rome (Italy) this year

The award was made by the Jurists of the Literary Section for book printing in the field of literature.

The advance notice has just been received by us, and those who are interested can see the Committee's letter by calling at our offices.

The Stanley-Taylor Co. 656 Mission Street, San Francisco

We Print "IMPRESSIONS"

The Stanley-Taylor Company was awarded also the DEFINITIVE DIPLOMA at the same exhibition held at Rome (Italy) this year

 Both awards were made for excellence and good taste in good book printing and in competition with Continental printing concerns of the best character.

The same samples we exhibited at Rome are at our offices now. They are really good, and you are cordially invited to call and inspect them.

The Stanley-Taylor Co. 656 Mission Street, San Francisco

Established since 1878

Competent critics have said of us:

"There are no better printers than these"

A Modern Plant, with Every Facility for Perfect Work

> UNION PHOTO-ENGRAV-ING CO.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PRESS

144 UNION SQUARE AVE.
SAN FRANCISCO : : : : : : : CALIFORNIA

142-4-6 Union Square Ave. San Francisco: California

Established 1865

The Hicks-Judd Co.

Printers
Bookbinders
Publishers

21-23 First Street

San Francisco : : California

A. Zellerbach & Sons

"THE PAPER HOUSE"

Importers and Dealers in all kinds of

Paper

416-418 Sansome Street

San Francisco, Cal.

#### REMARKABLE BOOK BY A NEW WESTERN WRITER

### In the COUNTRY GOD FORGOT

By FRANCES CHARLES

"In the Country God Forgot " has a fibrous strength of its own. The sky, and the eacti, and the droughts of Arizona are stamped in on the brain as one reads. The characters loom forcibly out of the arid air .- The NATION.

The atmosphere of arid Arizona shimmers and palpitates in this original and fascinating tale. On every page there are tears and laughter, quaint colloquidisms and equally quaint philosophizings. Without doubt this is one of the remarkable boots of the year.—BORLOVERS BULLETIN.

It is referabling to find a book to which one returns again and again with the feeling of not having sounded all

its depths-of not having been able to take in at a single reading all that the genius-absolutely genius-of the author has here set down .- SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN.

12mo, Decorated Cloth, 338 Pages, \$1.50

PUBLISHED BY

### THE A STALL

| LITTLE, BROWN of | COMPANI : Boston  |
|------------------|---|
|                  | ANNOUNCEMENTS  The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr. By Wallace Irwin. Tobacchandlan edition; bound in buttle, extra. Price, net, |
|                  |   |

PAUL ELDER and MORGAN SHEPARD

238 POST STREET SAN FRANCISCO : : : : :

# Studies of a Child's Mind



VER on the Berkeley hills there is a little child who, from the date of his entrance into the world, has been the central figure of a poem, which has been built up, stanza by stanza, with every day's unfolding - a poem merry and sad, quaint and funny, mysterious, inexplicable, pathetic, droll, according to his varying moods and experiences, and with just enough of a dash of the innate mischief which somehow finds lodgment in innocent babyhood, to give spice and flavor to the whole. Others have made a psychological study of babyhood, placing their own interpretation upon its successive man-

ifestations, advancing theories, which have been stoutly opposed by those quite as competent to reach conclusions. George Hansen, landscape architect by profession, the father of little Roland Ott Hansen, the subject of this story, has made a record of his baby's life, which cannot be misunderstood or misinterpreted, and which may cause the little one to live in history as the first child whose life experience has been told with the camera. This loving father, at his pretty home, 2705 Hearst Avenue, overlooking the State University grounds, has developed a new art - the study of a child's moods through the photographic lens and in doing this has proved himself an artist of high merit. He has found and demonstrated that in tracing the most trifling episodes of a baby's life, a full gamut of dramatic expression is run, reaching its climax with a sudden resounding of chords, like a musical composition, or by striking the keynote of emotion, as in the final scene of a drama. We all have our limitations, but George Hansen, handicapped in the struggle of life beyond most men, has nevertheless succeeded in doing for his little child what perhaps no man has ever done before, and in doing this has opened up to parents the suggestion of a garden of delight, wherein, following his example, they may wander perpetually with their little ones, culling bright and never-fading blossoms to lay away between memory's pages. Not all men have the delicate sentiment and artistic perception which have guided Mr. Hansen's efforts. So highly esteemed is his work by exacting critics that local publishers are even now preparing to bring out a dozen dainty booklets, containing reproductions of series of photographs describing experiences of little Roland, strung together by the father's quaint comments and bits of verse. Some 2,000 plates have already been made of the baby who has been the unconscious subject of such constant and loving study, and pictures and verse have a distinct literary value, being instinct with human interest, and bearing the stamp of divination only possible in the observer who thinks deeply and whose heart is filled with tender sympathy and understanding .- S. F. Chronide, July 6, 1902.

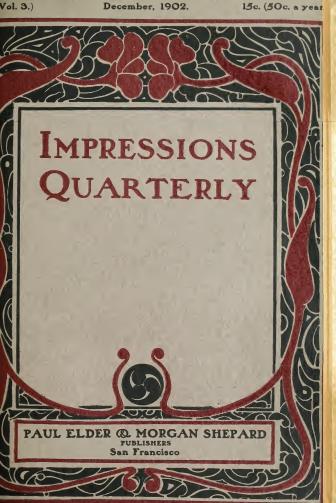
His Motto: Roland signifies: His Blessing: To know a thing From the Pine the Uprighteousness, To speak it, and From the Linden the Sincerity, To stand by it. In the Oak the Vigor.

Messrs. Elder & Shepard announce the following Baby Roland Booklets. Price, each, 50 cents net.

No. I-Vespers. Facing the Golden Gate as the setting sun sinks in regal splendor, the child stands in graceful salutation, speeding a happy good-night.

No. 2-The Ascent of Man. A manful struggle of Roland, the Sturdy, to climb a "tremendous" flight of stairs, looming steep and terrible above him - success at last.

No. 3-Lima Beans. "Fingers were made before forks." A high-chair lunch and a first attempt at table etiquette. Room for improvement.





A little magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and art: published quarterly with supplements of interest.

Annual subscription, 50 cents. As a convenience to subscribers, the publishers will assume that a continuance of the subscription is desired, unless notified by the subscriber to discontinue at the expiration of subscription. Rates for advertisement may be had by application at the business office, 238 Post Street. Application entered at the Post-office, San Francisco, as second-class matter. Elder & Shepard, Publishers.

### December, 1902

### CONTENTS:

| UTAMARO                                  | by Dora Amsden 7!              |
|--|--------------------------------|
| SUGGESTED ON LOOKING AT A PICTURE BY     |                                |
| WILLIAM KEITH ENTITLED "MEMORIES": {     | by Edward Robeson Taylor - 75  |
| THE ROMANCE OF THE COMMONPLACE: A REVIEW | v by T. E. W 80                |
| Is THERE ROOM FOR A NEW MAGAZINE? -      | by Victor O'Brien 8:           |
| THE BABY ROLAND BOOKLETS: A REVIEW       | by L. B. Bridgman 8            |
| THE VALUE OF THE BOOK REVIEW             | by Margaret Collier Graham - 8 |
| THE ART OF PLAYING                       | by Gelett Burgess 81           |
| Borrowing                                | 28                             |
| ROMANCE                                  | by Gelett Burgess 8            |
| Supplemen                                | ıts                            |
| Parting                                  | by Gelett Burgess              |
| Frontispies                              | te .                           |
|  |                                |

YE OLDE CHRISTMAS CAROL, THE FIRST NOWELL. Designed by H. M. Sickal

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY OF REVIEWS

THE ROMANCE OF THE COMMONPLACE. By Gelett Burgess. 8vo. Homespun cloth. S.F. Elder and Shepard. Sl., 50 net.
Autograph Edition on Ruisdael hand-made paper (90 copies), \$5.00 net. On Japan vellum, in full levant, extra (10 copies), \$15.00 net.

THE BABY ROLAND BOOKLETS. By George Hansen. No. 1. Vespers. No. 2. The Ascent of Man. No. 3. Lima Beans. No. 4. In Company. No. 5. His Calculations. S. F. Elder and Shepard. Each, 50 cents.

### Utamaro.

(Le Fondateur de L'Ecole de la Vie.)

HE above title is quoted from the work of M. Edmond de Goncourt, "as one having authority," there being many claimants to the leadership of Ukiyo-ye (the floating world), the Popular School of Japanese Art. In the life of Utamaro, M. de Goncourt, in exquisite language and with analytical skill, has interpreted for us the meaning of that form of Japanese art which found its chief expression in the use of the wooden block for colour-printing, and to glance appreciatively at the work of both artist and author is the motive of this sketch.

The Ukiyo-ye print, despised by the haughty Japanese aristocracy, became the vehicle of art for the common people of Japan, and the names of the artists who aided in its development are familiarly quoted in every studio, whilst the classic painters of "Tosa" and "Kano" are comparatively rarely mentioned. The consensus of opinion in Japan during the lifetime of Utamaro agrees with the verdict of M. de Goncourt. No artist was more popular. His atelier was besieged by editors giving orders, and in the country his works were eagerly sought after, when those of his famous contemporary, Toyokuni, were but little known. In the "Barque of Utamaro," a famous surimono, the title of which forms a pretty play upon words, maro being the Japanese for vessel, the seal of supremacy is set upon the artist. Here he is represented as holding court in a gaily decorated barge, surrounded by a beyy of beauty paying homage to his genius. He was essentially the painter of women, and though M. de Goncourt sets forth his astonishing versatility, he yet entitles his work, "Outamaro, le Peintre des Maisons Vertes."

The beautiful inhabitants of these celebrated houses of the Yoshiwara (the flower quarter) of Yedo had ever been sought as models by the artists of Ukiyo-ye. But, alasl the sensuous, poetic-artistic temperament of Utamaro, undisciplined and uncontrolled, led to his undoing. The pleasure-loving artist, recognizing no creed but the worship of beauty, refusing to be bound by any fetters but those of fancy, fell at last into the lowest depths of degradation, physical and moral. And this debasement of their leader, tainting his art, was reflected in the work of his brother artists and hastened the decadence of the

popular school.

To understand the influences which sapped the self-control of the gay and beauty-loving Utamaro, we have only to glance at the text by Jipensha Ikkou of "The Annuary of the Green Houses," two volumes of prints in colour, so marvellously beautiful that they caused the artist to be recognized as, in a sense, the official painter of the Yoshiwara. The writer thus sums up the fatal fascination of the immates, the courtesans of highest rank, who alone were depicted by Utamaro. "The daughters of the Yoshiwara are brought up like princesses. From infancy they are given the most finished education" (from the Japanese standpoint, be it observed). "They are taught reading, writing, art, music, le the, le parfum" (in the game of scents, the art is to guess by inhaling the odour of burning perfumes the secret of their composition). "Their entourage is that of princesses, brought up in the seclusion of the palace. Coming from all parts of the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' they must discard their individual patois and learn to speak in the archaic tongue, slightly modified, the poetical, the noble language of the court from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century."

In the home of the celebrated Tsutaya Juzabro, who edited the most beautiful books of the time, in his early impressionable youth lived Utamaro, within a stone's throw of the great gate leading to the Yoshiwara. By day he devoted himself to his art, by night he surrendered himself to the fatal enchantment of that brilliant "Under-world," until, like Merlin, ensarated by Vivian, with the charm of "woven paces and waving hands," his

art sapped by excesses, he became "lost to life, and use, and name, and fame."

Let us, forgetting this sad sequel, glance at the works which testify to the life of high artistic endeavour led by Utamaro in the early part of his career. In the preface to the "Yehon Moushi Yerabi" (Chosen Insects), the master of Utamaro, Toriyama Sekiyen,

throws so charming a sidelight upon the youth of the artist, that the temptation to quote is irresistible. The value of these Japanese prefaces to the world, to workers in every field, is incalculable. At the outset of his work, M. de Goncourt alludes to the well-known preface of Hokusai in the "Fugaku Hiak'kei," and doubtless fortified himself by the stimulating example of the old master, when undertaking at the age of seventy the great task of presenting to the Western world, under the title of "L'Art Japonais," a history of five noted painters, besides that of other artists in bronze and lacquer, pottery and ironartists in a land where the terms artist and artisan are interchangeable, the only country where art industrial almost always touches grand art.

The translator of the preface of Sekiyen is gratefully referred to by M. de Goncourt as "l'intelligent, le savant, l'aimable M. Hyashi." It may be considered a revolutionary manifesto of the Profane School, the school of real life, in opposition to the hierarchical Buddhist academies of Kano and Tosa, which had become stultified by tradition and stiffed

by conventional observances.

"Preface écrite par Toriyama Sekiyen, le maître d' Outamaro, célébrant le naturisme (sortit du cœur) de son petit, de son cher élève Outa." "Reproduire la vie par le cœur, et en dessiner la structure au pinceau, est la loi de la peinture. L'étude que vient de publier maintenant, mon élève Outamaro, reproduit la vie même du monde des insectes. C'est la vraie peinture du cœur. Et quand je me souviens d'autrefois, je me rappelle que des l'enfance, le petit Outa, observait le plus infinie détail des choses. Ainsi a l'automne, quand il était dans le jardin, il se mettait en chasse des insectes, et que ce soit un criquet ou une sauterelle, avait-il fait une prise, il gardait le bestiole dans sa main et s'amusait a l'étudier. Et combien de fois je l'ai grondé, pans l'apprehension qu'l ne prenne l'habitude, de donner la mort a des êtres vivants. Maintenant qui'l a acquis son grand talent du pinceau, il fait de ces études d'insectes, la gloire de sa profession."

The enthusiastic master of le petit Outa proceeds to rhapsodize upon his pupil's genius and intimate knowledge of the structure of insects. "He makes us hear," he says, "the shrilling of the tamanoushi," the cicada of Japan, whose endless peevish twanging upon one string forms an underlying accompaniment to the harmonies of long summer days. "He borrows the light weapons of the grasshopper for making war; he exhibits the dexterity of the earthworm, boring the soil under the foundations of old buildings; he penetrates the mysteries of nature in the groping of the larvæ, in the lighting of his pathby the glow-worm, and he ends by disentangling the end of the thread of the spider's web."

The colour-printing of these insects is a miracle of art, says M. de Goncourt, and there is nothing comparable to it in Europe. Of the methods by which these colour prints are brought to such a height of perfection, it is almost impossible to speak authoritatively. They are the result of a threefold combination: of a paper marvellously prepared from the bark of the shrub, Kozo, diluted with the milk of rice flour and a gummy decoction extracted from the roots of the hydrangea and hibiscus; of dyes, into the secret of whose alchemy no modern artist can penetrate, it being safe to say the early "Tan-ye" and "Beni-ye" prints can never be reproduced; of the application of those colours by the master engrayer's finger-that wizard hand of the Orient into whose finger-tips are distilled the mysteries of bygone centuries. A portion of the colour by means of this calculated pressure is drunk, absorbed into the paper, and only the transparency is left vibrating upon the fibres, like colour beneath the glaze.

The "Catalogue Raisonné" of M. de Goncourt is a prose masterpiece. His descriptive touches, like pastels set in jewels, captivate the imagination. Through him we see the albums, the fans, the kakemono, the surimono. Oh, the prints, with their wondrous backgrounds, the delight of Utamaro! Sometimes straw-yellow, the uniformity broken with clouds of ground mica; sometimes gray in tint, like the traces of receding waves upon the beach. Some silvered backgrounds throw moonlight reflections upon the figures; some are sombre, bizarre - all are marvellous beyond words. And the colours! we cannot define them in English. The "bleus" (malades des mauves), the "rose" (beni) "si peu de rose, qu'ils semblent s'apercevoir a travers un tulle ; l'azur-delavé, et comme noyé dans l'eau,"-not colours, but nuances, which recall the colours. And the "Gauf-

frage," so effective with the print artists, with us a mere confectioner's touch !

It is said that "the assthetic temperament of a nation is most subtly felt in the use of course. Purity, coldness, sensuality, brightness, dullness of tints, are significant terms correlated to mental and physical human phenomena." The assertion of Ruskin, that "the bodily system is in a healthy state when we can see hues clearly in their most delicate tints, and enjoy them, fully and simply, with the kind of enjoyment children have in eating sweet things," is brought to mind in viewing the Japanese people, upon the occasion of one of their great flower fetes, feasting their eyes upon cherry-blooms or trailing clusters of the wisteria.

Utamaro planned schemes of colour and devised harmonies—themes which, improvised upon and endlessly imitated by his artist confrères, filled his own countrymen with delight and ravished the hearts of Parisian painters. The influence of Utamaro, Hiroshige and the other masters of Ukiyo-ye revolutionized the colour-sense of the art world, so that Theodore Child, writing in 1892, remarks of the Japanese influence: "The Paris Salon of today as compared with the salon of ten years ago is like a May morning compared with

a dark November day."

The same keen observation and technical skill which would have made Utamaro a famous naturalist is shown in his marvellous studies of women. He was the first Japanese artist who deviated from the traditional manner of treating the face. The academic style demanded the nose to be suggested by one calligraphic, aquiline stroke, the eyes to be mere slits, the mouth the curled up petal of a flower. Utamaro blent with this convention, so little human, a mutinous grace, a spiritual comprehension; he kept the consecrated lines, but made them approach the human. These "effigies of women" became individuals; in one word, he is an idealist, he "makes a goddess out of a courtesan." No detail of her anatomy escapes his eye, no grace of line or beauty of contour. M. de Goncourt, in detailing the great prints of Utamaro, transports us to the Orient. He unrolls the film of

memory, so that again the Japanese woman stands, reclines, and lives before us.

"Vous avez la Japonaise en tous les mouvements intimes de son corps; vous l'avez, dans ses appuiements de tête, sur le dos de sa main, quand elle réfléchit, dans ses agenouillements, les paumes de ses mains appuyés sur les cuisses, quand elle écoute, dans sa parole, jetée de côté, la tête un peu tournée, et qui la montre dans les aspects si joliment fuyants d'un profil perdu; vous l'avez dans ses contemplation amoureuse des fleurs qu'elle regarde aplatie a terre; vous l'avez dans ses renversements ou legèrement elle pose, a demi assise, sur la balustrade d'un balcon; vous l'avez dans ses lectures, ou elle lit dans le volume, tout près de ses yeux, les deux coudes appuyés sur ses genoux; vous l'avez dans sa toilette qu'elle fait avec une main tenant devant elle, son petit miroir de metal, tandis que de l'autre main passée derrière elle, elle se carcesse distraitement la nuque de son écran; vous l'avez dans le contournement de sa main autour d'une coupe de saké, dans l'attouchement d'elicat et recroquevillé de ses doigts de singe, autour des laques, des porcelaines, des petits objets artistiques de son pays; vous l'avez enfin la femme de l'Empire-du-Lever-du-Soleil, en sa grace languide, et son coupet rampement sur les nattes du parouet."

To translate is to travesty, for the French language seems to be the only medium through which can be filtered the nuances of Japanese thought, which elude the ordinary elements of language, like the perfume of flowers, the bouquet of delicate vintages. Our blunt Anglo-Saxon mars that picture language, where one flexible, curved calligraphic stroke conveys to the asthetically receptive Oriental imagination what stanzas of rhyming rhapsody fail to define. Sir Edwin Arnold and Lafcadio Hearn approach the French, are, so to speak, Orientalized. Ordinary English fails to give a Japanese equivalent. It is too emphatic, too objective; it suggests the dominant British hobnail upon the delicate Teahouse tatami—that immaculate, beautiful matting, into whose uniform lines embroidered draperies dissolve deliciously. Oh, those dreams of dresses I—the warp and woof of the wisions of the masters of Ukiyo-ye, of Harunobu and Kiyonaga, Toyokuni and

Kunisada, and all the rest, the idols of Parisian colourists!

"For us," says M. de Goncourt, "Utamaro painted violet dresses, where, upon the border, degradation rosée" (fading into Beni, that mystic tint, the spirit of ashes of rose). "birds are swooping, -violet dresses, across which woven in light, zig zag insect characters. composing the Japanese alphabet, -violet dresses, where Corean lions, grim and ferocious, crouch, gleaming in shading of old bronze within the purple folds! Dresses of mauve, smoky, shading into bistre, where the purple iris unsheathes its head from the slender gray-green stalk!' Mourasaki-va (maison mauve) was the name of the atelier of Utamaro. "Robes of that milky blue the Chinese call 'blue of the sky after the rain,' beneath clusters of pale rose peonies; dresses of silvery gray, fretted with sprays of flowering shrubs, making a misty moonshine; pea-green dresses, enamelled with rosy cherry blooms; green dresses, fading into watery tints, hidden by groups of the pawlonia, the coat of arms of the reigning family; purple costumes, channelled with water courses, where mandarin ducks pursue each other around the hem. Oh, the beautiful black backgrounds, controlling the scintillating mass of colour! Black robes sown with chrysanthemums, or showered with pine needles, worked in white. Black dresses, where finely woven baskets are mingled with sceptres of office! 'Oh!les belles robes!' he cries, 'where flights of cranes dissolve into the distance, where birds are fluttering, where lacy fretwork of fans and little garlands are interwoven !-- a motive delighted in by Utamaro as a framework for beloved faces." All that is beautiful in nature and art lived and breathed in these dresses, upon which the loving hand of the painter left a grace in every fold.

The early inspirer of Utamaro's genius was Kiyonaga, who had restored the glory of the school of Torii—the printer's branch of Ukiyo-ye, which had sunk into temporary oblivion under the waning powers of Kiyomisu. The atelier of Kiyonaga became the sanctuary of the artists of Ukiyo-ye, who, upon entering, forsook their individual traditions. There worshipped Toyokuni of Utagawa; Yeishi, the scion of classic and aristocratic Kano; and at the master's feet sat the Young Utamaro, absorbing his methods until, in his early compositions, said M. de Concourt, the technique and mannerisms of Kiyonaga

"saute aux yeux."

The influence of Kiyonaga pervades his most beautiful work; but later, under a life of constant self-indulgence, amongst associations all tending to demoralization, his genius suffered an eclipse. His loss of self-control affected his art, until the sweeping lines and noble contours which his brush had acquired in the atelier of Kiyonaga were lost or widely travestied into a "delirium of female tallness." In these wild flights his brother artists followed in headlong pursuit, and the contagion of the movement swept the studios of Paris. In the modern poster we see the degenerate offspring of the genius of Utamaro, and of Toyokuni. Professor Fenollosa said, "The generation of Aubrey Beardsley prefer these tricks to the sober grace of Harunobu, Kiyonaga and Koriusai." It is art born of excess, a "Colaism in prints."

The horrors of diseased imagination, the visions begotten of absinthe, which blot the brilliant pages of De Maupassant and the verse of Paul Verlaine, were reflected by Utamaro in his studies of the loathsome and the abnormal, where Montaigne declares, "L'esprit faisant le cheval echappé, enfant des chimères." The blasphemous impieties of this culticeplored by all true Frenchmen, in the country of Hugo and Molière, were distanced by Utamaro, who subomed his art, his cynical brush caricaturing under the distorted figures of noted courtesans the saints and sages of the sacred Buddhist legends. Trading upon his vast popularity, he issued a pictorial satire upon one of the famous Shoguns, but this act of lèse-majestie brought him into disavor with the reigning Shogun, the Louis XV of Japan, an artistic voluptuary, like his prototype, the subject of Utamaro's cartoon, and the artist was condemned and cast into prison. From his cell the gay butterfly of the Yoshiwara emerged, spent and enfeebled, daring no more flights of fancy, and dying in 1806, before he reached his fiftieth year, from the effects of his confinement and the misuse of pleasure.

Oh, the pity of it! the profound pathos in the picture, in Sekiyen's preface of the little "Outa" holding his treasured prize, "le petit bestiole,"—the childish artist-hands of the embryo master clasping the insect so gently to preserve its ephemeral life, yet later plunging into the dissipation and excesses which shortened his own. Living with the

declassé, however we may gloss their imperfections and cover with the cloak of charity their sorrowful calling, he became himself a cynic, an outcast, an iconoclast, learning that "thardening of the heart which brings

"Irreverence for the dreams of youth."

Though Utamaro was one of the greatest of the popular artists, his demoralization led to the decadence of his school, which later was regenerated by the great master of Ukiyo-ye, Hokusai, the artist of the people. In Hokusai, "Dreaming the things of Heaven and of Buddha," breathed the pure spirit of art,—that Spirit of poetry and purity which calls to us in Milton's immortal lines:

"Mortals, that would follow me, Love Virtue; she alone is free. She can teach ye how to climb Higher than the sphery chime; Or if Virtue feeble were, Heaven itself would stoop to her."

DORA AMSDEN.



# SUGGESTED ON LOOKING AT A PICTURE PAINTED BY WILLIAM KEITH ENTITLED "MEMORIES."

HE darksome waves of all thy four-score years
Break on thy bosom's solitary shore,
Where mid the wreckage of memorial lore
Sorrow sheds fast her unavailing tears.

As through the long-drawn time thy vision peers, What hopes pass by that mock thee as of yore! What fragrant blossoms, gone forevermore, Lie heaped upon thy heart's uncounted biers!—

Oh, tell me, gentle lady, from thy chair, That holds thee now in Memory's thraldom chained, Have nought but toils and pains been thy increase?

Ah, friend, not so: some of my days were fair; Much have I lost, yet much have also gained, And even in Grief's own cup have tasted peace.

-Edward Robeson Taylor.

### "The Romance of the Commonplace."

MORE enjoyable and attractive volume than this collection of essays by Mr. Gelett Burgess has not appeared for a long time. They are as the author has happily expressed it, a sort of "guide through middle age; for it is then that one needs enthusiasms most," and it is then the illusions of life begin to fade from us.

The style is simple and direct, characterized by an unlooked-for charm wholly individual and always clear and graceful. Indeed we opened this little book with a certain feeling of doubt. Could we who have laughed and so enjoyed Mr. Burgess in his lighter vein take him seriously now that he would interpret for us the romance of the commonplace But it did not take more than one essay to prove our fears groundless and to find the contents most engaging, touching as they do upon those themes most near and dear to our own lives: "Getting Acquainted," "Dining Out," The Sense of Humour," "The Game of Correspondence," "Old Friends and New," "The Charms of Imperfection," "Living Alone," "Growing Up," "A Plea for the Precious," are but a few of the topics taken at random.

We recall the author telling us long ago:

"Ah, yes, I wrote the 'Purple Cow, I'm sorry now I wrote it; But I can tell you anyhow I'll kill you if you quote it!"

and it is now clear he has put away childish things, even "the sense of nonsense," and has

taken us right into his confidence when he frankly confesses:

"My nonsense gave, I conceit myself, no clue by which my real self might be discovered. My fiction I have been held somewhat responsible for, but escape for the story-teller is always easy. Even in poetry a man may so cloak himself in metaphor that he may hope to be well enough disguised. But the essay is the most compromising form of literature possible, and even such filmy confidences and trivial galeties as these write me down for what I am. Were they even critical in character, I would have that best of excuses, a difference of taste, but here I have had the audacity to attempt a discussion of life itself, upon which every reader will believe himself to be a competent critic."

The many-sidedness of Mr. Burgess is but one of his surprising charms. Mere meditation is tedious and oppressive if not handled with definess and judgment, and these varying moods will no doubt please very different classes of readers, but it will be strange if all do not find in them something congenial, charming, happily expressed. To us every chapter in the book has appealed, if not with equal attraction, yet we find it difficult to de-

cide between so large a variety of subjects.

Meditating upon the value of the commonplace, Mr. Burgess tells us:

"A few of the maxims I drew from my joys and sorrows in the few calmer moments of reverie persist; and these all strengthen me in the romantic view of life. A man must take his work or his art seriously, and pursue it with a single intent; he must fix upon the realities first of all, but there is room for imagination as well, and with this I have savored my duties, as one puts sauce to pudding. Enough has been written upon the earnestness of motive, of sobriety, and all the catalogue of virtues usually dignified with capital initials. I own allegiance to an empire beside all that—another Forest of Arden, the thickle of whose laughter is a permanent sustained accompaniment to the more significant notes of man's sober industry.

"To the poet, 'A primrose by the river's brim' has the beauty of the Infinite. And so thothing is commonplace, or to be taken for granted. One needs only the fresh eye, the eagerness of interest, and this Universe of workaday things which, with the animals, we get 'for a penny, plain,' may be colored with the two-pence worth of mind by which we are

richer than they.

"We have all passed through that phase of art appreciation in which familiar objects are endowed with an extrinsic esthetic value. The realist discovers a new sensation in a

heap of refuse, the impressionist in the purple shadows of the hills. In weaker intellects the craving for this dignifying of the obvious leads to the gilding of the rolling-pin or the decalcomania decoration of the bean-pot. With something of each of these methods I would practice upon every-day affairs and make them picturesque."

Great, indeed, would then become the power of the commonplace. Even the daily sunshine, and the pure peace of the winter landscape would hold a fresher, happier mean-

ing for each of us.

Beloved and read and followed is the writer of the commonplace who can thus elevate us to the romance of every-day living. Mr. Burgess is therefore to be congratulated, for he has written a book which will endear him to all who now know him for himself, and for having shown us the brighter side of this little game of life.

T. C. W.

Romance needs only a new point of view; it is the art of getting fresh glimpses on the commonplace. One need not be transported to the days of chivalry, one need not even travel; one need only begin life anew every morning and look out upon the world unfamiliarly, as the child does. One must be a perpetual discoverer and never forget to wonder.—Gelett Burgess.

## Is There Room for a New Magazine Started on the Basis Below Indicated?

MAGAZINE, like any other business or enterprise, is an expression of the minds of those behind it. It reflects the minds and character of those who promote and write, as well as those who read it. A new magazine that may be contemplated must therefore represent some idea which some people want to express or carry out.

Let us, then, go immediately to this question.

A magazine that is started merely, or chiefly, to make money for its promoters is not a thing of great public concern, so long as it behaves itself, and does not become a hindrance to something better. On the other hand, a magazine that does not make money for those who are conducting it cannot, in the nature of things, last long. Therefore we must not forget to inquire at the same time that we speak of the thought back of the enterprise, whether there will be sufficient demand for such thought in the dress in which it may be put forth, to induce men and women and youth to part with some of their valued treasure trove to get it.

What is the thought, then?

What do you think yourself is most worth while? Do not be afraid to speak plainly. What is most worth while? If we can find out that, we will have something certainly worth talking about, and making pictures of, and writing about and in every way working for.

It would even be worth starting a magazine for.

The California artist, Wm. Keith, has found something worth while; so has the California mountain climber, explorer, scientist and prose poet, John Muir; so has Dr. Benjamin I. Wheeler, President of the University of California, in education; so has Theodore Roosevelt, in politics. That is good. There is something worth while. There is no doubt of that. It is better still if, like these men, having found something significant, you can say, "That's my work."

Well, then, if we want to do the best that we can do, it is natural enough to ask, What is most worth while? What is most significant? and get in line with that.

Any of these men named would answer you. It is not money. It is not commerce. It is not any political party of our ancestors. It is not books, or pottery, or flowers, or literature, or peoples. It is all these and more. Well, what is it? Now look here! It seems too bad, but this subject has become at once so hackneyed, so misinterpreted, so abused and reviled, and so held afar off and labeled "perishable" and "handle with care," that a person often cannot talk about it without raising a miniature storm in his own family. You have to feel your way, and lead up gently and quietly and indirectly, perhaps, and tenderly to the simple thought of God.

This has become so much so that the idea of God has ceased to be a present, living

reality in the minds and practical lives of no small number of people.

Well, you do not mean to start a magazine whose chief thought and inspiration will be the Idea of God? That is what I mean.

The idea is big enough, is it not? Plenty of room in it to expand? But how would

you treat it?

This last question brings us right home to the practical working side of the plan. Let us now consider this.

God is many-sided, infinite in fact. Therefore such a magazine would have the necessary play of variety. Let us look at a few sides. Let us not be fearful of taking even a

pretty big side, a regular broad-side, as you might say.

Sociology—phew, look out! It is enough to make a person discouraged. But we might as well brace up to it. We all must. It comes right home to us. We can never be finally and permanently happy until we get the World, as well as ourselves, going on the road toward Perfection.

So this periodical would have to set itself to the fascinating, ever-present and Divine task of presenting ideas of how the World may be made better than it is, showing how it is getting better, and itself aiding in that betterment by mere virtue of its own existence and the happy expression in it of high thoughts in picture, design, and prose or poem.

Again, there is the problem of the happiness, growth, culture and development of the individual—the problem of the right adjustment of the individual with himself, the practical world and God. Here is a big opportunity for the presentation of specific, live, interesting, practical human thought. Such a periodical might be made to become for the individual a delightful and systematic mail-course in the highest ideals, as well as the most practical and helpful views of life.

Art, literature, humor, story, have all, of course, their place in such a plan. Surely the thought of the Divine or Perfect should be dressed in the most beautiful form. It would be unique, attractive, varying, like the chameleon. It would strive to reflect the Divine Light of beauty, goodness and truth wherever it appeared. Simply, naturally, joyfully, reverently, it would aim at the best. And fun, jollity, humor? Doesn't a goat gambol? our little playfellows in the forests sing? And why should we not feel, as a charming, active, hale old gentleman once said to me, as if an aviary of birds were always singing in our hearts.

Can all this be done? This is not the question before us. That must be left to those who make the proposal, and for time to show. It is enough if what has been now briefly said has disposed of the first query in regard to the idea of a new magazine. There would seem to be plenty of room for it on the basis stated, as far as things worth while to be done are concerned. Would it be practical? Could it keep up? Would people pay money

for it?

In attempting to answer this question let us first ask, What do the people want? Something good? The greatest good, maybe. That would be the Summum Bonum, the Highest Good that they were looking for as far back as Plato's time, and you hear his name once in awhile yet. Well, to be perfectly plain, I believe, at bottom, that is just exactly what they do most want. A periodical that would have something sound and rational and practical to offer under this head, something suitable for every-day wear or use,

as it were, in love, in work, in war and in peace would find hearts that would respond to

the songs it might sing.

Let it give something triumphant, something glorious and grand. Yes, a peal as of war! Let it be a clarion note. Why not? There is something to fight for. We'll only win it by fighting for it. A call to all who honor the ideal-the good, the beautiful, the true. It must be practical, too, full of homely, common sense that presents the ideal so that all can see it, acknowledge it as real, worship it. It will be full of the victorious strength of conscious right. Out of such conditions come high deeds, worthy endeavors. It will spring from the work done or contemplated, hit off in the heat of action, sincere and true, hot with fierce triumph. It will be tender and warm with love.

O God, give us strength! Give us beauty and love! Give us peace and joy! Give

us goodness, truth! Give us Knowledge, Oneness with Thee!

VICTOR O'BRIEN.

Correspondence from all interested may be addressed to Room 628, Parrott Building, San Francisco.



### The Baby Roland Booklets.

HE story of Roland, god and hero, has been paralleled in the myths of many races. Of divine origin, he put on a brief mortality, and came close to the hearts and needs of men. What was immortal still peoples every loyal German heart. Righteousness, sincerity, vigor, are his attributes and ensigns.

To such qualities was the little child, born in Berkeley less than three years ago, dedicated. The manner of the dedication was, in these days of "do" and "don't," unique, although it was the natural method used every day by the skilful gardener. We do not say to the plant, "Be a rose; don't be a briar;" but we give it proper soil, sunlight and air, room for its roots to grow, for its branches to spread. If it still persist in being a briar, it will not be without both use and beauty. This is the natural method, the only safe method, which few parents dare to follow. But the parents of Roland have dared. The result is that a little child, not yet three years old, meets, daily, moral difficulties, considers them, conquers them.

Roland is a living contradiction of that unhappy belief that the natural man is prone to evil, that he is hampered by base-born instincts, and that desire and appetite, not reason, are the laws of his being. It is the law of his being to grow. To do this it may be necessary to fling out a toughened tendril or thrust a thorn, but these are secondary characteristics, made necessary by circumstances. They detract just so much from the ultimate end of being, namely, to grow. A Sequoia has no thorns.

The Stories.

Given a theory of education (stored away in the background of consciousness), a camera (newly acquired), idle hours (enforced), and an only son-a first born! The result was hundreds of films, which, on being developed and printed, were found to reveal more clearly and consecutively than one could hope, the passing mood, the permanent growth of mind and character, the dawning of a world within a world as the child's senses brought him in touch with outward things, and his intellect and will ordered and subordinated them. Whoever has watched, sympathetically, the development of a child, will know that the commentary accompanying the pictures is truly interpretive, and not the invention of an imaginative parent. They are necessary because the pictured story is unavoidably incomplete. Even the shortest time required for the adjustment of the films meant the loss of significant expressions and gestures.

The series of booklets which comprise the Roland set are twelve complete short stories. Yet those who see in them nothing but a chain of connected events will see with limited vision. Any story worth the telling has back of it something more than incident and plot. These must be there, but they must be significant in their effect on character.

The booklets already in print arrange themselves in three classes: Achieving, Con-

forming, Being.

I—Achieving. When 'reading' ''The Ascent of Man,'' one catches the breath lest the criminally helping or unwise restraining hand do permanent injury to the just awakened spirit of overcoming. Later, in ''His Calculations,' the ineffectual warning is not so serious, for he has already, in previous efforts, tried and found himself. One realizes that though he may fall, to fall will be to rise again. Worse than failure is the perverted or stunted will. When finally he conquers—as the natural child always will conquer—there is prophecy in it: Thus will be conquer through life!

II.—Conforming. Whatever Roland is to be, if he is true to his promise, he will not to the casual observer, be very different from the rest of his world. It is not a characteristic of the "natural man" to be odd. Roland tries to do what other people do. As his actions receive no comment nor notice, he is entirely unconscious of trying. The acts which are useful to him, he continues; the rest are forgotten. "You use forks. How interesting that must be! Let me try," is the first impulse, and it is only after a trying experience in conforming to the conventions that he begins to criticise and abandon established ways. That the short sketch, "Lima Beans," is significant of Roland's attitude toward other people's habits, no one who has had the opportunity of observing him can doubt. There is a joyous acceptance of this world as right and good, though the results of closer experience may lead to rejection.

III.—Being. The social instincts, the human need of companionship, felt by this little child, who, thus far has had no child companions, the abiding sense that it is not good to be alone, these have never been more sweetly, more delightfully portrayed than when "In Company" he meets, Narcissus-like, a strangely familiar and attractive personality.

Closely akin to this need is the need of oneness with God, a need of the soul to be lifted where space is broader and wings more free. Men, feeling this need, turn to the beautiful and wonderful in nature, and why should not a little child, freighted with its inheritance of longing, attracted, too, by the brilliant and gorgeous coloring of one of California's sunsets, stand, wondering "in a glory of blue and gold"? However limited our understanding of the idyl called "Vespers" may be, the fact remains that Roland saw, appreciatively, the glorious passing of day.

Let me emphasize the pedagogical side of the Booklets, for their value to parents, to teachers, is beyond that of any work professedly pedagogical which has come under my observation. Much of the recent child study, while in the right direction, has had the effect of making the unfortunate victim of observation an insufferable little prig. If the Booklets fulfil this mission of liberating the child from the tyranny of "do" and "don't," if they open people's eyes to the necessity of letting the child grow—of watching, guarding, protecting him, but leaving him free—they will have earned for George Hansen and Linda, his wife, a doctor's degree.

"Let him choose his path, but let me make the ground firm beneath his feet."

L. B. BRIDGMAN.



#### The Value of the Book Review.

O acknowledge the necessity of a final criterion in art is an easy matter for all of

us. But to submit to the dictation of any one where the beautiful and excellent are concerned, is with most of us an impossibility. Secrety the laborer who stands before an impressionist painting esteems his own opinion of its beauty of supreme value, and no American school girl hesitates to announce her verdict concerning the relative stupidity of the books she reads, entirely regardless of the decision of critics. All this is not without show of reason. Primarily, the object of art is to please; if it fail to please me it is not art; this is often our superficial logic. But the object of art is not to please you or me, but to please the united taste of those who have given most time and study to it. The artistically learned, with his traditions and nice balancing of the good and bad in performance, with keen appreciation of difficulties mastered or mastering, taking his art in slow, interrogative sips that no delicate flavor may be lost, gives his opinions slowly and cautiously; the ignorant, swallowing at a gulp, plumps out his "I like it" or "I'd on't like it" with the confidence born of simple standards—a knowledge merely of sweet and sour, and a frank preference, perhaps, for the former.

What men like or do not like in art is interesting, so far as it interprets the individual, but frequently, indeed generally, it is without the slightest bearing upon art itself. The artistic or literary product neither gains nor loses by the vast majority of likes and dislikes it inspires.

And yet in spite of the changing of fashion and fancy, there is always a minority, a reamant, who are competent to pass upon the inherent vigor of the world's work, to discern the truth and honesty and lastingness of any performance, a few who are sane, judicial, calm of mind, each in his own line learned, but all in the broadest sense acquainted with

the world. These, when we have found them, should be our critics.

Never was the necessity for such carefully balanced judgment of literature so great in America as today, and never was the demand therefor, in proportion to the number of readers, so slight. Popular education (not always so thorough as it is widely disseminated) has given us a vast reading public who are unable to pass upon the merits of what they read—unable, but not unwilling, ignorant even of their own inability—a public whose tastes and preferences are loudly set forth and utterly worthless.

It is this noisy public that gives a book that kind of notoriety which many readers, and alas, many writers, mistake for fame. It is to please this noisy public and to catch its ear that countless book notices are written, that authors are interviewed concerning books not yet published, that private affairs are dragged into print—in short, it is this noisy public which gives the commercial value to much that is not literature and sometimes enables the good writer to dispose of his wares at a price far beyond their real value.

That a million people are standing, money in hand, ready to pay for a book which a may write, argues many things, but it by no means argues excellence in the book. Too often it argues the contrary. A waiting public, especially an eager waiting public, is

an incentive to haste, and haste is the enemy of excellence.

Now in this vast reading public without literary traditions, with likes and dislikes and without taste, the great commercial public of the bookseller, a public untrammeled by standards, always "ready either to tell or to hear some new thing," we have the power that decides too often the financial success or failure of a book. Is it strange, then, that publisher and bookseller combine to catch the eye and ear of this public. That authors who have made a business of writing, who meant in the beginning honestly to make a business of art, too often come to make a business of pleasing this mass of readers? And when one thoroughly comprehends what it means to please this public, what violation of moral privacy, what profanation of simple and honest standards, what degradation of every sound artistic principle, his wonder grows that so many resist its demands.

This is the public so sorely in need of literary dictatorship and quite as unable to select its dictators as it is to select its books. This is the public that the newspapers tell us are the exponents and not the teachers. This is the public that has learned to expect a reflection

rather than an elevation of its views in print.

Now I am not blind to the necessity of reflecting the view of the majority, or even the minority, by the press. Politically, morally and aesthetically we all want to know what the people, including ourselves, think, but along with it, and certainly in art and literature, we want to know the best thought of the best people.

There are very intelligent men and women who believe that the book which "every-body is reading" has some inherent greatness, who believe that the talk about a book proves that literature is differently estimated today, even by the literary elect, that standards are lower; our periodicals are full of lamentations, more or less loud and always long,

over the decay of taste and the deterioration of literature.

These men and women forget that this is the age of advertising, that gaudy placards are in drug store windows, not because drugs are weaker than they used to be, but because the commercial spirit is stronger and its ways of manifesting itself more devious. Very bad art and worse morals in a book may be the reason of its wide fame; some urgent question of ethics may make a novel the topic of hordes of the immature; the title of a book may be on every tongue and on every poster without affecting literature and without creating so much as a ripple on the mind of the genuine critic of literature.

All that it means is, as was said at first, that the noisy public has learned to read-the

quiet public has not altered its standard or lost its taste.

But this immature reading public has within it the promise and potency of better standards and better taste. Burke says "the true standard of the artist is within every man's power"; the question then is, how shall he learn to acquire it? Possibly if critics and criticsm were not, and the reader heard no comment, he might, by the laws of evolution, develop literary taste. I have known girls and boys who seemed to possess it from the begining; others, who, without the slightest supervision or advice from those about them, have grown out of trash, to better, even to the best things. I have known others who, with only the best about them, have developed a taste for the worst, but of these latter, only a very encouragingly small number.

If it is true that no rule for the development of literary taste may be laid down, it is none the less true, however, that in any age when books are as the sands of the sea for the

multitude, one cannot read everything and no one can afford to scorn advice.

To tell us what is worth reading, and having read it to help us to a proper estimate of its worth, are, I take it, the offices of the book review. Its value is the value of the opinion of the one who writes it, no more, no less. The signed review is the straightforward acknowledgment of this, and the frank putting forth of an individual opinion for what it is worth. The unsigned review is an individual opinion of which an editor is willing to assume the responsibility and is therefore of corresponding value with the editorial opinion and the standing of the periodical in which it appears. Now one man's or one woman's opinion of a book is not of great value to us until we have learned by repeated trials to have confidence in and accept the standards of this man or woman or the review for which he or she writes. One must then first of all be a judge of literature before he can judge of reviewers, and to be a judge of literature requires wide reading and patient study. It comes sooner, however, to him who reads good things oftener than bad, and therefore all of us should avoid, so far as possible, the vitiating influence of bad literary art.

To this end the average reader is quite justified in accepting the combined opinion of the best judges as reflected in a review containing the work of the best literary critics.

Such a review will not attempt too much; it will certainly not undertake to notice and common all the trivial and unworthy books that are written. It will, by the very fact of noticing a book at all, indicate a certain dignity and worthiness in the book. It will have the fear of nothing but literature before its eyes and it will write, not to catch the public eye, but to meet the demand of the reader who is looking for the best.

It is a mistake to keep the individuality of the reviewer out of a review—it is precisely this that we want; not unduly emphasized but unmistakable. He must give us his view and leave to us the question of its relative value. That the public is prone to overestimate the opinion of its favorites, that we too often seek information on books from him who is accellent judge of something else, shows that it is the personality of the reviewer which con-

trols public opinion. When we learn to value the literary critic's opinion because he is

purely literary, we shall make the best use of this tendency.

In our own country there is perhaps no man so universally respected as the best type of successful business man. Possibly we think too highly of him, unquestionably he thinks too highly of himself. Artists, writers, professional men, all do him honor. His power, his usefulness, his value are never underrated by them. Generally he accepts this homage as his due—to himself he is beyond doubt a success. Toward writers, artists, professional men, he is often appreciative, sometimes even affectionate, but always in his heart of hearts patronizing. A man who has 'succeeded,' as we say (and let us presuppose it honest success), who has overcome difficulties, built up for himself and his family a name and a fortune by his own industry and foresight, is the idol of the American public; in our admiration of him and in his admiration of himself there is too often an entire forgetfulness of those, who, by the same conscientious effort and devotion to a purpose, have built up something which makes his fortune worth acquiring, which makes the life of those dear to him worth living, which makes luxury possible, and built it up without hope of great material gain, and often without honor. The business man rules America; left to himself he would rule out of it the very things for which he is in reality striving, and against his encroachments we must unflinchingly rebel. We must do honor to other things beside commerce, if indeed we would do proper honor to commerce.

Today those who would seek assistance from reviews in selecting their reading must thread their way amid a vast collection of written matter, which is literary comment only, sift out the advertising portion and decide from the style of that which is left whether the book reviewed is worth reading. This is well nigh as fatiguing as reading the books themselves, and for this reason we are sorely in need of more personal responsibility in literary criticism and less anonymous work. Literary criticism is an art, and the sooner we recognize those who have a talent for it and give them their proper place and eminence, the sooner we shall have a literature which must depend upon something more than the voice:

of the mob for its success.

It is interesting to note the testimony of the writer as to the value of the book review from his standpoint. In the main he seems to think rather lightly of it. George Eliot we all remember, refused to read comment upon her work, finding it disturbing to the creative faculty. Opposed to this we have artists who are also critics, and since they write of the work of others, must of necessity read what others write of them. But reading the criticisms of others and being influenced by them are two different things, and it is doubtful if the effect of the reviewer on the writer is ever more than superficial.

Creative art and artists have their own laws of evolution, and a man may write today what in a more advanced stage he regrets having written. In this process of development in the writer, doubtless the review and the review have their part, but at best it is rather

an uninfluential part.

The unanimous voice of careful and reliable criticism may at some time in the future be sufficient to still the voice of a poor writer, but it is doubtful if it will ever make of him a good writer. The result will be obtained by effect on the public mind, and the writer is

quite likely to be silenced but not convinced.

Too much reading about any line of work is likely to confuse the artistic sense of the producer and create in him an overwhelming and distinctive consciousness of the demand. In the artistic field of literature, and perhaps as well in the historical, scientific and didactic generally, the writer should lead rather than follow, and having done the best that is in him leave the demand to adjust itself to the supply. That it will eventually do this, provided the supply is really meritorious, is one of the cheerful features of the case, and while it may not lessen the pangs of starvation for the author who awaits this final recognition, it ought to fill him with that holy fire which is said to have sustained and transfigured the early marryrs, even amid the crackling of an immediate and visible flame.

### The Art of Playing.

IME was when we made our own toys; when a piece of twine, a spool, a few nails and a bit of imagination could keep us busy and happy all day long. There were no new-fangled iron toys "made in Germany," so tiresome in their inevitable little routine of performance, so easily got out of order, and so hard, metallic and realistic as to be hardly worth the purchase. A penny would, indeed, buy some funny carved wooden thing that aroused a half-hour's excitement, but it was never quite so alluring as when in the front window of the toy-shop. Such queer animals never became thoroughly acclimated to the nursery, and they lost their lustre in a half-holiday. The things that gave permanent satisfaction were home-made, crude, and capable of transformation. A railway train might, with a small effort of the fancy, become a ship or a dragon. Are there such amateur toy-builders now, in this age when everything is perfect and literal, when even a box of building-blocks contains a book of plans to supply imaginative design to the modern child? Indeed, many children are nowayears too lazy even to do their own playing. I have heard of one who was used to sit on a chair and order his nurse to align his nine-pins and bowl them down for him!

Perhaps one notices the lack of creative ability in children more in the city, where ready-made toys are cheap and accessible, than in the country, where the whole world is full of wonderful possibilities for entrancing pastime. Nature is the universal playmate, perpetually parodying herself in miniature for the benefit of those who love to amuse themselves with her toys. Every brook is a little river, every pond an unfathomable sea. She plants tiny forests of fern and raises microscopic mountains in every sand-bank. Flowers and plants furnish provender for Lilliputian groceries, the oak showers acorn-cups; what

wonder we believe, as long as we can, in fairies?

And yet, strange to say, it is the city more often than the country child who feels the charm of these marvels. The freshness and the strangeness breed a fascinated wonder; it is, after flagged pavements and brick walls, almost too good to be true. The juvenile rustic is more familiar with Nature. It is his business to know when the flowers come, where berries ripen and birds nest. It is scarcely play to him, it is a science to be applied to his personal profit. The woods and rivulets are his familiar domain, to be forayed and hunted specifically for gain. And this, though it is delightful, is not play. For him, there is no glamour over the fields until long after, when his native countryside has become inaccessible.

Perhaps the art of playing is, after all, a matter more of temperament than environment, for one sees, at times, good sport even in the city streets, though it is rare nowadays. I had my own full share of it, for my youth was an age of pure romance. My clan had its own code and its own traditions. Every man of us had his suit of wooden armour, his well-wrought weapons and his fiery steed. We were all for Scott. We had our Order, small, but well up in the technique of feudal ways, facile in sword-play, both with the thin, sinewy hard-pine rapier, and the huge, two-handed, double-hilted battle-sword that should stand just as high as one's head. On the brick sidewalks we tilted on velocipedes, full in the view of the anxious passers-by. Capt-apie in pine sheathed with tin, with a shield blazoned with a tiger couchant, and inscribed with a Latin motto out of the back of the dictionary, many a long red lance I shivered, and many a wheel I broke. On Warren Avenue I did it, opposite the church. What would I not give, now, to see such sights in town!—instead, I watch little boys smoking cigarettes upon the street corners, waiting for their cirils.

I knew a youngster, too, who organized in his town a postoffice department, established letter-boxes, and a regular service of boy carriers. He drew and colored the stamps himself—you will find them in few collections, though they should have enormous value from their rarity. Such games are consummate play, even though the sport goes awry all

too soon; it is too great to last !

It is the older brother who should give finesse to such sport. Without him, complication arise which accomplish at last the ruin of the game. Many of us do not truly learn to play until it is too late to do so with dignity, and to these the appreciation of the young gives a fine excuse for prolonging the diversion. We fancy we cannot, when grown up, play imaginative games for the pure joy of it, as does the child; we think we must have an ulterior motive. Yet the father, who whittles out a boat for his son, often gets more delight than the child, who would far rather do it himself, no matter how much more crudely accomplished.

The theater is the typical play for grown-ups; the name itself, "play," is significant of the unquenchable tendency of youth. And this reminds me of a most amusing case where two grown-ups dared to be absolutely ingenuous. It was upon a honeymoon, when, if ever, adults have the right to yield to juvenile impulses. As the groom was titled and the bride fair, society took it ill that the two should retire to their country house and deny access to all neighbors. One at last called, too important to be denied admittance by the servants, and the astonished visitor discovered the happy pair stretched over the dining-room table, training flies whose wings had been clipped, to pull, in a harness of threads, little paper wagons. I This had been their absorbing occupation for ten blissful days!

An important element of play seems to be the doing of things in miniature. See Stevenson, for instance, prone upon the floor, involved in romantic campaigns, massing his troops of tin soldiers, occupying strategic positions in hall and passage, skirmishing over the upstairs "roads of the Third Class, impassable for artillery," intercepting commissary trains labouring up from the Base of Operations in the kitchen, deploying cavalry-screens upon the rug, and out-manceuvering the wily foe that defends the verandah, both being bound by the strict treaties of the play. There is your ideal big brother, and the

game of toy soldiers is glorified into weeks of excitement!

The Japanese, immortal children, carry the game of diminution to its extreme. The dwarf trees and the excruciating carved ivories are not the only symptoms of this delightful disease; for the perfection of the spirit of play one must see their miniature gardens, often the life-employment of the owners. No matter how small the patch of ground employed, every inch is perfect. Pebble by pebble, almost grain by grain, the area is arranged, the tiny rivulet is guided between carefully curved banks, wee bridges span the shores, little lanterns and pagodas are artfully placed, plants and flowers are sown, trees planted, fishes are domiciled, till the garden is a replica of Nature at her best. Each view is a toy landscape, and without a scale, as seen in a photograph, for instance, one might think it a garden of the gods. And yet, there is a sort of play where one may use infinite distances, macrocosms for microcosms, if one has the courage and the power of visualization. These games are purely mental, feats of the imagination, though not nearly so difficult as might be thought. I know a sober, workaday lawyer, for instance, who combines the two methods with extraordinary cleverness. His income is not derived solely from his practice, I need hardly say. You will not catch him at his fascinating diversion, for his table is strewn with books and papers, and his playthings are not noticeable amongst the professional litter.

I have known him to sit for hours gazing at the table, and, once in his confidence for there is a fraternity of players, and one must give the grip and prove fellowship - he will tell you that he has shrunk to but an inch in height, so that, to him, his desk seems to be some three hundred feet long by a hundred feet wide, and its plateau is elevated some two hundred feet above the floor; as high, that is, as a church. Assuming that he has, by some miraculous means, shrunk to one-fiftieth of his stature, the size of everything visible is, of course, increased in a like proportion. His diverting occupation, under this queer state of things, is to explore his little domain, and exist as well as is possible. What adventures has he not had! There was the terrific combat with a cockroach as big as a dragon, which he finally slew with a broken needle! There was the dust storm, when the care-taker swept, and the huge snow crystals, like white pie-plates, that came in when the window was opened. He had an enormous difficulty in getting water from a glass tumbler, and he broke his teeth upon the crystals of sugar that, as a lawyer, he had been thoughtful enough to strew upon the table for the benefit of himself as an Inchling. I believe he is now attempting to escape to the floor by means of a spool of thread, if he cannot make up his mind to risk a descent by means of a paper parachute. It is a world of his own, as real to him as the child's toy paradise, a retreat immune from the cares of his daily life, a nevertiring play-ground, with perpetual discoveries possible. He, if any one, has discovered not only the art of playing, but has applied the science as well!

# There is work that is work



# he Philosophy of Despair By David Starr Jordan

We quote from an advance review:

"The most affirmative dicta by David Starr Jordan, who is not noted for negative qualities when it comes to public utterance, are contained in his attack on the philosophy of despair. 'The Philosophy of Despair' is likely to be the book by which Dr. Jordan will be best known as a thinker and analyst of the social conditions of his age. It contains his most advanced thought and evinces the keenest insight which he has vet shown."

The publishers speak with special pride of the typographical beauty of this little volume, Richly printed with large-size Casion antique type, rubricated throughout, on paper of special quality. Bound in plain boards of carbon black with white back; price, net, 75 cents.

Bound in flexible suede; boxed; price, net, \$1.50.

Bound in full leather; hand carved and colored; price, net, \$4.00.

### AUTOGRAPH EDITION.

One hundred and three numbered copies, of which 100 are for sale; on Imperial Japan vellum; bound in full genuine parchment; decorated in gold and red, after the style of the Florentine bindings; price, net, \$5.00.

REFER TO SECOND PAGE OF COVER

# and there is play that is play;

# ROMANCE COMMONPLAC

ELETT BURGESS, who has been known heretofore chiefly as a humorist, has made a radical departure from the nonsense work which first brought him into prominence when Editor of "The Lark." Intelligent and sympathetic readers of that magazine were quick to discern a serious, albeit an optimistic, note, which has always been as sincere and as spontaneous as his wit, and these forty essays on "The Romance of the Commonplace" have taken up and developed the original vein of philosophy first exploited in "The Lark."

For Mr. Burgess, Romance is not all "Made in France." He finds picturesque phases of life in the ordinary afternoon tea, in letter-writing, in living alone, and in new acquaint-ances, as well as in the more obvious color of the novel and the drama. It is his creed that the Romantic is a point of view, rather than an objective reality or contrast. This idea has been applied in his essays to features of our daily life apparently so commonplace that their dramatic possibilities are unnoticed by the more matter-of-fact observer. The materials for his comedy are at hand everywhere.

The art of "seeing things with the fresh eye" is his secret for keeping eternally young, as well as for eliminating the bore. Even when one cannot quite succeed in maintaining this posture of mind in the hurry and worry of modern life, the spicy originality and the enlivening suggestiveness of these sprightly essays cannot fail to be appreciated by the most practical-minded and materialistic reader.

Printed with some originality of typography in square 8vo, and bound in humble home-spun, extra. Price, net, \$1.50.

Bound in full leather; hand carved and colored; price, net, \$6.00.

#### AUTOGRAPH EDITION.

Ninety-three numbered copies on Ruisdael hand-made paper, bound in half genuine parchment, of

which ninety are for sale; price, net, \$5.00.

Thirteen numbered copies on Imperial Japan vellum, bound in full levant, extra, of which ten are for sale ; price, net, \$15.00.

# there is play that is work



which promises to be the most amusing thing of the year. It is full of mirth and changes many of the tiresome old proverbs from hackneyed sayings to rules of life fit for the twentieth century. Nough's has save bonor is much more to the point in these days of ours than the melodramatic original. Necessity is the mother of invention. Peride goeth before and the bill cometh after is certainly sound philosophy. Vanity, vanity, all is insanity. People who love in glass bours should pull down the bilinds.

This book is a cool, clean little gust of laughter that is worth the looking over, and might serve to supply the dates and memoranda for the coming year. Several illustrations by the authors are scattered through the pages, all being printed in two colors, bound in bright colored shirtings, with a conventional design of cats for the cover. Do not fail to acquire The Cynic's Calendar—it will supplement "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" as a contribution to the "Gaiety of the Nations." Price, net, 75 cents.

This little book has been compiled, not for the general public, but for the lesser one that loves Stevenson and calls him master. To these it will be found a pleasant pocket companion, recalling, with a favorite passage here and there, the unseen pages on the book-shelf at home.

Published by Chatto & Windus, London. A small edition only has been imported, and cannot be renewed; size, 5½ by 3½ inches. Bound in flexible cloth, gilt top; price, net, 80 cents.

Bound in flexible leather, gilt top; price, net, \$1.20.

# and work that is play.



### The Standard Upheld and Other Verses

By Morgan Shepard.

"Shall I cast down the Standard of my Life And quail beneath the clutch of circumstance?"

These are the first lines of a poem marked by the strokes of a deeply human heart. The continued intensity of human pearning, doubt, fear, hope, courage and final strong determination sweeps on in almost crowded succession. These are lines for him who works and hopes, and looks beyond the hour and the day. The remaining collection are shorter verses full of imagery, color and tenderness, with, however, here and there a verse of amount brutal ruggedness. Of this defition there are yoo numbered copies

upon Lallane hand-made paper, printed in antique black-face type with decorations and capitals in red.

Bound in gray boards; about 60 pages; size, 5 x 6; price, net, \$1.00.



Trientship A little booklet of quotations, culled from the great wealth of material furnished by the thinkers of all times in honor and tribute of this noblest emotion of the human soul. Refined by careful selection and graced by the charm of tasteful and original arrangement, it is thoroughly pervaded from cover to cover with the spirit of its subject, offering a most appropriate token of remembrance. Already four printings have been called for, the new edition being done in an appropriate flexible binding of Imperial Japan vellum and gold. Richly printed in red and black, on paper of special quality, oblong format. "Friendship" may be had in the following bindings:

Edition A. Bound in flexible maroon cover and gold, with fly leaves of Japan fibre; enclosed in uniform envelope. *Price*, net, 50 cents.

Edition B. Bound in flexible Imperial Japan vellum and gold, with fly leaves of vellum; enclosed in a parchment envelope. *Price*, net, 75 cents.

Edition C. Bound in flexible, delicate green suede, with end papers of Japan vellum and gold; enclosed in a box. *Price*, net, \$1.25.

Edition D. Bound in full leather, hand carved and colored, with end papers and fly leaves of Japan vellum; boxed, Price, net, \$3.00.

Edition E. Bound in full calf, hand carved and colored, in old ivory, with end papers and fly leaves of Japan vellum; boxed. Price, net, \$5.00.

onnets from the Trophies of José María de Heredia
Rendered into English by EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

The third revision of this scholarly translation presents these famous sonnets in well nigh perfect form. The first edition received the most favorable critical reception, but since then the entire series have twice been subjected to the most exacting revision.

Limited edition of 350 numbered copies, in oblong format; price, net, \$1.25.

Bound in full leather; hand carved and colored; price, net, \$5.00.

Bound in full paneled calf, extra, by Root, London.

Price, net, \$7.50.

# And in only one of these

The Love Sonnets of a Boodlum By Wallace Irwin, with an introduction by Gelett Burgess.

When the Hoodlum's book came before the public it carried a more direct message, perhaps, than many a more serious work ever dared to carry. It showed us convincingly how the long reverenced sonnet could become an "easy mark" and a "carry all for brain-fag wrecks," and it will live as a protest against the use of the sonnet form as a vehicle for mediocre thought.



- "Since these slang sonnets depict universal emotions and are absolutely correct in 'form,' it is hard to see how they can be denied the name of poetry." — Chicago Inter-Ocean.
- "We have rarely laughed over a slight piece of work more than over this little book,"

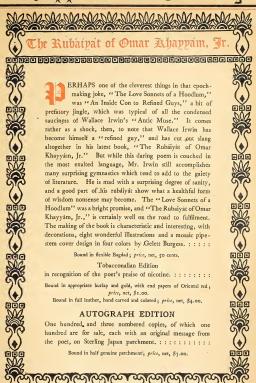
  —Pittsburg Post.
- 'San Francisco is in need of a literary vigilance committee,'
  - -Augusta (Ga.) Herald.
- "It is amazing to find the sedate English language capable of such gymnastics," —Munsey's,
- "I do not see how any one could put it down without finishing it. It is an astonishing tour de force." — Hon. John Hay.

In view of their classic quality the publishers have issued "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" in chaste simplicity. *Price*, net, 25 cents.

Bandana edition; bound in handkerchief; price, net, 50 cents. Bound in full leather; hand carved and colored; price, net, \$3.00.

### AUTOGRAPH EDITION.

One hundred and three copies, of which 100 are for sale, each with an original plaint from the Lover, on Sterling Japan parchment, bound in half genuine parchment; price, net, \$2.00.



# The Publishers' Bulletin.

of verse embodied thereinto gives cheer the year around. In form it is a four-page folder 12/2 by 10 inches, printed upon heavy brown deckle-edged paper, in five colors. Upon the third page is a wonderful carbon photograph (tipped at the corners) of the ruined altar of Mission San Luis Rey. Through a narrow window streams a shaft of sunlight striling a grim column with the brilliant reflection of the cross. The study is remarkable. The verse has substance and thought. The whole is unique and charming. Enclosed in boards for mailing: price, net, \$1.2.2.



# T H E PHILOSOPHY O F T H E GOLDEN PUP

- "Anhat's the use o' worryin'
  "For the world will still go
  roun'
- "What's the use o' scurryin'
  "When it's easy to sit down"



HUS saith the "Golden Pup," and he continues his profound philosophy through ten verses, out-Rileying James Whitcomb Riley. He is amusing, but his common sense is unusual and those who read, will laugh, but remember his words. Each line bears a thought worth considering, or, better, worth observing. "Content" is the chief note of his song. A picture fore and aft of his puppship is given fairly famed in fine architectural lines; delicate mossics of puppy-dogs'-tails lend a harmony to panel and frieze, and "golden pups" surmount the whole structure. Printed on heavy wedding bristol in five colors; size, 9¾ by 13½ inches. Enclosed in mailing case; price, net, 50 cents.



The Long Tale of a Short Tall By JOHN TALLOR. This is a series of thirty verses long, printed upon long strips of Reyel Japan vellum, which admits of a proper telling of the Tale of a Tail, and all about its strange but happy discovery, its new and at first uncertain uses and abuses. The joy of possessing a tail to wag at will is here pictured in canine phraseology—but to the point. A fully developed humor runs throughout with but one touch of seriousness. (This we excuse, for it is sincere.) Thus ends the canine rhapsody:

"Both wags and smiles have spreading ways, Oh! bid them spread, my friend; Sighs kill the hours, smiles make the days, Let us wag to the END."

Bound in boards and bark fibre, unique enough to satisfy (though those who do not love dogs should not buy).

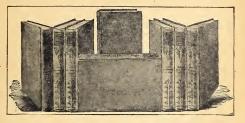
Price, 50 cents net,

# John Kendrick Bangs

EIGHT VOLUMES

## Best Books

EIGHT VOLUMES



In Eight Handsome Volumes, with more than Two Hundred Full-Page Illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson, A. B. Frost, H. W. McVickar, C. H. Johnson, F. T. Richards, Jr., Edward Penfield and Peter Newell

- I. A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX
- 5. THE IDIOT AT HOME 6 GHOSTS I HAVE MET
- 2. THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT 3. MR. BONAPARTE OF CORSICA
- 7. THE BOOMING OF ACRE HILL
- 4. COFFEE AND REPARTEE and THE IDIOT 8. THE BICYCLERS, and Three Other Farces

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS is known to every reader of American humor. Never before have his BEST books been accessible in a single uniform edition. The books chosen for this edition include every subject - wit, humor, humorous satire, farces, whimsical fancy, bright dialogue and repartee - the BEST in every way of Mr. Bangs' work. It is a great chance to have a library of humor handsomely bound and at little cost.

### OUR OFFER

We will send you the entire set of eight volumes, charges prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00. If you do not like the books when they reach you, send them back at our expense, and we will return the \$1.00. If you do like them, send us \$1.00 every month for eleven months. On receipt of this dollar, we will send you FREE, beginning at once, a year's subscription to either Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly. Harper's Bazar, or the North American Review. In writing, state which periodical you want. Address

Harper @ Brothers, Franklin Square, N. Y.

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

READY IN NOVEMBER

Mrs. Dye's Great American Romance

Being the True Story of Lewis @ Clark and Other Border Heroes

The vivid chronicle of the most wonderful event in American history, and a powerful presentation of the annals of fifty years of fron-tier conflict between the red man and the white.

500 Pages

\$1.50

A. C. McCLURG @ CO. Publishers . . . . . Chicago

## IAMES POTT Q CO. LLUSTRATED

The Mediterranean--Its Storied Cities and Venerable Ruins By J. T. Boxxery and others. Beautifully illustrated with 20 full-page photogravures and a map. Crown 800, 43 00. Three-quaters crushed levant, \$0.00. and tentralining description, both historical and present day, of such points of interest as Gibraler, Aglers, Malaga, Nice and the Strivers, Naples, Venice, Sclidy, Mala, Alexandria, etc.

#### The Builders of the Republic

By MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM, author of "Famous Families of New York." This delightful D) MARKHERITA ARLINA HAMM, author of "Famous Famines on New York. In its ueignitum volume portrays the twenty-free great Americans to whom the world is indebted for the United States. Large 12mo, 350 pages, cloth, illustrated. Net, \$2.00 (postage 22 cents), Among the immortals considered are Washington, Frankin, jollerson, Hamilton, Jay, Koox, Jones, Sherman, Marihall and Lincoln.

The illustrations, as far a possible, represent scene and objects never before published.

#### A Maid of Many Moods

By VIRNA SHEARD. Six illustrations in color from original drawings by J. E. McBurney and decorated title and head and tail pieces, by J. F. Fritz, printed on large paper, gilt top. Net, \$1.25 (postage 11 cents).

A delightful bit of fiction in which the author has made the merry days of Shakespeare alive and real.

James Pott & Co., Publishers, New York

### FINE BOOKS



### **GIFT BOOKS**

The Lark Classics. Claret cloth, gold stamped, 50 cents; flexible leather, boxed, \$1.00. Rubdiyát; Barrack Room Ballads; Departmental Ditties; Story of My Heart; Laus Veneris, etc.: Shakespare's Sonnets; Love Letters of a Violinist; Love Sonnets of Proteus; Ballads in Blue China; House of Life; with an Introduction by Howard V. Sutherland.

The Lark Editions. Boards; daintily illustrated by Edgren and Porter Garnett. 75 cents. Mandalay; Man With the Hoe.

The Lark Wisdom Series. Dark green cloth, gold stamped, 50 cents; flexible leather, boxed, \$1,00.

The Wisdom of & Kempis; The Wisdom of Schopenhauer. With Introductions by Howard V. Sutherland.

The Household Rubáiyát. A beautiful book, with 36 full page illustrations by Florence Lundborg. Notes, Introductions, etc., in handsome borders. The whole bound in a striking cover with unique design. \$1.50.

#### The Lark

Two volumes. Bound in canvas, with hand-painted cover designs. \$6.00.

#### The Purple Cow A veritable Nonsense Book. Paper, 50 cents; leather-

The Little Boy Who Lived on the Hill

"Annie Laurie's" famous child's book. Illustrated by Swinnerton. \$1.00.

Idle Hours in a Library. By Prof. W. H. Hudson. Cloth, \$1,25.

ette, \$1.00.

The Book of Jade. By the late PARK BARNITZ. Cloth, \$1.00.

Missions of California. By LAURA B. Powers. Cloth, \$1.25.

Hawaii Nei. By MABEL CLAIRE CRAFT. Cloth, \$1.50.

Two Summer Girls and I. By THEODORE BURT SAYRE. Cloth, \$1.25.

Madame de Lamvalle. By Georges Bertin; translated by Arabella Ward. Cloth, \$1.50.

The Princess Ahmadee. By ROLAND CHAMPION. Cloth, \$1.25.

Olde Love and Lavender. By Roy McCardell. \$1.25.

The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. (Book Lover's Edition.) With decorative designs by Mr. Louis B. Coley. 250 copies on hand-made paper, \$10.00; 50 copies on Japan vellum, \$20.00.

Write for our Catalogue and Specimen Rubáiyát Circular

## GODFREY A. S. WIENERS, Publisher

662 SIXTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

# Four Rubric Facts

· OF INTEREST ·

### FIRST

"The Rubrie" is a bi-monthly "magazine de luxe" devoted to Belle Lettres and Art. Issued in a format exquisite. Beautifully illustrated. A year's subscription makes an appreciated Xmas gift. By subscription, 50 cents a year. You should add your own and your friends' names to subscriber's list.

### SECOND

Vol. I. "The Rubric" appeals to every book lover. It is bound strongly in boards, designed cover, cloth back and Japanese vellum back labels. Price, per copy, 75 cents.

#### THIRD

"The Blue Sky Magazine" having been merged with "The Rubric," we can offer Volumes II, III, IV "The Blue Sky," bound, at \$1.00 a volume, and Volume V at 50 cents.

### FOURTH

There is only one magazine which goes out into the world from Concord, Mass., the Mecca of literature. It is called "The Erudite," and is issued monthly at \$1.00 a year. Mr. Lane, its editor and publisher, is also issuing a series of 12 booklets under the title of "Concord Authors." Of the series, No. 1 is an introductory essay on "Concord, the Town." Then follow Emerson, Thoreau, Whieldon, Hawthorne, the two Alcotts, etc., etc. The regular price of this series is \$3.00.

By special arrangement we are prepared to offer you "The Erudite," "Concord Authors" and "The Rubric" for \$1.50, to one or separate addresses.

Any of the above may be ordered through "Impressions" or direct

The Rubric, STUDIO Chicago, Ill.

### BAYOU TRISTE

By Josephine Hamilton Nicholls

12mo: illustrated: \$1.50

A highly entertaining story by the daughter of the Chies Justice of Louisiana, The cordial good feeling existing between the plantation negro and his old master's children and grandchildren is charmingly portrayed. It also deals with the fortunes and love affairs of the young master of the hroken-down old home, and of his humor-loving sister. A true picture of Louisiana plantation life of today.

### THE LOVE STORY OF ABNER STONE

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

Third edition; 8vo, \$1.20 net (postpaid \$1.29)

It is unnecessary to reprint the scores of reviews of this volume, showing the critics' appreciation of the beauty and charm of Mr. Litsey's book. The reader falls at once under the spell of the pure and sweet spirit pervading it, and lives with Abner Stone that tranquil, quiet life in Kentucky in the early sixties. To those who are weary of the hombast and fury of many modern novels, this book will come as a genuine relief.

#### HOME THOUGHTS FIRST AND SECOND SERIES

By "C" (Mrs. James Farley Cox)

To vols., each. 12mo, \$1.20 net (postpaid \$1.30) The set: cloth, \$2.40 net; half calf, \$7.00 net

No hetter gift could be devised than a set of "Home Thoughts." "A book which every mother, wife and daughter in the land should read,"-The Book-Buyer, "Should find a place among the presents of all brides of our generations," -Mail and Express. "The 'Second Series' are more beautiful and inspiring, if possible, than the first,"-N. Y. Herald.

A. S. BARNES & CO., 156 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK



### Pictures by Gibson,

Federic Remington, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Mitchell Pierce, Oliver Herror Court of the Christy, Thomas Mitchell Pierce, Oliver Herror Christy, Thomas Mitchell Pierce, Oliver Herror Christy, Thomas Mitchell Pierce, Christic Publications and Beautiful Juvenile Books. With a man Beautiful Juvenile Books. With a Sent Free to any address. Send for artistic brochure, "Modern Book Collecting," if you are interested in special book-making by the July Sender Book Christy, Thomas Mitchell Pierce, and the Christy Ch R.H.RUSSELL, Publisher, New York

STOP!

Do you wish to give a present to a friend?

> SOMETHING NEW SOMETHING ODD SOMETHING UNIQUE SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL

Then write today for a catalogue of "Good Things For Book Lovers." Free for the asking.

### DODGE

Publishing Company

40 W. 13th St., New York

N. B .- Don't let people fool you with imitations; get a genuine "Dodge" binding

### Some of Little, Brown & Company's New Books

- FICTION

THE OUEEN OF OUELPARTE A Romance of the Far East. By ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT. Illustrated. \$1.50.

THE PHARAOH AND THE PRIEST

A powerful novel of Ancient Egypt. By ALEXANDER GLOVATSKI. Translated by JEREMIAH CURTIN. Illustrated. \$1.50.

IN THE COUNTRY GOD FORGOT

A realistic story of Arizona. By Frances Charles (fourth edition). \$1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

GLIMPSES OF CALIFORNIA By Helen Jackson, author of "Ramona," etc. With 37 pictures by Henry Sandham. 12mo. \$1.50.

GLIMPSES OF CHINA AND CHINESE HOMES

By EDWARD S. MORSE, author of "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings." Illustrated. \$1.50 net. THE STRUGGLE FOR A CONTINENT

A one-volume Parkman, edited by Pelham Edgar of the University of Toronto, Illustrated, \$1,50 net.

SEND FOR CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE CONTAINING COMPLETE LIST OF NEW BOOKS . . . LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

### Attractive Holiday Books

### IAPANESE GIRLS AND WOMEN

By ALICE M. BACON. With colored illustrations by a Japanese artist. \$4.00.

A charming account of the life of the girls and women of Japan, with exquisite illustrations, and bound in Japanese silk.

#### GRIMM TALES MADE GAY

By GUY WETMORE CARRYL. With humorous illustrations by Albert Levering. \$1.50 net, postage extra. Clever travesties in verse of Grimm's Fairy Tales. The illustrations consist of a full-page picture

for each verse and many grotesque marginal sketches.

#### PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Holiday Edition. With characteristic illustrations by Charles E.

Brock. \$2.00.
This is uniform with the Holiday Editions of Mrs. Wiggin's wonderfully popular books, "Penelope's Experiences in England and Scotland," and "A Cathedral Courtship."

### A POCKETFUL OF POSIES

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN, author of "In the Days of Giants," etc. With attractive illustrations and marginal notes in red. \$1.00 net, postage extra.

A collection of verses full of sprightliness, humor and grace, and having the very air of children's play. Miss Brown has a rare faculty for entering into the mind of a child in a joyous spirit.

### MISS MUFFET'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

By SAMUEL M. CROTHERS. Delightfully illustrated by Olive M. Long. A gathering of all the heroes and heroines of juvenile literature into a story of irresistible attractions. Miss Muffet's party was one after a little girl's own heart.

FOR SALE AT BOOKSTORES OR BY THE PUBLISHERS

Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, Mass.

### A. WESSELS COMPANY, 7 & 9 West 18th Street, NEW YORK

Announce for immediate publication

### BARBIZON DAYS

### MILLET, COROT, ROUSSEAU, BARYE

By Professor Charles Sprague Smith

Square 8vo, cloth decorative, gilt top, with about 46 illustrations (postage 15 cents). \$2.00 net.

These studies, written in the Forest of Fontainebleau, show the close relation between the life and surroundings of the artists and their retailine work—a book of permanent value.

### THE LEGENDS OF THE IROQUOIS

By W. W. Canfield

Small 8vo, paper boards, 2 illustrations (edition limited to 500 numbered copies) (postage 12 cents). \$2.50 net. By study pursued under most frontback circumstances, the writer has succeeded in bringing these lepends to a point nearly approaching their original heavy, care has been taken in their dishoration not to depart from the simplicity and directness of statement characteristic of the India.

AUTHORS AT HOME. Personal and Biographical Sketches of Well-known American Writers, Edited by J. L. & J. B. Gilder.

12mo, cioth decorative, with five portraits (postage 12 cents). \$1.00 net.

The sketches in this book have as their special value the fact that the writer of each article was selected for the purpose by the authors, and all written with their approval. One gets a closer and more intimate view of the authors sketched than their writings could possibly afford.

CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN OF HARPER'S FERRY, a Preliminary Incident of the Great Civil War. By John Newton.

Tamo, cloth, literatured (postage II cents). \$1.25 nst.
This book, the product of the scanty leliuse of five years,
the product of the scanty leliuse of five years,
the product of the scanty leliuse of five years,
the product of the product of the scanty leliuse of first five
fine the product of the scanty leliuse of John Brown's character and career. Every care has been
taken to arrive at the exact factor on disputed points, and to
state those facts clearly. A valuable contribution to American history.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE AND ANNOUNCEMENT LIST MAILED UPON APPLICATION

### There is One Great Children's Book this Year

# The Life and Adventures of SANTA CLAUS

By L. FRANK BAUM Author of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz" "Father Goose," "The Master Key," Etc.



The charming idea of a life of Santa Claus will make an instant appeal to every child, and the story is so delightfully told that the book seems sure to become a children's classic.

It begins with the early childhood of Santa Claus and tells of his growth to manhood under the care of the fairies, who teach him their secrets and finally confer upon him the gift of immortality. A fine chapter is that describing the evolution of the toy; and the description of how Santa Claus happened to think of making dolls is delightful.

With twenty full-page pictures in colors and a gaily illuminated cover; cloth bound, price, \$1.00

The Bowen Merrill Company, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

### Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

We make a specialty of attractive papers for publications, pamphlets, booklets and such. We particularly recommend at this time the Albion Book Paper (English finish) for inside type or cut work (half-tone or line), and Herculean Cover in the new shades of gray and brown makes a stylish and attractive cover. Our lines are exclusive : : : : :

Note: The paper upon which IMPRES-SIONS is printed is one of our specialties

401-403 Sansome Street and 500-508 Sacramento Street ...

### THUMLER & RUTHERFORD

538 California St., San Francisco

EXPERT WORK IN

BOOKBINDING LEATHERS, SILKS BROCADES, ETC.

Bankers' Cases, Wallets, Etc., to order

We have peculiar facilities for executing every variety of work in our numerous lines

TECHNICAL WORK









### O. Kai & Co.

316 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California:::

Importers of Japanese Art Goods. Main office, Tokio, Japan. Established 1886. Telephone Black 3566.









224 Post Street, San Francisco, California:::

Japanese Embroidery and Drawn Work a Specialty. Beautiful Presents. Easy to send to your friends by mail.



## A NEW TRAIN!

November 1st the

# Golden State Limited

BETWEEN

## San Francisco and Chicago

will be placed in service by the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC AND ROCK ISLAND SYSTEM

\_\_\_\_\_VIA\_

EL PASO SHORT LINE

Quick Time, Lowest Grades, No High Altitudes, Electric Lighted, and Exclusively First-Class

A DAILY TRANSCONTINENTAL LUXURY

Inquire at the

### INFORMATION BUREAU

613 Market Street

Look for the imprint
"Stanley-Taylor" on books
gotten out by Pacific Coast
publishers

The Stanley-Taylor Company

Book Printers

656 Mission Street

San Francisco

Two-thirds of the well-printed books published on the Pacific Coast be a rour imprint

The Stanley-Taylor Company

Book Printers

656 Mission Street

San Francisco

### Everybody Reads

### "The Raven"

California's Popular Magazine

"The Raven" is published in the interest of home writers and American literature; it is issued at the low sum of One Dollar per year or Ten Cents per copy. Solicit the subscription of your friends as an evidence of your appreciation and support of a California literary enterprise.

The Raven Publishing Comp'y

916 MARKET ST. San Francisco, Cal.

Ask your newsdealer for "The Raven" A Modern Plant, with Every Facility for Perfect Work

## UNION PHOTO-ENGRAV-ING CO.

142-4-6 Union Square Ave. San Francisco: California

### Established 1865

The Hicks-Judd Co.

Printers

Bookbinders

Publishers

21-23 First Street

San Francisco : : California

### A. Zellerbach & Sons

"THE PAPER HOUSE"

Importers and Dealers in all kinds of

# Paper

416-418 Sansome Street

San Francisco, Cal.

## C. L. HOGUE OPTICAL CO.

An instant's glance into our rooms will convince that ours is strictly an OPTICAL BUSINESS, where the needs and ailments of the eye are understood. Experience and skill have made their mark

#### AN INNOVATION

211 POST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

### SCHUSSLER BROS.

PICTURES, FRAMES, MIRRORS, ARTISTS' MATERIALS, FINE GILDING

Our new store is beautifully appointed, large and light. Everything that the artistic sense could plan has been done for our patrons. All work from our shops is personally superintended. Our framing immediately conveys a feeling of satisfaction, for it is planned by assistants whose artistic feeling makes a successful result certain.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES IN ABUNDANCE

Our New Store: 119 and 121 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.



## The Yamanashi

A beautiful store piled high with rare Antiques, all selected with the best judgment and taste. Lacquers, Bronzes, Brocades, Rare Prints, Blue Porcelain (genuinely old), and Drawn Work.

Our patrons courteously attended

219 Post Street, San Francisco



SOUTUMN LIST OF BOOKS ISSUED IN CHOICE AND LIMITED EDITIONS BY THOMAS B. MOSHER, AT XLV EXCHANGE STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE, SEASON OF MDCCCCII.

#### THE OLD WORLD SERIES . . . . .

925 copies on Van Gelder's hand-made paper, at \$1.00 net. 100 copies on Japan vellum (numbered), at \$2.50 net.

XXVI. IN MEMORIAM By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

XXVII. PIPPA PASSES By ROBERT BROWNING.

XXVIII. A DREAM OF IOHN BALL By WILLIAM MORRIS.

#### THE QUARTO SERIES .....

IV. POEMS AND BALLADS

Second and third series by A. C. SWINBURNE. 450 copies, large quarto, printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper. Price, \$5.00 net.

V. POEMS: MDCCCLXX

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. 450 copies printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper. Price, \$5.00 net.

VI. THE RENAISSANCE

Studies in art and poetry by WALTER PATER. 45 copies, quarto, printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper. Price, \$4.00 net. 35 copies on Japan vellum (numbered and signed), \$15.00 net.

### THE BROCADE SERIES ....

425 copies on Japan vellum, done up in flexible covers, with sealed parchment wrappers and brocade slide case. All volumes sold separately. Price, 75 cents net.

XXXI. IMMENSEE: Translated from the German of Theodor Storm

By IRMA ANN HEATH. XXXII. GERTHA'S LOVERS: A Tale.

By WILLIAM MORRIS. XXXIII. GOLDEN WINGS: Svend and

His Brethren By WILLIAM MORRIS.

XXXIV. THE STORY OF THE UN-KNOWN CHURCH: Lindenborg Pool: A Dream. Three Tales

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

XXXV. NATURE AND ETERNITY and Other Uncollected Papers By RICHARD JEFFERIES.

XXXVI. BY SUNDOWN SHORES.

By FIONA MACLEOD. In brocade boxes holding eight to twelve books.

#### REPRINTS OF PRIVATELY PRINTED BOOKS

X. FRAGILIA LABILIA By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

450 copies, octavo, printed on genuine Kelmscott hand-made paper. Price, \$1.00 net. 50 copies on Japan vellum (numbered), \$2.00 net.

THE GARLAND OF RACHEL. By DIVERS KINDLY HANDS.

450 copies, post octavo, printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper. Price, \$2.00 net. 50 copies on Japan vellum (numbered and signed), \$5.00 net.

XII. RUBÁIYÁT of OMAR KHAYYÁM AII. ROBAITAI Of UMAR RITATIAIN
The Astronomer-Poet of Persia. Translated into English
verse by EDWASD PITZGERALD. First printed by Bernard
simile, with a bibliographical introduction.
200 numbered and signed copies, small quarto, printed on
Van Gelder hand-made paper. Price, 45.00 nec.

#### MISCELLANEOUS . . . . . . . . .

XVII. THE POEMS OF ERNEST DOWSON

600 copies, small quarto, printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper. Price, \$2.50 net. 50 copies on Japan vellum (numbered and signed), \$5.00 net.

XVIII. EDWARD FITZGERALD An Aftermath by FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

600 copies, small quarto, printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper. Price, \$2.50 net. 60 copies on Japan vellum, \$5.00 net.

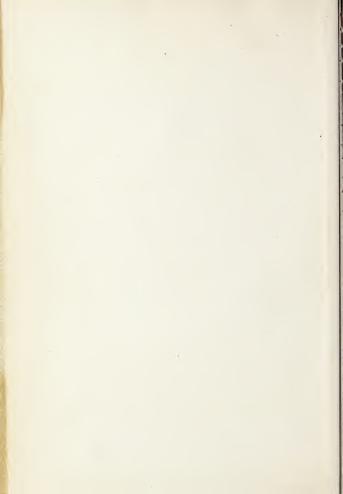
XIX. THE SILENCE OF AMOR A series of prose poems by FIONA MACLEOD.

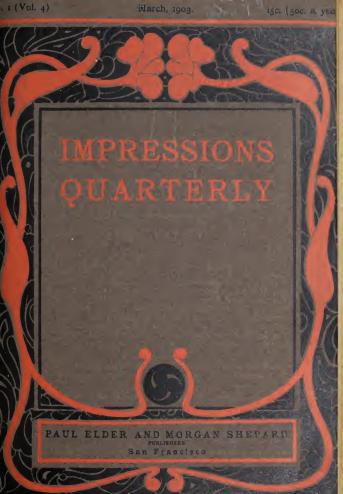
### THE BIBELOT ........

Volume VIII, small quarto, antique boards. \$1.50 net.

A handsome descriptive catalogue of Mr. Mosher's complete catalogue will be sent by ELDER AND SHEPARD, 238 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.









independent thought in matters of literature and art: published quarterly. Edited by Paul Elder.

| THE PASS OF ULIVO-YE                | by Dora Ansdem         |  |   |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------|--|---|
| Guesta                              | by fired A. White      |  |   |
| A LITTLE TRIP TO UTOPIA-No. 1 -     |                        |  |   |
| OUR BENEVOLEDT FEDOMORO             | by-Ernen Compati Ware  |  | 1 |
| THE THINGS THAT ABIDE               | h A. T. Lurry          |  | 3 |
| THE LAST BOOK OF FRANK NOW IS -     |                        |  |   |
| THE ST NOARD WHILD AND OTHER VERSES | s by J. I              |  |   |
| A SMILE                             |                        |  |   |
| THE GROWER OF THE HOME -            |                        |  |   |
| THE SONG PURCETAL                   | L. Linuiso Some - '    |  |   |
| Barrowi                             |                        |  |   |
| The Worth of Civilization           |                        |  |   |
| TRUE WISDOM                         | by R Art Levil Sevenin |  |   |
| Provident                           |                        |  |   |

# IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY ANNOUNCEMENT 1903

In FOLLOWING the time-honored custom of heralding the coming year, the publishers submit their little sheaf with due modesty,—although it is not proper that they should say aught to minimize the articles of their contributors. These, bounded only by the limitations of space, have been treated from the standpoint of mature thought and with distinctive ability, each issue presenting a collection of "Essays in Little" of unusual interest. For the coming year, the editor has departed from the plans of the preceding volumes, by arranging for several articles of a scope exceeding the space of a single number. issee, therefore, will be presented serially.

### SERIALS FOR 1903

- The Print Artists of Japan. Running through the four issues for the coming year, there will be a series of papers by Mrs. Dora Amsden, each treating of a complete period, but in their entirety forming a study of this fascinating subject. The readers of the September and December numbers will have noticed two papers in the series, The Romanee of Hokusai, followed by Utamaro. Historically, these papers should have followed that in the present issue, which, under the name of The Rise of Ukiyo-Te, forms a preface or introduction to the general subject. This will be followed by No. 2, Genroku (The Golden Era of Romance and Art); No. 3, The Actor Print Designs of Torii; No. 4, Herosbige, the Landscape Painter, Apostle of Impressionism.
- A Little Trip to Utopia. Under the mask of the initials H. W. R. the author will present in four papers a very delicate satire on the manners and customs of the times, describing an imaginary trip to a little California Utopia, and giving an account of some of the mild reforms that have been there instituted.
- The Home. Mr. Charles Keeler will have four papers on the subject of "The Home; "Imbued with the spirit of the simple life. The papers will be grouped as follows: No. 1, The Growth of the Home; No. 2, The Building of the Home; No. 3, The Furnishing of the Home; No. 4, The Life of the Home.

### THE JUNE NUMBER

Additional to the above mentioned serial papers, the June number of IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY will have a scholarly paper by Prof. A. T. Murray of Stanford University on the subject of *Translations from the Greek Drama*; an essay upon *Lyric Poetry*, by Mr. Alfred A. Wheeler, and other papers of review and timely subjects.

Annual subscription for nineteen hundred and three, Fifty Cents

ELDER AND SHEPARD, SAN FRANCISCO

### A HEAVEN ON EARTH

36 Carl Tay Contract

Thus Spake the Sage of Swevenham:



BID you to live in peace and patience without fear or hatred, and to succor the oppressed and love the lovely,

and to be the Friends of men, so that when ye are dead at last, men may say of you,—they brought down Heaven to the Earth for a little while.

What say ye, children?

WILLIAM MORRIS.





951

### The Rise of Ukiyo-ye.

#### PREFACE.

HE Art of Ukiyo-ye is a "spiritual rendering of the realism and naturalness of the daily life, intercourse with nature, and imaginings, of a lively
impressionable race, in the full tide of a passionate craving for art." This
characterization of Jarves sums up forcibly the motive of the masters of
Ukiyo-ye, the Popular School of Japanese Art, so poetically interpreted
"The Floating World."

To the Passionate Pilgrim, and devotee of nature and art, who has visited the enchanted Orient, it is unnecessary to prepare the way for the proper understanding of Ukiyo-ye. This joyous idealist trusts less to dogma than to impressions. "I know nothing of Art, but I know what I like," is the language of sincerity, sincerity which does not take a stand upon creed or tradition, nor upon cut and dried principles and conventions. It is truly said that "they alone can pretend to fathom the depth of feeling and beauty in an alien art, who resolutely determine to scrutinize it

from the point of view of an inhabitant of the place of its birth.

To the born cosmopolite, who assimilates alien ideas by instinct, or the gauging power of his sub-conscious intelligence, the feat is easy, but to the less intuitively gifted, it is necessary to serve a novitiate, in order to appreciate "a wholly recalcitrant element like Japanese Art, which at once demands attention, and defies judgment upon accepted theories." These sketches are not an individual expression, but an endeavour to give in condensed form the opinions of those qualified by study and research to speak with authority upon the form of Japanese Art, which in its most concrete development the Ukiyo-ye print is now claiming the attention of the art world.

The development of colour printing is, flowever, only the objective symbol of Ukiyo-ye, for, as our Western oracle, Professor Fenollosa, said, "The true history of Ukiyo-ye, although including prints as one of its most fascinating diversions, is not a history of the

technical art of printing, rather an æsthetic history of a peculiar kind of design."

The temptation to make use of one more quotation, in concluding these introductory remarks, is irresistible, for in it Walter Pater sets his seal upon art as a legitimate pursuit, no matter what form it takes, though irreconcilable with preconceived ideas and traditions. "The legitimate contention is not of one age or school of art against another, but of all successive schools alike, against the stupidity which is dead to the substance, and the vulgarity which is dead to form."

As the Popular School (Ukiyo-ye) was the outcome of over a thousand years of growth, it is necessary to glance back along the centuries in order to understand and follow the

processes of its development.

Though the origin of painting in Japan is shrouded in obscurity, and veiled in tradition, there is no doubt that China and Corea were the direct sources from which she derived her art; whilst more indirectly she was influenced by Persia and India,—the sacred fount of Oriental art,—as of religion, which ever went hand in hand.

In China, the Ming dynasty gave birth to an original style, which for centuries dominated the art of Japan; the sweeping calligraphic strokes of Hokusai mark the sway of hereditary influence, and his wood-cutters, trained to follow the graceful fluent lines of his

purely Japanese work, were staggered by his sudden flights into angular realism.

The Chinese and Buddhist schools of art dated from the sixth century, and in Japan, the Emperor Heizei founded an imperial academy in 808. This cacdemy, and the school of Yamato, founded by Motomitsu in the eleventh century, led up to the celebrated school of Tosa, which with Kano, its august and aristocratic rival, held undisputed supremacy for centuries, until challenged by plebelan Ukiyo-ye, the school of the common people of Japan.

Tosa has been characterized as the "manifestation of ardent faith, through the purity of an ethereal style." Tosa represented the taste of the court of Kyoto, and was relegated

to the service of the aristocracy; it reflected the esoteric mystery of Shinto and the hallowed entourage of the divinely descended Mikado. The ceremonial of the court, its fêtes and religious solemnities,—dances, attended by daimios, in robes of state falling in full harmonious folds,—were depicted with consummate elegance and delicacy of touch, which betrayed familiarity with the occult methods of Persian miniature painting. The Tosa artists used very fine, pointed brushes, and set off the brilliance of their colouring with resplendent backgrounds in gold leaf, and it is to Tosa we owe the intricate designs, almost microscopic in detail, which are to be seen upon the most beautiful specimens of gold lacquer work; and

screens, which for richness have never been surpassed. Japanese Art was ever dominated by the priestly hierarchy, and also by temporal rulers. and of this the school of Tosa was a noted example, as it received its title from the painterprince, Tsunetaka, who, besides being the originator of an artistic centre, held the position of vice-governor of the province of Tosa. From its incipience, Tosa owed its prestige to the Mikado and his nobles, as later Kano became the official school of the usurping Shoguns. Thus the religious, political and artistic history of Japan were ever closely allied. The Tosa style was combated by the influx of Chinese influence, culminating in the fourteenth century, in the rival school of Kano. The school of Kano owed its origin to China. At the close of the fourteenth century the Chinese Buddhist priest, Josetsu, left his own country for Japan, and bringing with him Chinese tradition, he founded a new dynasty whose descendants still represent the most illustrious school of painting in Japan. The Kano school to this day continues to be the stronghold of classicism, which in Japan signifies principally adherence to Chinese models, a traditional technique, and avoidance of subjects which represent everyday life. The Chinese calligraphic stroke lay at the root of the technique of Kano, and the Japanese brush owed its facility elementarily to the art of writing. Dexterous handling of the brush is necessary to produce these bold incisive strokes, and the signs of the alphabet require little expansion to resolve themselves into draped forms, and as easily they can be decomposed into their abstract element.

Walter Crane inculcates the wisdom of this method for preliminary practice with the brush in his valuable study, "Line and Form," but the Chinese and Japanese ideographs

give a far wider scope to initial brush work.

The early artists of Kano reduced painting to an academic art, and destroyed naturalism, until the genins of Masanobu, who gave his name to the school, and still more, that of his son Motonobu, the real "Kano." grafted on to Chinese models, and monotony of monochrome, a warmth of colour and harmony of design which regenerated and revivified the whole system. Kano yielded to Chinese influence, Tosa combated it, and strove for a purely national art, Ukiyo-ye bridged the chasm, and became the exponent of both schools, bringing about an expansion in art, which could never have been realized by these aristocratic rivals. The vigour and force of the conquering Shoguns led Kano, while the lustre of Tosa was an emanation from the sanctified and veiled Mikado.

The favourite subjects of the Kano painters were chiefly Chinese saints and philosophers, mythological and legendary heroes, represented in various attitudes with backgrounds of conventional clouds and mists, interspersed with symbolical emblems. Many of the Kano saints and heroes bear a striking resemblance to mediæval subjects, as they are often represented rising from billowy cloud masses, robed in ethereal draperies, and with heads encircled

by the nimbus.

Space will not permit a glance at the personnel of the many schools of Japanese Art. A lengthy catalogue alone would be required to enumerate the masters who inaugurated schools, for if an artist developed exceptional talent in Japan, he immediately founded an individual school, and it was incumbent upon his descendants for generations to adhere rigidily to the principles he had inculcated, so becoming slaves to traditional methods.

During the anarchy of the fourteenth century art stagnated in Japan, but a revival, corresponding with our European Renaissance, followed. The fifteenth century in Japan, as in Europe, was essentially the age of revival. Wm. Anderson epitomizes in one pregnant phrase this working power. "All ages of healthy human prosperity are more or less revivals. A little study would probably show that the Ptolemaic era in Egypt was a renaissance of the Theban age, in architecture as in other respects, while the golden period

of Augustus in Rome was largely a Greek revival." There seems ever to have been a reciprocal action in Japanese Art. Tosa, famed for delicacy of touch, minutiæ of detail and brilliance of colour, yielded to the black and white, vigorous force of Kano. Kano again was modified by the glowing colouring introduced by Kano Masanobu and Motonobu. Later we see the varied palette of Miyagawa Choshum efface the monochromic simplicity of

Moronobu, the ringleader of the printers of Ukiyo-ye.

The leading light in art in the beginning of the fifteenth century was Cho Densu, the Fra Angelico of Japan, who, a simple monk, serving in a Kyoto temple, must in a trance of religious and artistic ecstasy have beheld a spectrum of fadeless dyes, so wondrous were the colours he lavished upon the draperies of his saints and sages. The splendour of this beatific vision has never faded, for the masters who followed in the footsteps of the inspired monk reverently preserved the secret of these precious shades, till at last, in the form of the Ukiyo-ye print, they were sown broadcast, and revolutionized the colour sense of the art world.

It has been remarked that Japanese Art of the nineteenth century is often nothing but a reproduction of the works of the ancient great masters, and the methods and mannersms of the fifteenth century artists have ever served as examples for later students. The glory of the fifteenth century was increased by Mitsonobu of Tosa, and above all by the two great Kano artists, Masanobu and his son Motonobu, who received the title of "Hogan," and is referred to as "Ko Hogan," or the ancient Hogan, of whom it has been remarked, "He filled the air with luminous beams."

By the close of the fifteenth century the principles of art in Japan became definitely fixed, as, almost contemporaneously, Giotto established a canon of art in Florence, which he in turn had received from the Attic Greeks, through Cimabue, and which was condensed

by Ruskin into a grammar of art, under the term "Laws of Fesole."

The two great schools, Tosa and Kano, flourished independently until the middle of the eighteenth century, when the genius of the popular artists, forming the school of Ukiyo-ye, gradually fused the traditions of Tosa and Kano, absorbing the methods of these rival schools,—which, differing in technique and motive, were united in their proud disdain of the new art which dared to represent the manners and customs of the common people. Harunobu and Hokusai, Kiyonaga and Hiroshige were the crowning glory of all the schools,—the artists whose genius told the story of their country, day by day, weaving a century of history into one living encyclopedia, sumptuous in form, kaleidoscopic in colour.

Ukiyo-ye prepared Japan for intercourse with other nations, by developing in the commorpople an interest in other countries, in science and foreign culture, and by promoting
the desire to travel, through the means of illustrated books of varied scenes. To Ukiyo-ye,
the Japanese owed the gradual expansion of international consciousness, which culminated in
the revolution of 1868,—a revolution, the most astonishing in history, accomplished as if
by miracle; but the esoteric germ of this seemingly spontaneous growth of Meiji lay in the

atelier of the artists of Ukiyo-ye.

To trace the evolution of the Popular School in its development through nearly three centuries is a lengthy study, of deep interest. The mists of uncertainty gather about the lives of many apostles of Ukiyo-ye, from the originator, Iwasa Matahei, to Hiroshige, one of the latest disciples, whose changes of style and diversity of signature have given rise to the supposition that as many as three artists are entitled to the name. These mists of tradition cannot be altogether dispersed by such indefatigable students as M. Louis Gonse, Professor Fenollosa, M. Edmond de Goncourt, Wm. Anderson, and many others, but by their aid the methods of Oriental Art are clarified and explained.

I wasa Matahei, the date of whose birth is given as 1578, is considered to be the originator of the Popular School. The spontaneous growth of great movements and the mystery of the source of genius are illustrated in the career of Matahei. His environment fitted him to follow in the footsteps of his master, Mitsunori of Tosa. Yet the city of Kyoto, veiled in mystic sanctive, where religion and princely patronage held art in conventional shackles, gave birth to the leader of the Popular School. Still, was not Kyoto, the sacred heart of Japan, a fit cradle for Ukiyo-ye, the life and soul of the Japanese people?

Matahei and his followers entered into the spirit of the Japanese temperament, and from the Popular School sprang liberty and a novelty of horizon. The aristocratic schools had confined themselves entirely to representations of princely pageantry, to portraiture, and to ideal pictures of mythical personages, saints and sages. Therefore Matahei was contemptuously disowned by Tosa for depicting scenes from the life of his countrymen, yet the technique of Kano and Tosa were the birthright of the artists of Ukiyo-ye, an inalienable inheritance in form, into which they breathed the spirit of life, thus revivifying an art, grown cold and academical, and frosted with tradition. The colouring of Kano had faded, tending continually toward monochrome, but the Ukiyo-ye painters restored the use of gorgeous pigments, preserving the glory of Kano Yeitoku, the court painter to Hideyoshi.

In the middle of the seventeenth century appeared Hishigawa Moronobu, considered by many to be the real founder of Ukiyo-ye. His genius welded with the new motif the use of the block for printing, an innovation which led to the most characteristic development in Ukiyo-ye art. This art of printing, which originated in China and Corea, had, until the beginning of the seventeenth century, been confined solely to the service of religion for the reproduction of texts and images, but Moronobu conceived the idea of using the form of printed book illustration, just coming into vogue, as a channel to set forth the life of the people. Besides painting and illustrating books, he began printing single sheets, occasionally adding to the printed outlines dashes of colour from the brush, principally in orange and These sheets, the precursors of the Ukiyo-ye prints, superseded the Otsu-ye,impressionistic hand-paintings, draughted hastily for rapid circulation. The Otsu-ye were sometimes richly illuminated, the largest surfaces in the costumes being filled in with a ground of black lacquer, and ornamented with layers of gold leaf attached by varnish.

Moronobu acquired his technique from both Tosa and Kano, but was originally a designer for the rich brocades and tissues, woven in Kyoto. He added to this art that of embroidery, and, leaving Kyoto, took up this branch at the rival city Yedo, where all the arts and crafts were developing under the fostering care of the Tokugawa Shoguns, the dynasty with which. Ukiyo-ye art is practically coextensive. It was Hishigawa Moronobu who designed for his countrywomen their luxurious trailing robes, with enormous sleeves, richly embroidered, -gorgeous and stately garments which he loved to reproduce on paper, with marvellous powers of sweeping line. As in all fashions of dress, in time the graceful lines became exaggerated until, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, they overstepped the limits of beauty, and approached the realm of caricature. To-day, in the modern poster, we see perpetuated the degenerate offspring of the genius of Moronobu, of whom it is remarked that his enlarged compositions have the plasticity of bas-reliefs.

An artist who greatly influenced Moronobu was Tanyu of Kano, whose masterpiece may be seen at the great temple in Kyoto, - four painted panels of lions, of indescribable majesty. M. Louis Gonse tells us that one of Tanyu's kakemono, belonging to a celebrated French painter, well sustains the test of comparison, with its companion pictures, in the artist's studio, by Durer, Rembrandt and Rubens. Under Tanyu's direction the task of reproducing the old masterpieces was undertaken. The artists of Ukiyo-ye were ever ready to profit by the teaching of all the schools; therefore, properly to follow the methods of the Popular School we must study the work of the old masters, and the subjects from

which they derived their inspiration.

In this brief resumé we cannot follow the fluctuations of Japanese Art through the During long periods of conflict and bloody internecine strife, art languished; when peace reigned, then in the seclusion of their yashikis these fierce and princely warriors threw down their arms, and surrendered themselves to the service of beauty and of art. Nor had the dainty inmates of their castles languished idly during these stirring times. Often they defended their honour and their homes against treacherous neighbours. It was a Japanese woman who led her conquering countrymen into Corea. In the arts of peace the cultured women of Japan kept pace with their lovers and husbands. A woman revised and enlarged the alphabet, and some of the most beautiful classic poems are ascribed to them. Well might the Japanese fight fiercely for his altar and home, with the thought of the flower-soft hands that were waiting to strip him of his armour and stifle with caresses the recollection of past conflict. The early history of Japan suggests a comparison with ancient Greece, and the

Japanese poets might have apostrophized their country, as did Byron the land of his adoption.

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!"

Happily Japan, unlike Greece, withstood the enervating influences of luxury and the passionate adoration of beauty. Princes laboured alike with chisel and with brush, and the loftiest rulers disdained not the tool of the artisan. Art Industrial kissed Grand Art, which remained wirile beneath the sturdy benediction. Therefore Japan lives, unlike Greece, whose beauty in decay called forth that saddest of dirges, ending,

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

In Japan, art lightens the burden of labour, utility and beauty go hand in hand, and the essential and the real reach upward, and touch the beautiful and the ideal.

DORA AMSDEN.

To be followed in June number by Genroku (The Golden Era of Romance and Art). Copyright. All rights reserve-

#### Ghosts

Say not the fumy figure of a ghost
Would curdle your white blood! If once so favored
As to behold (not painted by the brain)
A bare soul, challenge his ghostship for a shape
Alive, not dead, some denizen of space
Blown from his proper element to ours:
Stray starling, from what sapphire-shining sun?
A skyey nautilus, designed to sail
Ultimate ether, but shipwrecked on earth!
And like a note blown from the gusty dark,
Or perfume of sweet flow'rs to one who rows
Far from all shores amid a flow'rless lake,
Whence and how wafted (who shall say?) across
Earth's airy furrow ploughed around the sun!

ALFRED A. WHEELER.

### A Little Trip to Utopia-I.

DREAMED a dream. I thought that up above the Santa Clara valley, along the thermal belt, curving around one of the folds of Black Mountain, there was a little settlement, and the name of it was Utopia, and the nature of it was as follows. It was founded by retired professors from Stanford University down in the valley, who, inasmuch as they had acquired a competence, of the kind called "modest." (such are the emoluments of that profession); and could find it in their hearts to withdraw from their work while still young, and give the innumerable cloud of even younger Ph. D.'s that darkens the land an opportunity (such the generosity of the professional nature); had gone up to this pleasant spot, from which they could look down on the fumum et opes strepitumque of the university, and there, with a few friends from other walks of life, like-minded, built themselves homes and a little community. They all were idealists, but idealists who had rubbed and bumped up against things, and knew that human nature and human institutions are not fluids but solids, somewhat like glaciers, which "do move," but do certainly take their own time about it and manage it in their own way. So they were attempting up here nothing communistic, nothing cooperative; but were merely living, independently, each family in its own way, and contenting themselves on the socialistic side with a few little experiments that could be regarded in the light of justifiable dissipation, no more reprehensible in an idealist than, in the practical man, is his devotion to a particularly expensive brand of cigars or of claret; - living there, and writing books (those that they had wanted to write while amassing their competence, but had n't quite found time for); and seeing their children ride down to the university in the morning and come back wiser at night; and caring for their gardens; and, above all, cultivating their little, aforementioned, Utopian-fads; for that's what they were, mild innocuous fads.

I thought I went up to see them. I had been their colleague, but had been too matter-of-fact to resign and join them. Still, I made a visit there.

The trip was a long one. I arrived at sunset. The great valley was flooded with a rosy light, as I've seen the valleys of central Italy and Greece. It was like looking down at nightfall from the city wall of Perugia or Orvieto or Cortona, or from Mycenæ's cyclo-

pean bastions over the plain of Argos.

My friend was waiting for me.

He put up my horse. We watched till evening had
"called the glory from the grey." Then I was taken into supper. And now I had my first little shock of surprise, my first bit of Utopia. The table, certainly, was most unusual. It was charming, though. Most of us are n't capable of seeing any beauty in things that are "different." That was the difficulty here. But if you could get over the strangeness of it all, and see it for what it was, it undoubtedly was very fine.

What do you opine the cloth was like? Cloth there was none. And of what wood was the table made? Wood that grew in no forest. It was of tiles. And such tiles! Not "art tiles," nor square things with brown views of poets' homes done in "decalcomania" (that awful mania that ravaged our land in the 80's, and is still with us in secret insidious ways); not even Low's tiles, nor Rookwood; but a beautiful rare blur of liquid glazes in all

rich colors and of magnificent design. It took my breath away.

My friend enjoyed for a minute my amazement, then said to his wife, "Let's take the

plates off, and show him what it really is."

In a moment all was revealed. "Do you see?" he continued. "And how do you suppose I ever got it, in this poor inartistic world? You know that - what's-his-name? that makes such lovely tiles in London? Well, I went to him, and told him what I'd been longing for, and that he and he alone could do it, and that I could pay him only a hundred pounds for it, and could n't half afford that. (I really think, though, that I lied there. For the doing away with table linen is making this a good investment, even at such a price. Our laundry savings and all actually are creating a sinking fund, my boy, that'll wipe the table debt away and give us a tabula rasa.)

"Well, he liked the idea; and that, I've always found, with a genuine artist is enough. He did it. You know that centre; can you remember where you've seen it? It's straight from one of those fine bits of mosaic that Schliemann dug up at Mycenæ. And this great circle of medallions outside—we adapted them from vase-paintings, nineteen, one for each play of old Euripides." (My friend, you see, was a Greek scholar.) "Are n't they splendid? And the top can turn, you observe, so that we can have a new one to admire each day. Think of a cloth, more or less—well, more or less milky and buttery; and throwing an insipid daisy or clover-leaf at you from every inch of its surface! This is something to look at, and live with.

"Anything so expensive I needn't have had, of course. Good plain tiles, such as any one can get, could have been put together without costing much more than ordinary well-

finished oak. But that was just one of my little poor-man's extravagances.

"Of course it was difficult to get dishes to go with it. But we rose - for all the rest of the Utopians are in this with me - rose on stepping-stones of doubt and difficulty, sir, to a triumph! You've known about Hugh Robertson of Dedham, and his blue-and-gray plates? He has given his life to making a strong fine table ware, hoping that he might bring in the day when every one could have good color and good design before him every time he sat at table, instead of forms and tints that no intelligent person can take any permanent interest in. Well, he succeeded, in a measure; but the dear public, in spite of a generous attempt on the part of men of wealth and taste to bring it and him together, didn't support him. Of course it did n't; and you can't blame it. People who've accustomed their eyes to the things sold in the crockery stores can't right-about-face so suddenly as that. So it seemed as if he had failed, so far as his desire to benefit the world at large rather than the occasional collector was concerned. But a Californian or two took hold of the matter then, and furnished money and patience and thought, and educated the people out here on the Coast (we're capable of education), and there is the result before you. Good design - made by good artists - the sort of thing you can never tire of; design, not futile attempts at imitating natural objects that can't be imitated. And the color ! — that liquid clear enamel, shaded and varied. See that purple, like the color of the sea on a breezy day; and the grey of that crackle; and the Japanesey landscape on this little plate; and the beryl green, with those dolphins leaping through it! I tell you, we feast, we don't merely eat, with table and dishes like these. One no more tires of them than he does - to compare little and great - of that view out of the window. Life is the richer for them, as it was with a Greek for his utensils. He would n't have seated himself three times a day with objects at best indifferent, and usually ugly, before him. He was too practical for such waste as that, had too much common sense.'

The table once more was spread, and we took our seats. Charming paper napkins, beautiful in texture and color, were put beneath our plates. Others were laid beside, for use.

At the end of the meal I was taken to the kitchen, to see how much the after-work of the table had been simplified. There was, of course, no cloth to care for. Napkins were burned, with the scraps of food. The dishes were set in a rack and cleansed with a brush and a stream of hot water playing through a little hose. Before they were used again they would be polished with a cloth.

My friend, as we sat on the porch in the moonlight, talking things over, was a bit boastful, I thought. "I believe," he said, "that we here are the only altogether cleanly people in this whole wide land. Housekeeping is usually a matter of doing evil that good may come, plunging into all sorts of unpleasantness that you may emerge respectable once more. We try to be respectable at all times. The partial elimination of the dishpan is typical. Not all that's unpleasant can be avoided, but very much can, and is, with us. You'll see, tomorrow."

Then he took me up to my bedroom, where I lay by a great low window, and looked down from my pillow upon the broad moonlit valley until I fell asleep.

H. W. R.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Our Benevolent Feudalism.

The reading of this book is apt to produce such feelings of horror and feebleness as come from the perusal of the murder of the Rue Morgue or The House and the Brain. Feudalism is not a word of pleasant memories. Seigniors, villeins, cotters, and wastrels are not agreeable things to think about, and one soon discovers that this master satirist has used the word "benevolent" in quotation marks, and is jeering at us for permitting ourselves to be sold into industrial slavery. Nor is it hard for him to make his case.

One of the questions which our fathers who made the Constitution discussed most earnestly in the Federal Convention was how "to protect the minority of the opulent against the majority." They expressed grave fears lest increase of population involving greater hardship of life might cause the people to sigh for a more equal distribution of life's blessings and

power of government might "slide into the hands of the poor."

But they builded better than they knew, for the fear which is everywhere expressed today is the very opposite of theirs. Now no man questions the ability of the opulent to maintain themselves, but all who still possess the democratic instinct have grave doubts as

to power of the people to withstand them.

The thing which has been it shall be, and the thing which has been and is, is greed. wealth, power, heartlessness, and affronting luxury on the one hand, and lack of ambition, defenselessness, poverty and acquiescence in the established order or ineffective attempts to change it on the other. And the worst about it all is that the one attitude or the other is taken not consciously, but by immemorial habit, as it were. The rich man is not a bad man by intention but unconsciously acts as his historic predecessors, confident that the Deity by showing him such marked favor meant him to be free from the common law. He who hath

gets more, and he who hath not loses even that which he hath.

Incomes grow enormously, prices rise but wages remain almost constant, and "they who desire to live - whether farmers, workmen, middlemen, teachers or ministers - must make their peace with those who have the disposition and their livings." This is feudalism pure and simple, feudalism with, perhaps, a more complex organization, less need to fight and more need to pay hush money than heretofore. The extent of seigniorial monopoly is indicated by the recent remark of ex-President Patton. "I believe that the time is not far distant when there will not be a thing that we eat, drink or wear that will not be made by a trust," and he might have added a place of amusement we patronize, a paper we read, or a book we study.

And what of the character of these great lords whose liegemen we are? Everywhere the fundamental tenet of their faith is that "the rights of property" are paramount. The seigniorial attitude toward government is that it is either to be controlled or defied and it is

so easily controlled that it need seldom be defied.

The men who feed the nation receive something less than \$640 per year on the average, and more than one out of every three of them is a tenant farmer. In 1890 the wage-workers in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits received an annual wage of \$445, and the full force of these figures appears only when we remember that the work of each breadwinner

must feed three persons.

The thesis of the book is that a study of the present sociological drift reveals the coming state of society. The careful analysis of conditions which is here undertaken makes the conclusion so certain that it cannot easily be gainsaid. Our interpreters of law and our moulders of opinion, like the Scribes and the Pharisees of old, appear as the champions of things as they are. Their "safe" utterances soothe the troubled minds of the people and effectually keep them from thinking for themselves. Our innate love of peace and stability and our need for work will do the rest. Soon we shall recognize the benevolent intention of the lords that rule over us in securing to us the rented patch of land in the country or the rented cell in the city wilderness, and our murmurings against them will cease. Discontent will no longer call for denunciation. Opinions held in high places will no longer need condescending interpreters. The menace of popular suffrage and universal education will no longer call forth protests. For we shall take our places in the great machine - some low, some high, and each in his appointed groove, and with ceaseless and unquestioning regularity will serve the great efficient minds which wrought so nobly that we might not be compelled to think, to hope, or to do aught but serve. Moments of sadness we shall know, but always for the past, that we, maddened by vain dreams of impossible democracy, so wickedly withstood such well-intended benefits.

Both the matter and the form of this book challenge attention. One may say with confidence that the subjects which are uppermost in the minds of all thinking people today have never been treated in so terse or convincing a manner. The radical will be sure to

find it and, how the conservative can escape reading it I cannot easily imagine.

### The Things That Abide.

Whether one looks at the religion of today from within or from without, one must be interested in the attitude assumed toward it by men of scholarship and ability. Of course that attitude may be a wholly negative one. The man of science, for example, may feel that religion, as popularly understood, is fundamentally at variance both with the facts and the methods of his own work; but it may also be entirely sympathetic, and this should find its best expression in the sermons or addresses delivered before university audiences. Ability and scholarship are, however, not the only requisites; a deep seriousness, an attitude of reverence, a religious sense should be superadded.

All of these traits are possessed in a marked degree by the author of the little book which has recently appeared from the Murdock Press, San Francisco, with the suggestive title, The Things That Abide,—a volume in which Dr. Elliott has gathered together the

addresses delivered by him at various times in the chapel of Stanford University.

That the religious thought of the present is undergoing a distinct change no one will deny; and that the trend of modern scientific inquiry, both as to the facts of nature and as to the documents of the Bible, tends to unsettle the belief which the student may have brought with him from home is also patent. To many the readjustment necessary in coming face to face with new problems and new facts is a painful and disturbing process. Some will yield all too readily to the view that there is no reality in religion or that they, at least, have no need of it; that those who would have them retain their belief in God or their habits of prayer and worship are wilfully or ignorantly shutting their eyes to facts.

Now, when the student is at this parting of the ways a vast deal depends upon the attitude taken by those who seek to guide him. If they have faced the problems he is facing, and, without sacrificing their intellectual honesty, have won a position where they stand secure and unshaken, their words will indeed be of help; but if they deal in conventionalities, in cant phrases, they put new stumbling-blocks in the way. Only too often is this true of books meant to help the student who is passing through this phase of his development.

Not so, however, with the volume before us. Frankness and honesty are stamped on every page, a full recognition of the limitations of man's range in his search for spiritual truth, a recognition, too, of the fact that much has passed for the veritable word of God, which is neither historically nor ethically sound. The scientist may go further than the writer goes, but he will admit that the writer seeks to avoid no scientific truth, to hide behind no conventional phrases. Great problems meet us, faith and unfaith, righteousness and sin, immortality and death, but they are all squarely faced and treated of in terms which the student can appreciate.

Yet the total effect is not merely one of unbiased honesty, of sobriety, of scholarliness. The whole breathes an atmosphere of faith, and hope, and love. The serene confidence, voiced in the words of Tennyson, with which the last address closes, is plainly the result to which the writer has himself come. Forms may change, and with them men's views as to the efficacy of all forms, but the things of the Spirit abide.

"Who fathoms the Eternal Thought? Who talks of scheme and plan? The Lord is God! He needeth not The poor device of man."

A. T. MURRAY.

#### The Last Book of Frank Norris.

T IS impossible for any one, especially for a Californian, and more especially for one who had known Frank Norris, and had carefully and somewhat anxiously watched his career in the field of letters, to speak of his last book in a thoroughly scientific spirit of criticism. There was so much in him, not only of promise but of accomplishment, that we are appalled by his inability to go on. Yet this terrible fact is only an illustration of the doctrine which he always preached, in his early romantic story as in his most realistic novel, that the world is stronger than the individual, that though at times "men are masters of their fate," the great courses of the universe go on, resistless, inevitable. He knew two things: first, that the individual has self-sovereignty; second, that the universe is run by law, a law which is absolutely certain, and which takes up into itself, and uses for its own ends the aberrations of the human will. Whether he ever tried to solve the paradox involved in this antinomy, there is no evidence in his books. He seems to have accepted the facts in the case, and not to have troubled his soul about the problem of the ages.

"Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate, Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute."

His own end illustrates. As Jadwin in the exercise of his will persisted in holding his corner until the irresistible rush of the wheat swept him away, fate and free-will working together, so Norris exercised his free-will in not heeding the physician's advice, and the forces of nature took him off. The form of nature's operation might have been an earthquake or a tornado or the cataract of the wheat; it happened to be appendicties.

Norris started out in life with the avowed purpose of being a writer of fiction. He believed that he had it in him, and he turned all his energies to proving that he had. He went to college because he thought that he could get something there that would help him. He traveled, he studied, he read, he observed, with just this one aim in view. He did with his might the thing which his hand found to do. He was getting very near to the highest

success, when the end came.

He was very conscientious in his work. He tried to investigate all the details of any matter of which he spoke. In this respect he was almost as careful as Balzac; yet his earlier work was full of blunders in just this regard. If he wanted to write of a ship, he studied a ship, and seems to have got a good understanding of the construction and working of a ship. If he wanted to write of a steam harvester, he carefully examined the machine in all its parts and operations. If he wanted to tell of the Chicago wheat pit, he looked at it with steady, discerning gaze until the thing became clear to him. But he could not thus examine all things, and to the very last he made queer mistakes about things which he had not yet observed. These mistakes grow fever and fever as he goes on. The only one I have noticed in his last book is his singular description of the early life of Laura Dearborn in Massachusetts. There are only a few lines; but more mistakes and misconceptions could hardly be crowded into so few lines. He knew nothing about New England; possibly he never could have known anything about it, though he had dwelt there many years. And the New England to which he tried to refer could never have known him.

He took Zola for his master. The positive character of that singular genius found an echo in his own way of looking at things. Like most enthusiastic disciples, he began by copying the faults as well as the strength of the master, but this last book shows that he had enough power of self-culture to outgrow the incidental faults while preserving the essential merits of Zolaism. While retaining the method, he has avoided the dirt which deforms Zola's most masterly work, and has thus demonstrated that the dirt is not an essential part

of the method.

The Pit seems to me to show in many respects an advance in power and artistic sense upon The Octopus. It is more real, in the sense that it deals more with what is than with what might be. It is less extravagant, and, in the popular sense, less romantic. There are no such wild adventures, as indeed there hardly could be on such a different stage. The people are more real. It will probably be the judgment of most critics that the heroine is

uninteresting, but that does not make her the less real. Most real persons are uninteresting. That may be a good reason for not putting them into novels, but it does not make them the less real. Some of the other persons are just as real and at the same time interesting, Jadwin is a very thoughtful and accurate picture of a good and able man, carried away by the passion for gambling on a large scale. The study of his mental, moral and physical deterioration under the influence of this passion is very well done. It is pittful enough and real enough. But it is in the lesser persons that Norris has given us the last evidence of his skill in the portrayal of character. Page Dearborn is one of the sweetest, most natural and most vivid of girls to be found in fiction. Some of the young men in the book are live and real, and their defects are the defects of their qualities. I do not think that much can be said about Laura's persistent lover. He is simply a fool and a fake. I have a notion that Norris knew this and meant it.

But in these novels the portrayal of character and personal experiences are only incidents. The story may be tragic or comic, the individuals concerned may be good or bad, they may be happy or sorrowful,—whatever happens to them, our ears are always hearing the thunderous undertone of the moving wheat. The original conception of the trilogy indicates genius of a very high order. That Norris was able to express that conception in words, even partially and imperfectly, makes us think of what might have been,—could he

have lived. But he could not.

His purpose was to follow the true romance of the wheat from its sowing in American soil, through the complications of transportation and manipulation, until the peasants and artisans of Europe consumed it, or failed to consume it and died. The first book told of the growing of the wheat in the San Joaquin Valley in California, and the tyranny exercised over the growers by the Southern Pacific Company, a tyranny which in these few years has largely passed away by the operation of natural law. But Norris was too intelligent a man to suppose that this tyranny was due to any peculiar malevolence on the part of the managers of that peculiar monopoly. He saw clearly that the conditions were not due to any wickedness or misanthropy on the part of individuals, but to the working of economic law, which is just as inevitable as the working of any other natural law. The interview between the half-crazy Presley and the president of the railway (whom he chose to call Shelgrim, but whom he might just as well have called by his own name) shows that in his indignation against the suffering which was caused by the monopoly, he never lost sight of the fact that the great men who were running the great business were really trying to do the best they could. That they had many unworthy agents, who used the power of their monopolistic position for their own selfish ends, is beyond question. The "S. Behrmans" are very familiar figures in California. We all know them. But he saw that economic law, like all other natural law, brings round its revenges. Many of the monopolists are good men and have consciences, though it is a little hard for ordinary people to understand how their consciences work.

The second book deals with the wheat as it passes through The Pit, where it is subject to the manipulations of the brokers. With sound judgment Norris chose an actual incident, which excited the interest of the world a few years ago. The personality is different; the antecedents and outcome are different, but the fact is actual. And a very appalling fact it is. That a private citizen of Chicago can by a word so raise the price of wheat in Italy that the people break out in riots over the cost of a loaf of bread is one of the most impressive facts in modern life. This is just what happened in reality as in the novel. A very romantic fact it is and Norris has used it with discretion as the foundation of his novel. But what does it all mean? The moral is that if a man "monkeys" too much with such a force as the wheat he is sure to get the worst of it. But this is only a touch on the surface of the problem. That the operation of a natural law can be modified by an individual will, that the selfish whim of a man in Chicago can starve people in Europe is in itself a consideration so awful that it sets us at once face to face with the question of human life and human duty, and the use of mankind. What are we here for? Has man a mission upon this queer planet where he finds himself? If Norris had nothing else to do in this world, he did this one thing. He brings us to the solemn definition of the elements of simple morality.

Apparently man has a place and purpose here. The outcome of the study of history

is that man is here to temper the operation of natural law, or mere force, by considerations of justice and mercy. That he can do so is so strange that it can fairly be called miraculous,—the standing miracle. That man can use the destructive lightening for beneficent ends, that he can use the explosive power of steam to make people live and prosper and be happy teaches us that man is of some use. He turns merciless powers to a merciful end, and

thereby justifies his being.

The greatest invention of the nineteenth century was not the steamship nor the locomotive nor the telegraph nor the telephone, nor any one of the thousand uses to which steam and electricity have been applied. Neither was it the modern war-ship nor smokeless powder nor Bessemer steele, nor the sewing machine. It was the purely legal invention of the cor-poration of limited liability. This invention has made possible the wide utilization of the others. It is, on the whole, the most beneficent of inventions. It has brought life and living to millions who otherwise would have starved or would never have been at all. But through the inexperience of man the beneficence of the invention has been partly offset by incidental evils, so that many men have come to feel that corporations are, in themselves, evil. The tremendous power which our present corporation law allows a few individuals to accumulate in their hands is felt, and rightly felt, to be a menace to the public welfare. It makes the will of such individuals more potent in modifying the results of the action of natural law. Love of wealth, of power, of fame, of adventure, sways such men away from their best instincts. Instead of using their immense influence to mitigate the action of natural law by consideration of justice and mercy they seem to add emphasis to its cruelty. More than ever, it seems to some, "To him that hath is given, and from him that hath not is taken away even that which he hath."

I have taken this illustration because it is the basis of *The Octobus*. In *The Pit* we have other conditions of modern life that exemplify the same thing: the apparent influence of a single human will upon the fixed course of events, its control over the order of things. Of course, in a prolonged wrestle between a man and the universe, the universe will get the upper hand, but it seems sometimes as if it had to make a mighty effort, and the nature of

things seems disturbed.

Norris had too much the instinct of the artist to attempt to solve or even discuss philosophical problems through the medium of fiction, but he states the factors of such problems with great distinctness as he tells his stories. The facts of modern life stare us in the face from his pages and set us thinking. That we shall have no more of this kind of "realism"

from his hand is matter for keen regret.

The improvement in the last book over the other extends to the style. There were certain tricks and mannerisms in *The Octopus* which were annoying. I have a feeling (I may be quite wrong) that Norris had been reading the translation of Sienkiewicz's novels and had been infected by Mr. Curtin's attempts to reproduce Polish idiom in English. However this may be, such objectionable things are conspicuous by their absence from *The Pit*. On the contrary, the style is uncommonly clear and simple. Things are said in such a way that it is impossible not to understand the meaning, and the language has the beauty of sincerity.

The reading of *The Pit* adds the sharpest pang to the disappointment of his taking off. He did not bury his talent in the ground or hide it in a napkin. He employed it, and increased it tenfold. He faithfully did with it the best he knew how, and his best was very good.

THOMAS R. BACON.

The worth of civilization is the worth of the man at its center. When this man lacks moral rectitude progress only makes bad worse, and further embroils social problems.

Chas. Wagner.

### The Standard Upheld and Other Verses. T IS a good measure of the latent value of a book, the disposition one has to return

again to its pages; and in this little volume there is a certain beckoning suggest-

iveness which, after our first reading, begets in us an unsatisfied consciousness that we have not yet by any means gathered the fulness of its offered harvest. Another promise that remains with us is that, much as we may find in this, yet more is assured us in some following volume, when the author, in more tranquillity of spirit, shall still more deeply have plumbed his own soul. For we feel that the voice that speaks is of one in the stress of feelings too passionately experienced to be always clearly translated, and that with time and the settling of the waters, he will gain that larger vision of himself and of the values of life which may turn some of the doubts into fears, some of the darkness into light. Indeed the prevailing

note of the title poem, "The Standard Upheld," is one of a battling but a conquering The book is peculiarly for those of a poetic imagination, who have within themselves

the key to interpret what is half given, half withheld. It may be that those who like their fancies to roam by unobstructed paths through fair meadows, and ever in the reassuring light and warmth of the sun, will find but half-hearted enjoyment in these pages. Those who have been through the deep waters will find in the questioning, unsatisfied, but ardent voice of these verses, an echo to their own interrogating moods, and that solace which comprehension, which co-experience, somehow wonderfully bring to this gregarious human heart of ours.

To speak of this little volume along the lines of modern analysis would be difficult and thankless. The author has at times boldly disregarded some of the rules of construction, rules which, as they make more available, more open to appropriation, the material offered, we are not prepared to say should be ignored. In reading some of the poems, we are tempted to say, if less had been offered, more would have been given. A salient point, a brilliant figure, is blurred by the crowding of other themes too throbbingly alive in the poet's mind to give way and leave the background free, the main idea in clear-limned definition. But these are sins which contain their own appeal to our indulgence. They bespeak an abundance and a spontaneity welcome indeed after the fine spinning of thready ideas into a fragile poetic web, which is all that too many of our modern poets offer. And after all, one's preference is often wilful enough to turn from the poems where the idea shines limpidly forth, as in some of the tender verses to childhood, or the charming lines "To Phœbe," to linger in the half-sombre mystery of those strange verses "The Red Bead," in which one feels a curious incandescence of color and heat, or to the stirring, if sometimes muffled, energy of the first poem. In the poem called "Barriers," there is most felicitous expression of an intangible experience which more than one of us wots of. It begins:

> "I dare not look too long, dear, in thine eyes, For fear that sight too clear should come to mine; For fear that I should see, thin-veiled, in thine, Something I dread to find, but know would rise Like sea-mists creeping o'er the summer skies."

It is rarely that one finds in any poet so keen a feeling for the mould in which his verse should be cast. The volume of twenty-nine poems contains almost no duplicates of form, in itself a guerdon of unusual individuality as well as fecundity. Although in some of the forms he has chosen or invented we may feel the experimental touch, there is always that instinctive fitting of the chalice to its essence which conveys a vivid satisfaction, as for example in the musical clarity of "Into My Crystal World."

Altogether one returns often to this volume, and looks eagerly for another. It is perhaps in his more sombre poems that the author shows his best power; yet there are those without the tragic note which have a charming and fluent grace, as in the one called "A Smile."

#### A Smile.

- "A Smile is a flower blooming fair— Its petals often cover Sighs in the heart or places where The wings of Sorrow hover.
- "A Smile is a Bird whose hopeful wing Gleams through the sky of Sorrow. At night in the dark I hear it sing, A joy awaits the Morrow.
- "A Smile is a Brook that finds its way Through desert Hearts and dreary. Drink of the Brook! Its Waters may Give strength if thou art weary.
- "A Smile is an easy thing to build Before our Cares or after— And smiling once, we often gild Our sombre woes with laughter.
- "Then why not smile, for the Day is brief; The Night has many hours! Then why not smile and hide a grief Beneath a wreath of Flowers?"

MORGAN SHEPARD.

Childhood must pass away, and then youth, as surely as age approaches. The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honourable youth, and to settle when the time arrives, into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbour.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

#### The Growth of the Home.

OME life antedates the period of man by many evolutionary cycles. The aerie of the eagle, the woven cradle of the oriole, the tunneled retreat of the field mouse, all are homes in the truest sense. They are shelters from the world, where mother-hood makes her eternal sacrifice, where family life and love find full expression, and where offspring are shielded and reared. The animal home differs primarily from the human home in its transitoriness. A few weeks or months suffice for the weaning of the litter or the fledging of the brood, and then the family scatters to the four winds. Even with primitive men the home is scarce more than a shelter for a brief interval in their

Even with primitive men the home is scarce more than a shelter for a brief interval in their nomadic life; but with advancing culture, the home becomes a more permanent affair. Groups of huts are clustered in a village which is the abiding-place of the tribe for years or

generations. Then for the first time is developed an architecture.

Native architecture, like civilized architecture, is a natural growth. The nearest available material is worked into a shelter, and the tradition of form once established is handed down through generations. Thus the plains Indians of North America make their teepee in the form of a tent-shaped frame of poles covered with buffalo or deer hide; the Pueblos of Mew Mexico build their fortified houses of stone or adobe and either them by the roofs; the Eskimo construct a topek of sods with frame of whale-bone and roof of walrus skin, or, in the far north, build their igloo of snow masonry with tunneled entrance; the Tahitians make beautiful bamboo fáres like baskets or bird-cages roofed with thatched pandanus leaves; the whare of the New Zealand Maori is of marvelously carved wooden slabs with intervening panels of bound grass and with roof thatched of flax leaves. So, wherever we may go among native races, a new type of architecture presents itself with every new race, each using the materials at hand in a natural and direct fashion to produce the needed shelter.

In the matter of privacy, it may be noted, the native is far less exacting than the civilized man. Nearly all so-called savage races are communistic in their lives. There may be distinctions of class or caste, but the stranger is made welcome in the home circle, and the family is apt to be a large and elastic group, comprising many distant and doubtful relations who live under one roof and in one apartment. It is perhaps not too much to say that the dominant idea of the native home is hospitality. In Tahiti the customary salutation to a Stranger, after the universal greeting, "Iorana," is, "Come in and have something to eat." A savage shares his food and home with the stranger quite as a matter of course, never as a

benefaction.

Something of this native spontaneous hospitality has persisted in the traditions of California, where the mission and ranch life of the Mexicans had an almost savage naïvete in the matter of entertaining guests. In those simple days before the gringo came, a stranger could journey from San Diego to Sonoma and be sure of a welcome and hospitality wherever he chose to stop. Not only would a room and food be provided him, but upon his table, covered over with a napkin, was a pile of uncounted silver known as guest money, from which he was to take what he needed to speed him on his way. We still have the tradition, but we have grown sophisticated since the coming of the Argonauts.

The ideal home is one in which the family may be most completely sheltered to develop in love, graciousness and individuality, and which is at the same time most accessible to friends, toward whom hospitality is as unconscious and spontaneous as it is abundant. Emer-

son says that the ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it.

In the conventional home, both the richness of family intercourse and the freedom of hospitality is restrained. A life hedged in with formality is like a plant stifled by surrounding weeds. Many people mistake formality for politeness, or even for good morals. There is a vast difference between good etiquette and right conduct. How depressing it is to go into a home where every act is punctuated with the formalism of polite society!

The home must suggest the life it is to encompass. The mere architecture and furnishings of the home do not make the man any more than do his clothes, but they certainly have
an effect in modifying him. A large nature may rise above his environment and live in a
dream world of his own fashioning, but most of us are mollusks after all, and are shaped

and sized by the houses which we build about us. When we enter a home and see tawdry furniture, sham ornaments and vulgar daubs of pictures displayed, do we not feel convinced that the occupants of the home have a tawdry and vulgar streak in their natures? Or if all is cold and formal in architecture and furnishings, do we not instinctively nerve ourselves to

meet the shock of a politely proper reception?

The average modern American home is a reflex in miniature of the life of the people. It is quickly made and lightly abandoned. If it were constructed like the Japanese house of bamboo and paper, or, like a native hut of thatch, it might charm from its simplicity and lack of ostentation; or if, like the homes of our ancestors, it were made of mortised logs chinked with mud, it would have a rude dignity and inevitableness which would put it in harmony with the surrounding nature. But, these things no longer satisfy. have palaces to house us - petty makeshifts to be sure, with imitation turrets, spires, porticos, corbels and elaborate bracket-work excrescences - palaces of crumbling plaster, with walls papered in gaudy patterns and carpets of insolent device - palaces furnished in cracking veneer, with marble mantels and elaborate chandeliers. It is a shoddy home, the makeshift of a shoddy age. It is 'he natural outgrowth of our prosperous democracy. Machinery has enabled us to manifold shams to a degree heretofore undreamed. We ornament our persons with imitation pearls and diamonds, we dress in felt wadding that, for a week or two looks like wool, we wear silk that tears at a touch, and our homes are likewise adorned with imitations and baubles. We botch our carpentering and trust to putty, paint and paper to cover up the defects. On Sundays we preach about the goodly apple rotten at the heart, and all the week we make houses of veneer and stucco. Our defense is that we do not expect to tarry long where we are encamped, so why build for the grandchildren of the stranger?

Happily a change is coming into our lives. Nowhere in the country is it more marked than in California. From small beginnings it has spread slowly at first, but soon with added momentum. The gospel of the simple life is being worked out in the home. In the new home all is quiet in effect, restrained in tone, yet natural and joyous in its frank use of unadomed material. Harmony of line and balance of proportion is not obscured by meaningless ornamentation; harmony of color is not marred by violent contrasts. Much of the construction shows, and therefore good workmanship is required and the craft of the

carpenter is restored to its old-time dignity.

Blessed is he who lives in such a home and who makes life conform to his surroundings,—who is hospitable not only to friends but to the sweet ministration of the elements, who holds abundant intercourse with sun and air, with bird voices sounding from the shrubbery without and human voices within singing their answer! In such a home, inspiring in its touch with art and books, glorified by mother love and child sunshine, may the human spirit grow in strength and grace to the fulness of years. CHARLES RELEER.

To be followed in the June number by the Building of the Home. Copyright. All rights reserved.

### The Song Immortal.

I have no message to deliver, No mighty gospel to proclaim; Upon Time's swiftly flowing river, Like some frail leaf, I cast my name.

Yet if one song of mine shall linger Within the memory of men, Though they remember not the singer, Will I not be immortal then?

LOKENZO SOSSO.

## The Philosophy of Despair

By DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, President of Stanford University

It may be read in a few minutes, but it is worth that chewing and digesting which Bacon said some books deserved. It is meaty with thought and full
of that buoyant spirit of action which is fatal to the pessimist. \* \* \* This
is by far the ablest essay that Dr. Jordan has written. Is deserves as wide a
circulation as Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Garcia."—George Hamlin Fitch
in S. F. Chronicle.

"Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole, we may not understand; but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know, it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other course of life leads toward decay and waste."

That the most precious wares are often presented in the smallest compass is again here proven. \* \* \* There are many quotable paragraphs in this healthy, healthful, inspiring essay, which is so brief as well as so perfect that it deserves the consideration of all who are inclined to take gloomy views of the worth of life.—Detroit Free Press.

"What if there are so many of us in the ranks of humanity? What if the individual be lost in the mass as a pebble cast into the Seven Seas? Would you choose a world so small as to leave room for only you and your satellites? Would you sak for problems of life so tame that even you could grasp them? Would you choose a fibreless Universe to be 'remoulded nearer to the heart's desire,' in place of the wild, tough, virile, man-making environment from which the Attraction of Gravitation lets none of us seeape?"

This is apt to attract general attention and evoke wide discussion. Dr. Jordan has written some strong things, but one is impressed that this book contains his most advanced thought and evinces the keenest insight he has yet shown. It certainly shows the high rank he holds as a thinker and an analyst of the social conditions of the age.—Cbicago Inter-Ocean.

Elder & Shepard, Publishers, San Francisco

The publishers speak with especial pride of the typographical beauty of this little volume. Richly printed with large-sized Caslon antique type, rubricated throughout, on paper of special quality. Bound in plain boards of Carbon black with white back; price, net, 75 cents.

price, net, 75 cents.

Bound in flexible suede; boxed; price, net, \$1.50.

Bound in full leather; hand carved and colored; price, net, \$4.00.

#### AUTOGRAPH EDITION.

One hundred and three numbered copies, of which 100 are for sale; on Imperial Japan veilum; bound in full genuine parchment; decorated in gold and red; after the style of the Florentine bindings; price, net, \$5.00.

### Bonestell & Company

# E make a specialty of attractive papers for publications, pam-

publications, pamphlets, booklets and

such. We particularly recommend at this time the Albion Book Paper (English finish) for inside type or cut work (half-tone or line), and Herculean Cover in the new shades of gray and brown makes a stylish and attractive cover. Our lines are exclusive.

Note: The paper upon which IMPRES-SIONS is printed is one of our specialties

401-403 Sansome Street and 500-508 Sacramento Street

### Thumler & Rutherford

1 1

Expert work in Bookbinding, Leathers, Silks, Brocades, Etc. Bankers' Cases, Wallets, Etc., to order. Technical Work.

We have peculiar facilities for executing every variety of work in our numerous lines : : : :

2 2

538 California Street San Francisco, California

### O. Kai & Company

2 2

Importers of Japanese Art Goods. Main office, Tokio, Japan. Established 1886. ❤ ❤ Telephone Black 3566.

2 2

3 1 6 Kearny Street San Francisco : : : California

### THE ASAHI

2 2

Japanese Embroidery and Drawn Work a Specialty. Beautiful Presents. Easy to send to your friends by mail.

2 2

2 2 4 Post Street
San Francisco : : : California

#### THE FLAME SERIES

by Lionel Josaphare, is now in the third issue:

- I. THE DIVINE QUESTION.
- 2. THE HUMPBACK, THE CRIPPLE AND THE ONE-EYED MAN.
- 3. A TALE OF A TOWN.

Twenty-five cents a copy; six monthly numbers, by subscription, \$1.00; in lots of twenty-five or more, special prices to societies.

A. M. ROBERTSON, Publisher, 126 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

#### SCHUSSLER BROS

PICTURES, FRAMES, MIRRORS, ARTISTS' MATERIALS, FINE GILDING

ATTRACTIVE NOVELTIES IN ABUNDANCE

Our New Store: 119 and 121 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### THE YAMANASHI

A beautiful store piled high with rare Antiques, all selected with the best judgment and taste. Lacquers, Bronzes, Brocades, Rare Prints, Blue Porcelain (genuinely old), and Drawn Work.  $\checkmark$   $\checkmark$   $\checkmark$   $\checkmark$ 

Our Patrons Courteously Attended

219 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORINA



#### BOOKS WORTH

Some books are designed for entertainment, others for information. This series combines able. In this busy, bustling age it is required that the information which books contain These volumes are replete with valuable information, compact in form, and unequaled in jects of which they treat. No one wishing to have a fund of general information or who pages, are 6 x 41/2 inches in size, well printed on good paper, handsomely bound in green

#### EACH FIFTY CENTS



Etiquette, By Agnes H. Morton, Success in life is often marred by bad manners. A perusal of this work will prevent such blunders. It is a book for everybody, for the select sets as well as for the less ambitious. The subject is presented in a bright and interesting manner, and represents the latest vogue.

Debating. By William Pittenger. There is no greater ability than the power of skillful de-bate. Here are directions for organizing debating societies, and suggestions for all who desire to discuss questions in public. Also a list of over 200 questions for debate, with arguments both affirmative and negative.



Letter Writing. By Agnes H. Morton. Most persons dislike letter writing because they fear they cannot say just the right thing. This admirable book not only shows by numerous examples just what kind of letters to write for all occasions, but it teaches the reader to become an accomplished original letter writer.

Pronunciation. By John H. Bechtel. What is more disagreeable than a faulty pronunciation? No defect so clearly shows a lack of culture, This volume contains over 5,000 words on which most of us are apt to trip. They are here pronounced in the clearest and simplest manner, and according to the best authority. Practical Synonyms. By John H. Bech-



Quotations. By Agnes H. Morton. A clever compilation of pithy quotations, selected from a great variety of sources, and alphabetically arranged according to the sentiment. It contains all the popular quotations in current use, together with many rare bits of prose and verse not usually found Things Worth Knowing. By John H. Bechtel. Can you name the coldest place in the

tel. Any one with the least desire to add to his vocabulary should have a copy of this book. is designed mainly to meet the wants of the busy merchant or lawyer, the thoughtful clergyman or teacher, the wide-awake schoolboy or girl. Punctuation. By Paul Allardyce. Few per-sons can punctuate properly; to avoid mistakes many do not punctuate at all. A perusal of this



United States or tell the probable cost of the Nic-aragua Canal? What should you do first if you got a cinder in your eye, or your neighbor's baby swallowed a pin? This unique, up-to-date book answers thousands of just such interesting and useful questions. Proverbs. By John H. Bechtel. The genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in its

A perusal of th book will remove all difficulties and make al points clear. It is practical, concise and comprehensive. Conversation. By J. P. Mahaffy. Some people are accused of talking too much. But no one is ever taken to task for talking too well. Of

all the accomplishments of modern society, that of

being an agreeable conversationalist holds first place.

and all nations is embodied in them. This volume study of either.

contains a representative collection of proverbs, old and new, and the indexes, topical and alphabetical, enable any one to readily find what is required. Slips of Speech, By John H. Bechtel, Who does not make them? The best of us do. Why not avoid them? Any one with the desire for self-improvement can. No necessity for studying rules of rhetoric or grammar when this book can be had. It teaches both without the

proverbs, and the condensed wisdom of all ages

What to say, and just how and when to say it, is the general aim of this work. Hypnotism. By Edward H. Eldridge, A. M. There is no more popular form of entertainment than hypnotic exhibitions, and every one would like to know how to hypnotize. By following the simple and concise instructions in this complete manual any one can, with a little practice, readily learn how to exercise this unique and strange power.



Toasts. By William Pittenger. What would you not give for the ability to respond to them? No need to give much when you can learn the art from this little book. It will tell you how to do it; not only that, but by example it will show you the way.

Nursing, By S. Virginia Levis. No household is exempt from sickness. Not every one can have a professional nurse, but no one need be without this valuable work. The fullest particulars are given for the care of the sick, not only in the simple, but also in the more serious ailments of

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

## THE HAVING

oth features. The information is not only complete and reliable, it is compact and rendhall be ready to hand and be presented in the clearest and briefest manner possible, ofint of merit and cheapness. They are the latest as well as the best books on the sublast the desire for self-improvement can afford to be without them. They average 200 loth, with a heavy paper wrapper to match.

#### EACH FIFTY CENTS

Conudrums. By Dean Rivers. Conundrums are intellectual exercises which sharpen our wis and lead us to think quickly. This book contains an excellent collection of over a thousand of the latest, brightest, and most up-to-date conundrums, to which are added many Biblical, poetical, and French conundrums.

Whist. By Cavendish. Twenty-third edition.
"According to Cavendish" is now almost as
familiar an expression as "according to Hoyle."
No whist player, whether a novice or an expert,
can afford to be without the sild and tupport of
Cavendish. No household in which the game
is played is complete without a copy of this book.

Parlor Games. By Helen E. Hollister.
"What shall we do to amuse ourselves and our friends?" is a question frequently propounded. This complete volume most happily answers this puzzling question, as it contains a splendid collection of all kinds of games for amusement, entertainment and instruction.

Mythology. By John H. Bechtel. The average person dislikes to look up mythological subjects on account of the time occupied. This book remedies that difficulty because in it can be found at a glance just what is wanted. It is comprehensive, convenient, condensed, and interestine.

Astronomy. By Julia MacNair Wright. Can you tell what causes day and night, seasons and years, tides and eclipses? Why is the sky blue and Mars red? What are meteors and shootingstars? These, and a thousand other questions, are here answered in a most fascinating way. Illustrated.

Botany. By Julia MacNair Wright. The scientific subject of Botany made as interesting as a fairy tale. Not only is the subject treated with botanical accuracy, but there is given much practical information pertaining to the care and treatment of plants and flowers. Illustrated.

Magic. By Ellis Stanyon. This complete volume contains full and intelligible descriptions of all the well-known tricks with coins, handkerchiefs, hats, cards, flowers, etc., together with a number of noveities not previously produced. The tricks are all easily performed, and but few require apparatus. Illustratus. Flowers. By Eben E. Rexford. Every woman loves flowers, but few succeed in growing them. With the help so clearly given in this volume no one need fail. It treats mainly of indoor plants and flowers, those for window-gardening, all about their selection, care, light, air, warmth, etc.

Dancing. By Marguerite Wilson. A complete instructor, beginning with the first positions and leading up to the square and round dances. A full list of calls for square dances, the etiquette of the dances, and 100 figures for the german, Illustrated.

Palmistry. By Henry Frith. Palmistry is one of the most popular subjects of the day. More people would be interested in it if they properly understood it. This volume furnishes full and trustworthy information on the subject, and by means of it any one will be able to read character fully and accurately. Illustrated.

Law, and How to Keep Out of It. By Paschal H. Coggins, Esq. Most legal difficulties arise from ignorance of the minor points of law. This volume furnishes to the busy man and woman information on just such points as are likely to arise in every-day affairs, and thus forestalls them against mental worry and financial loss.

Electricity. By George L. Fowler. An interesting and throughly reliable presentation of the subject for the amateur or skilled electrician. If you wish to install an electric door-bell; construct a telephone, wire a house, or understand the workings of a dynamo, this volume will fumish the required information. A practical book of inestimable value to every one.

Golf. By Horace Hutchinson. No one designing to keep up with outdoor athletics can advot on be without a knowledge of Golf. This book gives a complete history of the game, together with instructions for the selection of implements, and full directions for playing. A convented glossary, together with the rules and etilquette of the game, is appended.

The books mentioned are for sale at all bookstores, or they will be sent, prepaid, to any address upon receipt of price













923 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

### THE LITERARY COLLECTOR

A MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF BOOK-LORE

Invaluable to the bookman and collector. Subscription price, \$1.50 a year. Single copies, 15 cts. Three months' trial, 25 cts......



Published by THE LIT-ERARY COLLECTOR COMPANY, Greenwich, Conn., and 33 West Forty-Second Street, New York, N. Y....

WRITE TO US FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING THE PUBLICATIONS OF

### The Literary Collector Press



### A. Zellerbach & Sons

"T H E PAPER HOUSE"

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

## PAPER

416-418 Sansome Street

San Francisco, Cal.

# **ASummer** Vacation

Should be well planned then it may be well enjoyed. Why not consult those illustrated folders of the

# Southern Pacific

Whose details answer all your questions, and whose photographs are like a breath of the pines or the shimmer of summer seas

Free for the asking at

## Information Bureau

613 Market Street, San Francisco, California

## THE MOSHER BOOKS

LATEST VOLUMES

#### THE OLD WORLD SERIES

925 copies on Van Gelder's hand-made paper, at \$1.00 net. 100 copies on Japan vellum(numbered) at \$2.50 net.

XXVI. In Memoriam
By Alfred Lord Tennyson.

XXVII. Pippa Passes
By Robert Browning.

XXVIII. A Dream of John Ball
By WILLIAM Morris.

#### THE QUARTO SERIES

IV. Poems and Ballads Second and third series by A. C. SWINBURNE. 450 copies, large quarto, printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper. Price, \$5.00 net.

V. Poems: MDCCCLXX

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.
450 copies printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper.
Price, § 5,00 net.

VI. The Renaissance
Studies in art and poetry by WALTER PATER.
45 copies, quarto, printed on Van Gelder hand-

made paper. Price, \$4.00 net. 35 copies on Japan vellum (numbered and signed), \$15.00 net.

#### THE BROCADE SERIES

425 copies on Japan vellum, done up in flexible covers, with scaled parchment wrappers and brocade slide case. All volumes sold separately. Price, 75 cents net.

XXXI. Immensee: Translated from the German of Theodor Storm

By Irma Ann Heath.

XXXII. Gertha's Lovers: A Tale

XXXII. Gertha's Lovers: A Tale
By William Morris.

XXXIII. Golden Wings: Svend and His Brethren

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

XXIV. The Story of the Unknown Church: Lindenborg Pool: A Dream. Three Tales

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

XXXV. Nature and Eternity and Other Uncollected Papers
By Richard Jefferies.

XXXVI. By Sundown Shores.

By FIDNA MACLEDD.

In brocade boxes holding eight to twelve books.

### REPRINTS OF PRIVATELY PRINTED BOOKS

X. Fragilia Labilia

By John Addington Symonds 450 copies, octavo, printed on genuine Kelmscott hand-made paper. Price, \$1.00 act. 50 copies on Japan vellum (numbered), \$2.00 net.

#### XI. The Garland of Rachel

By Divers Kindly Hands 450 copies, post octavo, printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper. Price, \$2.00 net.

hand-made paper. Price, \$2.00 net. 50 copies on Japan vellum (numbered and signed), \$5.00 net.

XII. The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyáni. The Astromer-Poet of Peria. Translation English verse by Euwane Firzensald. First printed by Bernard Quarich, London, 1859, and now privately in exact fiscaimsle, with a bhiliographical introduction and signed copies, small quarto, acco numbered and signed copies, small quarto, 55,00 net. Van Geller hand-male paper. Price, \$5,00 net. Van Geller hand-male paper.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

XVII. The Poems of Ernest Dowson 600 copies, small quarto, printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper. Price, \$2.50 net. 50 copies on Japan veilum (numbered and signed), \$1.00 net.

XVIII. Edward Fitzgerald

An Aftermath by Francis Hindes Groome.
600 copies, small quarto, printed on Van Gelder
hand-made paper. Price, \$2.50 net.
60 copies on Japan veilum, \$5.00 net.

XIX. The Silence of Amor
A series of prose poems by FIONA MACLEOD.

#### THE BIBELOT

Volume VIII, small quarto, antique boards. \$1.50

A handsome descriptive catalogue of Mr. Mosher's complete catalogue will be sent by ELDER AND SHEPARD, 238 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



### MPRESSION LEAFLETS

Printed in Gold and Colors with decorations by Morgan Shepard

No. 22. A THOUGHT. By Robert Louis Stevenson. "The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

No. 23. TODAY IS YOUR DAY AND MINE. By David Starr fordan.

No. 24. A HEAVEN ON EARTH. Being the Benediction of The Sage of Swevenham. By William Morris.

No. 25. A SMILE. By Morgan Shepard. From the "Standard Upheld and Other Verses."

No. 26. A PRAYER. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

No. 27. MAXIMS FROM ROCHEFOUCAULD.

No. 28. My CREED. By John Ruskin.

No. 29. Morality. A Thought on Happiness. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

No. 30. HAPPINESS. By George W. Cable.

No. 31. RELIGION IN LIFE. By Stopford A. Brooke. No. 32. An Ideal of Life. Edward Howard Griggs.

Large enough to be seen. Small enough to put in a book, Each ten cents.

Simply mounted, twenty-five cents. By mail, thirty cents.
Framed in narrow ebony fillet, glazed for mailing, fifty cents.
By mail, fifty-five cents.

Published by ELDER AND SHEPARD 238 Post Street, San Francisco

# The Tomoyé Press succeeding The Twentieth Century Press



E ARE incorporating and making large additions to our already well-selected plant, and will costinue to print the same class of distinctive work that has attracted so much favorable notice during the past year. Last December we selected at random a few samples of our printing, and sent them to the generally acknowledged best judges of typography in the United States. The following is an excerpt from The American Printer of January; 1903: "This month it is The Twentieth Century Press, San Francisco, Cal., that gets the

prize for the best collection of specimens sent to this journal. As may be expected from this statement, the samples received from The Twentieth Century Press are of a very high order. They comprise everything from office stationery to bound booklets, each individual piece of printing bearing the stamp of an artist. Not only is the composition of a high order, but the selection of ink and paper admirably support the work of the composing-room. Several samples of composition are shown herewith. Number one is a page of a folder got out to advertise the Press; number two is a program, number three comprises three half-page advertisements from a catalogue of a photographic salon. These half-pages are reproduced to show what can be done with one face of type. It will be noted that one is set entirely in Caslon upper and lower case, another in caps, and the third in italics. Will Bradley, whose influence on present-day printing has been most marked, has been quoted as saying that if he were again to put in a printing outfit, he would not purchase more than three faces of type. With the right kind of ability behind them three faces would be more than enough. \*\*\* " We print IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

144 Union Square Abenue, San Francisco





A little magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and art: published quarterly. Edited by Paul Elder.

Assent sub-critico, from first number of current voluments, in a convenience as unferthers, the profisers will assent that a commence of the culture from the first under the number of the culture of the sub-critical and sub-critical in the profiser of the first of the first that the current of the current of the current of the cut between the cut and company for the cut between the first of the cut between the cut and company for the cut and cut and company for the cut and cut and

COPTRIGHT, 1965, OF PAUL EDIES AND COMPLEY.



### June, 1903

#### CONTENTS.

| TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GIVER DRAM   | A STATE A Morroy 76        |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| A LIFTER TRUE TO U (OFFICE NO. II) | to II. W. Vi. i - i - ye   |
| THE BRUNNER OF THE HOUSE-NO. 1     | - Grichards Berler 1 4x    |
| GENEORY. THE GOLDEN ERE OF ROW.    |                            |
|                                    | · Ly Mirri Littlem · 1 4   |
| FAIR WOMEN (POIM)                  | - by Alfred A. Wheeler 10  |
|                                    | OFFINEB                    |
| THE HAMERITS OF PONES -            | - Ly Seres Ly Colline - 14 |
| THE BENEUT OF BOOKS                | Ay Thomas Kuller - 18      |
| THE DEMENTS OF DOORS               | 13 A V 1 = 1 TONG - 1 To   |

Francoinies I

A Soric or Doors - Nato I District by Garden Kon

# Impressions Quarterly



MPRESSIONS for the first quarter of 1903 speaks in a critical article of judging latent value in literature by "beckoning suggestiveness." This intangible quality might well be applied to the current number of the little

magazine, for between its covers are compressions in artistic and literary thought and in practical subjects, which are sufficiently interesting to deserve a second reading. \* \* \* As a whole the Quarterly is epigrammatic in its originalities, and inspiring in its truthful beauties .- Redlands Facts. 2 2 While the journal carries with it some of the delectable perfume of the flowers of California, it deals in a liberal way with art and kindred subjects. The Quarterly has some meritorious contributions by authors of ability, and an admirable feature is the fact that it lacks much of the tinsel and erraticism which mar the pages of many modern periodicals .- The Salt Lake Herald. 22 This unique magazine cannot be compared with any other publication, for there is none other that can be classed with it. From the start the contents have had a peculiar and distinctive literary value, and in this initial number of its third year it is better than ever .- Bookseller, New York. 2 2 In substance, tone, appearance; - in fine, in actual worth it deserves the highest encomium. I am glad to see the Slope keeping up with the literary procession. To it we still look for vigorous, young and original thought .- Wm. Whitmar Brown, Brown University.

subscription for 1904, 50 cents. The serial articles begin in the March issue, from which all new subscriptions will date.

Paul Elder and Company, Publishers 238 Post Street, San Francisco, California



OD be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. - William Ellery Channing. **BAN** A great book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought, deep= freighted with truth, with beauty too. It sails the ocean, driven by the winds of heaven, breaking the level sea of life into beauty where it goes, leaving behind it a train of sparkling loveliness, widening as the ship goes on. And what a treasure it brings to every land, scattering the seeds of

truth, justice, love, and piety, to bless the world in ages yet to come!—Theodore parker. HAR The only true equalizers in the world are books; the only treasure-house open to all comers is a library; the only wealth which will not decay is knowledge; the only jewel which you can carry beyond the grave is wisdom. To live in this equality, to share in these treasures, to possess this wealth, and to secure this jewel may be the happy lot of every one. All that is needed for the acquisition of these inestimable treasures is the love of books.—Ison altred Langford. HAR He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes.—Isaac Barrow. HAR

#### Some American Lyrics

N THE lumber-room of our national poetry is no sadder sight than the crystalline bits of song there doomed to a dusty oblivion by reason of the flaws that mar some portion of the crystal. As the lapidary will cut the perfect (though diminished) gem from the unvalued remainder to which it is united, so it seems to me our literature might be enriched if one had skill enough to separate many a true bit of

song from the adjuncts that prevent its fame.

To refer to no less familiar examples than those which the reader may easily find in Mr. Stedman's "American Anthology," such a union of the clear and the opaque may there be seen in one of Freneau's songs. Freneau, it will be remembered, was the earliest of our lyrists. A little song of his in the vein of Herrick, but of a more timid pensiveness than the singer of "Daffoddis" and "Blossoms" would have put into the theme, is addressed to "The Wild Honeysuckle" and still enjoys a certain currency. But in the lines on the battle of Eutaw Springs Freneau sounded a deeply musical strain that is one of the few adequately lyrical uses in our literature of a theme from revolutionary days. He could not, unhappily, strike off a perfect song. In its original form of eight stanzas the poem stumbles in the first stanza and falls down in the last. The evolution from the first stanza to the second is incoherent and halting. It is only in the third stanza that the song makes at last a fine beginning, which it however promptly forgets in the fourth. But if these discordant stanzas (less than half the poem) be omitted, there remains a patriotic strain no less solemnly melodious than Collins's ever-to-be-remembered "How sleep the brave who sink to rest?" With a slight verbal change, borrowed from the omitted stanzas, I offer this compressed version:—

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain, If goodness rules thy generous breast, Sigh for the wasted rural reign, Sigh for the shepherds sunk to rest.

They saw their injured country's woe, The flaming town, the wasted field, Then rushed to meet the insulting foe; They took the spear, but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering standards, Greene, The Britons they compelled to fly; None distant viewed the fatal plain, None grieved in such a cause to die.

But like the Parthians famed of old, Who, flying, still their arrows threw, These routed Britons, full as bold, Retreated and retreating slew.

Now rest our patriots; but if they
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
O stranger, smite thy breast and say—
The friends of freedom slumber here!

There are others, also, among our earliest singers who have left at least a fraction of a song that is worthy of detachment from the imperfections surrounding it. Drake's "American Flag," with its sixty-one lines considered as a whole, bears the same relation to poetry that decorative work bears to true painting; but this does not alter the fact that embedded in it are two separate passages of genuine poetic power. Those twenty lines taken together make a complete poem and sing themselves into a war-song as fine as the battle-songs of Campbell. If we knew the genesis of Drake's poem, it is not unlikely we should find that this true bit of song was the original inspiration which Drake unwisely

made the nucleus of the extended version that survives. It gleams on Drake's canvas like glimpses of an old master seen through the picture of an inferior hand. Once uncovered, it should live alone; and it will not soon be surpassed in nobleness:—

Flag of the bravel Thy folds shall fly. The sign of hope and triumph high, When speaks the signal trumpet tone, And the long line comes gleaming on. Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet, Has dimmed the glistening bayonet, Each soldier eye shall brightly turn To where thy sky-born glories burn, And, as his springing steps advance, Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

Flag of the seas! On ocean wave Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave. When death, careering on the gale, Sweeps darkly round the belied sail, And frighted waves rush wildly back Before the broadside's reeling rack, Each dying wanderer of the sea Shall look at once to heaven and thee, And smile to see thy splendors fly In triumph o'er his closing eye.

The note of sincerity, a note inseparable from all true song, was more than once struck by John Pierpont, who graduated from Yale in 1804. The first, third, fourth, fifth and ninth stanzas of his touching little poem, "My Child," are entitled to a place among American lyrics. Like Freneau, Pierpont could not always give lyrical unity to his singing measures. His "Fugitive Slave" suffers from this defect; but it nevertheless contains within itself a perfect crystal of song. Eight of its fourteen stanzas may be discarded without regret; but the second, third, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth stanzas are lyrically continuous and complete. Their majestic music is in keeping with the serene imagination that conceived them. Unblemished by a single note of partisan rancor and trilling with premonitions of far more than Pierpont could have foreknown when he wrote them, these nobly human lines epitomize all that was deepest in Northern feeling on the subject of slavery. No poetic utterance in our literature can equal them as an imperishable record of this nation's passion. Without a change beyond the new order of the chosen stanzas, this great song follows:—

Star of the North! While blazing day Pours round me its full tide of light, And hides thy pale but faithful ray, I, too, lie hid and long for night! For night!—I dare not walk at noon, Nor dare I trust the faithless moon.

Nor faithless man, whose burning lust For gold hath riveted my chain, Nor other leader can I trust But thee, of even the starry train; For all the host around thee burning, Like faithless man, keep turning, turning.

In the dark top of southern pines
I nestled, when the driver's horn
Called to the field, in lengthening lines,
My fellows at the break of morn.
And there I lay, till thy sweet face
Looked in upon my hiding-place.

Thy beam is on the glassy breast
Of the still spring, upon whose brink
I lay my weary limbs to rest,
And bow my parching lips to drink.
Guide of the friendless negro's way,
I bless thee for this quiet ray.

Wise were the men who followed thus
The star that set man free from sin.
Star of the North! Thou art to us —
Who're slaves because we wear a skin
Dark as is night's protecting wing —
Thou art to us a holy thing.

And we are wise to follow thee.
I trust thy steady light alone:
Star of the North! Thou seem'st to me
To burn before the Almighty's throne,
To guide me, through these forests dim
And vast, to liberty and Him.

It is still the acquired habit of criticism to describe Poe as our greatest singer; but the dozen poems which his closest students have agreed to regard as the epitome of his enduring poetical work are sufficient evidence that he was least of all a writer of lyrics. In verse, as in prose, he is first of all the story-teller. The difference between Poe and a lyrical poet is that Poe sings to a listener and the lyrical poet sings to himself. Between the outward and the inward look, between the mood of speech and the mood of music, between ballad and song, the distinction is as deep as the separation between the conscious and the unconscious in man's mentality; for song has its origin in unconsciousness, and is therefore the most direct expression of the singer's nature. Notody ever studied more assiduously or desired more ardently than Poe to add to his words the convincing music of lyrical utterance; but those who think he succeeded in doing so by "borrowing effects from music" have never felt the difference between the externality of such attempts and the inherent melody that belongs to the mood in which words and spirit coalesce, the mood which not even Shakspere and Shelley could command at will. Certainju "irstafel," "The Haunted Palace," "The Sleeper," "The Valley of Urrest," "The City in the Sea," "Annabel Lee," "The Conqueror Worm," "The Raven," are each and all conceived in the very key of narration. "Israfel," with its uncertain sequence of thought and no compelling unity of feeling, retains the evidences that it was written before its author's powers of self-criticism were matured; but at the very end it breaks into seven lines of the purest song:

If I could dwell
Where I srafe!
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

Few indeed are the passages in all Poe's verse that well up like this and make one believe for the moment that Nature held the pen, for the sincertry of his singing is rarely convincing. Not even "Annabel Lee," simple as it is, escapes this question. The lines "To One in Paradise" are the most intimately lyrical and in their entirety the freest from taint of simulated feeling. At the close, again, of a poem on a bride and her ring are twelve lines poignant with the note of piercing song. They have the elemental feeling of old romance. Only in the last stanza of "Israfel" and the last of "To One in Paradise" idd Poe's singing ever appear equally spontaneous. On account of the lines omitted I substitute an opening word:—

Alas, the words were spoken! And this the plighted vow; And though my faith be broken, And though my heart be broken, Here is a ring, as token That I am happy now!

Would God I could awaken! For I dream, I know not how; And my soul is sorely shaken, Lest an evil step be taken, Lest the dead, who is forsaken, May not be happy now! "The Sleeper," also, becomes at the last forgetful of all hearers. Deep melody blends with high imaginings in a passage the most perfect perhaps that ever came from Poe's hand:—

The lady sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold:
Cond winged, panel fluttering black,
Ond winged, panel fluttering black,
Ond winged, panel fluttering black,
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls
Of her grand family funerals:
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone:
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin,
It was the dead who groaned within.

But in general the poems of Poe may astonish us like "The Raven" and "The Conqueror Worm" by their imaginative power, or stir our pity like "Ulalume" by the distortions which the concavities and convexities of the poet's mental mirror add to his view of life; but they will never make anybody say:—

"That strain again! It had a dying fall:
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor!"

A lyric destined, it seems to me, to endear itself to all who can follow the high notes of song is "The Bugle," by Mrs. Frances M. Milne. The omission of sixteen lines and certain changes of order would give to the printed version the form that follows:—

The bugle is blown, is blown!
The bugle eternal of truth.
On the wings of the wind it hath flown,—
The call that was heard in our youth.
O heart to its music once beating!
O soul that once leaped in reply!
Do ye harken the summons repeating
The mandate of Liberty's cry?

The bugle is blown, is blown!
Up, comradesl it calls to the fray.
The tremulous dark is all sown
With gleams of the swift-coming day.
While a wrong yet remains for redressing,
While brotherhood's claim is denied,
To hope and to anguish confessing,
That clarion note hath replied.

The bugle is blown, is blown!
How thought ye its strain could be stilled?
Oh, clear as of old it was blown,
The pulse of the world it hath thrilled!
Oh, harken! for fuller and higher
It swells on the ambient air,—
The summons to souls that aspire
For Freedom to do and to dare!

This is the bel canto. It is spontaneous to the verge of improvisation and transparent in its liquid melody. "Simple" in its directness of phrase and in a choice of words hallowed by earliest association; "sensuous" in the happy iteration of its first line and the buglelike rhythms that follow with musical undulation; "impassioned" in its human sympathy and in the glowing intensity of its appeal to principles which should be the elements of character: this is poetry which fulfils the requisites of Milton's definition. It is by no

means the sole evidence of Mrs. Milne's musical gifts, for "The Awakening," "The Little Ones" and "The Tramp" each voices her quick sympathies in music that rings true. "The Tramp" and "The Awakening" strike a monitory chord that reminds one of the element of terror in Greek tragedy. "The Little Ones," meaning the children who work, alternates between a hovering tenderness for childhood and a sense of divine pity and divine wrath. But "The Bugle," to my thinking, is Mrs. Milne's happiest fusion of all the

elements of a song.

I have said that the lyric, like all music, has its origin in unconsciousness; but the conscious part of lyrical creation consists in that faculty of self-criticism which enables the master-singer to pass judgment upon his mind's offerings, rejecting the unsuitable and preserving for final use only those elements which make for perfect song. The lyrical impulse to many of the poems just cited is beyond all question; but a limited selective power, an inadequate capacity of self-criticism, precluded perfection in the result. It is on this account that the wings of so many of our song writers appear unable to hold them at a lyrical height. Their flight descends to narrative, to description, to a play of fancy, or the song ceases and the mind of the singer becomes occupied with reflections upon the object of his singing. Description and reflection are both conscious operations of the mind, which singing is not; and unless they both are suffused and interpenetrated by the mood of song, the presence of either becomes an alloy to lyrical purity. The more of lyrical poetry one reads, the more it appears to be the rarest faculty of poets to be able to distinguish mere gropings toward expression from those of their utterances which touch the goal of song.

These notes shall come to an end with twelve lines from Bryant, which are complete enough to stand apart from the poem in which they occur. As a golden bit of counsel from poet to poet, they are lines to be remembered. They might have been subscribed by

Wordsworth or Shelley as a canon of their art: -

The secret wouldst thou know
To touch the heart or fire the blood at will?
Let thine own eyes o'erflow;
Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill;
Seize the great thought, ere yet its power be past,
And bind in words the fleet emotion fast.

Seek'st thou in living lays
To limn the beauty of the earth and sky?
Before thine inner gaze
Let all that beauty in clear vision lie;
Look on it with exceeding love, and write
The words inspired by wonder and delight.

In close parallelism to the same thought is a passage which may be added from Mr. Swinburne's 'Tristram of Lyonesse'':—

For well he wist all subtle ways of song, And in his soul the secret eye was strong That burns in meditation, till bright words Break flamelike forth as notes from fledgling birds That feel the soul speak through them of the spring.

Copyright, 1903.

ALFRED A. WHEELER.

Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burthen to ourselves. They belp us to forget the crossnoss of men and things; compose our cares and our passions; and lay our disappoinments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation.

Jeremy Collier.

#### Translations from the Greek Drama.

HE problem of translation is, at best, a difficult one, and it is doubtless impossible that any rendering of any classic should establish itself as final. New generations of scholars will continue to attempt the task of bringing into English the masterpieces of other literatures, ever striving after the unattainable and seeking to be faithful to the matter of the original - which is, or should be, an easy task for the scholar - and at the same time not to violate its spirit. Thoroughly to assimilate and make one's own a work of poetic art conceived in one medium, and to give it forth in a new medium, satisfying the

conditions of another language and, it may be, of another age is the problem. It is indeed a veritable metempsychosis. To translate is to recreate, - a task not of the scholar alone, but of the artist.

The very difficulty of the work has led to widely diverging views as to the proper method. Some demand a poetical rendering of works originally clothed in poetic form; and in a sense this is right. The interpenetration of form and matter in a really great poem is so complete that the one cannot be rendered without the other. But here arises a new problem. Those best qualified to render the matter are often poorly qualified to render the form. We must look to scholars, since they alone can claim that they feel the nicer shades of meaning, the meanings that are suggested rather than expressed. But not all scholars are poets. They understand, and, in varying degrees, they feel; but, unless poetically gifted, they cannot recreate; and the version of a scholar who is not a poet is

often far less adequate than the version of a poet who is not a scholar.

Others, again, feel that any attempt to clothe a translation in poetic garb is a mistake. Our poetic forms, they say with some justice, bring with them modern connotations which stand in the way of a real interpretation of the original. These demand plain, unvarnished phrase, - as literal a version as may be. Now literalism is good, if by literalism one means a faithful version of the matter, so expressed as to produce in the mind of the modern reader as nearly as may be the effect produced by the original in the mind of a scholar. But if literalism means the bringing into English of words and phrases that are neither English nor (let us say) Greek, it is absolute death to understanding. Furthermore, there is prose and prose; and here, too, we need the artist quite as much as we need the scholar. For whether in prose or in verse, it is the artist alone who creates noble forms; and no one - I say it fearlessly - who cannot create for himself has any right to seek to clothe in a new form the artistic creation of another.

Granting, then, that the translator must be a scholar, but that he must have the soul of an artist, we may leave to him all questions of form, certain that he will choose that one in which he can best express for others the beauty he himself sees. It may be noble prose, itself an artistic creation and a medium worthy of the matter which it is to embody. In many another case it will be verse, but verse of which the translator is master, not slave,verse which depends not upon padding, not upon forced rimes, not upon unnatural turns of expression or inversions of the natural order, but verse which shows itself the proper vehicle for the expression of the matter it contains and which justifies its own existence.

These are high demands, but translation is a high task, - translation of Greek tragedy in many ways preeminently so. Many are indeed called, but few are chosen. For, when one reflects, amid the array of names that confronts one, how small the product that can really be called adequate and satisfying! We have a few translations that hold a high place in English poetry, but, save for these, what a mass of commonplace, and worse than commonplace, matter has been given forth as representing for the English reader the

achievement of the Greeks in this supreme department of poetry!

Of Æschylus we have as yet, so far as my knowledge goes, no satisfactory prose version, and the numerous poetical (?) versions fall very far short of the ideal. Potter, Blackie, Plumptre, Campbell and Miss Swanwick have all attempted the task with varying success, but not one of them conveys the impression of adequacy: he who knows the original turns from them in despair. In the case of individual plays we do far better. It is a striking fact that of all the translations of the Prometheus Bound none satisfies as does

the work of Mrs. Browning's girlhood. One may feel that the lyrics are at times unsatisfactory and may mark here and there an unfortunate phrase, but the total impression must ever be that it is the work of one who brought to the task of translating a deep love and admiration for the great original and genuine poetic talent. If there are mannerisms and occasional slips, there are also many turns that are remarkably felicitous and many noble lines, while that indefinable something which we call the spirit of the original is wonderfully kept. So for the Agamemnon, I should say that the English reader gains more from Fitzgerald's paraphrase than from any other single version. True, Fitzgerald does not give all that the original gives; in particular, his rendering of the choral odes is very far from satisfying, and one may well think it incongruous that the translator of Omar should attempt to render an Æschylean chorus, least of all the great odes of the Agamemnon. But he does feel and interpret the character of Clytæmnestra as does no other among the translators of Æschylus, and his interpretation is given in masterful verse. Let one read again the exulting words of the queen to the chorus, when the herald has appeared with sure tidings of victory, the lines with which she greets the king on his return, or, best of all, the wonderful passage which follows upon Agamemnon's refusal to tread upon the regal purple which she has bidden her women spread for him. Here we have translation which has enriched English poetry, and would we had more of it. Fortunately, too, to supplement Fitzgerald's brilliant work, we have a complete verse translation of the great trilogy, excellent in itself and remarkably faithful to the Greek, in Morshead's House of Atreus, now issued in the Golden Treasury series.

For Sophocles we have no satisfying verse translations. Plumptre's Sophocles is better than his Æschylus, but more can hardly be said; Campbell's is heavy, and Whitelaw's, while better than either, leaves much to be desired. The English reader will turn, in preference, to the admirable prose of Professor Jebb, whose translation is an important feature of his monumental edition of Sophocles, and is, happily, to be issued in separate form. Here we have prose translation at its best, separated by a great gulf from those renderings whereby English pedants have sought to make easy the path of the Oxford undergraduate, and which have made the name of Bohn at once famous and, one is tempted to say, infamous. Unfortunately, the new Bohn translation, by Coleridge, is not much

better.

In the case of Euripides, save for two versions coming from the eighteenth century, it is only recently that a complete poetical translation has been put before the English reader, although single plays have been rendered and ably rendered. Webster's Medea and Milman's Bacchanals suggest themselves and, above all, Browning's transcripts in Balaustion's Adventure and in Aristophanes's Apology. These last are of great interest and of great value, making one wish that his Agamemnon were not so unsatisfactory. Then we have Lawton's Three Dramas of Euripides, with an accompanying commentary, a meritorious although not a brilliant piece of work. But the complete Euripides in English Verse, by Mr. A. S. Way, a scolar well known as a translator of Homer, has come as a great boan to the English reader. Way is always readable, and is at times excellent. His blank verse is not great blank verse, but, at the same time, it is not prose chopped up into lines of ten syllables. His choruses show that he has considerable facility in versifying and his rimes are not as forced as those of many translators; yet the odes are very much alike and his mannerisms are marked. It is, however, easier to criticise his rendering than oneself to render better than he has done.

But, when one looks over available translations, one is forced to admit that the English student is badly off. A real desideratum is a series of translations, as adequate as may be, of at least a fair number of representative plays, with a brief commentary and with introductory essays containing sympathetic and, at the same time, discriminating criticism. I say sympathetic, for sympathy is an indispensable prerequisite for understanding. Thus alone can the English reader inform himself as to what Greek tragedy really is, and come to feel its power and beauty for himself. A few plays thus studied will put him in a position

to interpret other plays for himself.

This demand would seem to be met by the new volumes entitled *The Athenian Drama*, which have appeared from the press of Longmans, Green & Company. The

series is admirably planned. The first volume, which appeared in 1900, contained the Oresteia of Æschylus, the second and third, which appeared a few months ago, contain respectively the two Cedipuses and the Antigome of Sophocles and the Hippolytus and Baccha of Euripides, with the Frogs of Aristophanes. A fourth volume is to contain the Clouds and the Plutus of Aristophanes, the Trinummus of Plautus and the Adelphi of Terence. The introductory essays contain much interesting matter, and are ably written, although that prefixed to the first volume can alone be said to interpret the plays accompanying it; and the notes supply, in the main, the information needed by the average reader. The volumes seem to offer just what is desired; yet one's final impression is one of great disappointment. Inadequacy is stamped upon every page.

The translator of Æschylus, Mr. G. C. W. Warr, the general editor of the series, has rightly chosen blank verse for the rhythm of the dialogue and narrative portions; but it is a blank verse in which one misses the fire and splendor of Fitzgerald's great paraphrase. In the choral passages the translator has frankly given up the problem of a lyrical rendering and has attempted "the somewhat more difficult method of modulated prose." In this he has perhaps been wise; at least the metrical versions included in the volume do not lead us to desire more from the same hand. But once the choice is made in favor of prose one recalls the words of Morshead, himself one of the ablest translators of the great trilogy:

"It is easy to write prose; it is impossible to write that prose."

The translators of Sophocles, Mr. J. S. Phillimore, and of Euripides, Mr. Gilbert Murray, have selected the rimed couplet as the vehicle for the dialogue and have attempted metrical renderings for the choral odes. The latter are rendered exceedingly ill in both volumes. One's ear is not pleased when Theb's is rimed with y'e be, Eleussis with stuices, guites with prize is, and (God save the mark) Arés with these. Nor would the translators claim, I think, that the Greek makes upon their ears the impression these things must make upon the ear of the English reader. They are either trying to justify the statement quoted from Erasmus that in these choruses antiquity ''played the fool'' — a general statement in which few qualified to judge will concur—or they are simply attempting a task for which they are not qualified. There is not an ode in these volumes in which the form is not a hindrance to the understanding, and one is again and again forced to exclaim, 'Why did he not write prose?'' Worse than that; the odes, as rendered here, will lead no one to desire to read them a second time. Do the translators think that is true of the originals?

In the choice of the rimed couplet in preference to blank verse I must hold that the editors have taken a wrong course. Space will not permit a discussion of the matter, but my opinion is firm, an opinion formed on theoretical principles and confirmed by a reading of these volumes. But, apart from the wisdom or the unwisdom of their choice, the fact remains that the impression gathered from these renderings is widely different from that gathered from the originals. There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon; and such glory as attaches to the versions here given is distinctly that of the paler luminary. Oftimes the translation is extremely clever, less often it is forcible, at times it

may be called felicitous; noble it is not.

If I am any judge the work needs to be done over again, despite these admirably printed and attractive volumes. It is to be hoped, also, that the translator will frankly face his own limitations. If he cannot write verse, let him write prose; if he cannot write prose, let him not translate; for great literature can be represented only by renderings which themselves suggest greatness.

A. T. MURRAY.

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

Thomas Fuller.

#### A Little Trip to Utopia-II.

HE next morning I awoke just at sunrise, having slept seven solid hours without stirring, for the first time in many years. It was like being a child again,—that experience, and the feeling of wonder and delight that came brimming up in me as I opened my eyes on the lovely world again. From mp pillow, as I've said, without moving, I could see through the broad low window clear down into the valley below. When I last looked it was all soft moonlight there. Now, as I glanced again, only a second later it seemed, it had changed to dawnlight, a great expanse of white curling mist, touched with

seemed, it had changed to dawnlight, a great expanse of white curling mist, touched with read and gold, beyond which rose the pale blue walls of the Coast Range, pavement and ramparts of a heavenly city. These things, as I lay, "sang to my eye," and the meadow larks all about to my ear, with a sweeter and wilder strain, I thought, than our Eastern larks ever knew,—just as their ways of life are freer. So that my casement was a magic one, opening not quite "on the foam of perilous seas, in faery land," but still on a region not very far inland from there, and on feelings and impressions that hand't visited me for a

long, long time.

"I lay until the mists melted away, and revealed the live-oaks and the yellow poppy fields. Then I dressed and went down. My friend was waiting for me. "Are you ready for another bit of Utopia?" he said. "'I'll show you the finest thing of all. Come here. You belong to the generation," he continued, "that reads—well, Lang's Iliad instead of Homer's, and 'best authors' in half-hour doses, and takes the Bible, if at all, in little heb-domadal portions, garnished with improving questions and flanked with 'golden texts.' Still, your parents, like mine, may have been old-fashioned, and believed in taking books entire. So you've probably heard of the epistle to the Philippians, and will find yourself thinking, when I tell you that our next little innovation is a breakfast room, that we haven't been so mindful as we might be of St. Paul's words of warning about making a god of one's—meat and drink, say, and tiled tables, and Dedham dishes. But you'd be hasty. Utopia, as you'll see when I tell you of our social life and attempts at education, stands for something beyond all that. But it stands for attention to details, too. And wisely, I think. What, for example, to come to the breakfast room (here it is), can be more important than to start your day right, and have all the little things that surround you during your first waking hour well chosen, so as to put you in tune?

"I remember just when and where I first said that to myself. You've been on the Rhine? Did you 'do' it in a day? That's an insulting question, too. You probably took a week; and moved about on the early morning boats, where you had the peasants for your traveling companions, and the great baskets of cherries bound for Covent Garden; and sought out the little unspoiled inns-back in the hills; and got downright acquainted with the castles that you cared for; climbed over them and sketched away at them till you knew every bluebel in their walls. So did I. And in one of them, not of the ruined sort, I found a lovely little breakfast room, simple and sunny, with a diminutive terrace before it,

and a great inspiring view beyond."

"That's about the wisest thing I've seen in all Germany," I said. "I've learned more here than in all my Leipsic semesters. I've got a little bit of insight into the art of living. A breakfast room, that is what a breakfast room should be—not a mere architect's breakfast room in a rich man's big showy house—is the key to the whole situation. It's as clear as day."

tion. It's as clear as day."

"Well, we find it so. Here you see ours, and here's the way in which we use it. In
the first place, we spend always an even hour in it. And it's an hour not lost, but gained,

a dozen times over. It starts the day right.

"You see the plan. The side that doesn't admit of windows has all along it (except for the fireplace there in the middle) these low shelves, with books of a certain sort, which I'll tell you about later. And shelves are tucked in there, too, and there, wherever there's space for them between two windows. But most of these other three walls are glass—big low windows, with comfortable seats, enough to go round and give a good lookout place to each member of the family; and then, here in front, are the French doors, to let the big valley view in.

"We meet here at eight, on the dot. Utopia's a punctual place. Wasting one another's time, by procrastination, is a thing we don't tolerate. It would be too absurd in

a community that is taking pains to live common-sensibly.

"Well, first of all, we pick our flowers. We always have them, of one kind or another, and nine months in the year, of course, we have them in masses, every kind. All pick, and arrange, along on the tops of the shelves, throwing away all those of the day before that have passed their prime. Sometimes we follow our individual fancies, sometimes we try to work out a common scheme.

"Then we sit down to our breakfast, and talk. We don't read the paper. It's brought up, early, from San Jose; we glance at it before coming in, if we like. But this room it isn't admitted to. We aren't so sodden as to let it kill the conversation of half a dozen

people for half an hour. The morning paper is the utter ruination of family life.

"We just enjoy one another, as every family would at the breakfast hour, if it only would. And we enjoy the birds and flowers and sun and storm, and whatever else may be going on outdoors. Any one who wants to may leave the table and take his plate and cup of coffee to one of the window seats, or go to the fireplace, if the morning is dull.

"Well, the flowers take us toward a quarter of an hour; the breakfast, itself, of course, rather more; and the remainder of the time,—guess what it is for! Don't you know the after-breakfast feeling - the feeling of absolute well-being, balance and adequacy and poise? And don't you always want, when you're thus at your very best, to follow the bent of the moment for a little while, doing with deliberation the exact thing that you choose to, instead of plunging headlong into the thing your unhappy conscience tells you you ought to? Well, it's to just this use that we put that last third of our hour here. So you see now why we have the books. Sometimes you want to read then, occasionally in the line of your work of the evening before, more often along the line of your likings merely. I've seen the mornings when there seemed to be nothing so desirable as to delve again into Roscher's Lexikon, say, dropped reluctantly at midnight; and others when it was Emerson's Self-Reliance that I wanted, or Milton's sonnets, or a letter of Fitzgerald, or a few minutes with Elizabeth Bennett or Rose Jocelyn (I'm always going back to my favorite love stories), or with Sentimental Tommy (the real Tommy, aged six). Then often one desires nothing so much as just to look and listen, and drink in a little more pleasure and a little more vigor for the day. And it also is good, conducive to wisdom and serenity, to weed your portulacas or prune your rose bushes or do a bit of digging, before you pass to harder work. And sometimes I like to just lie in the sun here and think, and wonder what else I can devise that will add to the joy of life as this little room does. For this is the spot in the whole wide world that gives me most pleasure. When my memory runs back over the most delightful moments I've ever known it sees this little place as the background and setting of very many of them.

"And that reminds me. There's one thing more. We often have friends here, neighbors. Breakfast's the meal for that. It's good to have people to dine with you; it's better to have them to breakfast. The English understand that, as they do all the details of the art of living well. You've been in Oxford: do you know anything so pleasant as running into a friend's room there, to take your tea and chop with him and indulge in a 'dish of talk'? Dinner with another means usually rather high living with thinking that's decidedly plain and talk that doesn't often rise very much above anecdotes and platitudes. At breakfast it's the other way round. If there's any conversation in you, any thinking

possible, the morning will bring it out.

"And now don't you want to see what the common school is like up here in Utopia?"

H. W. R.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



#### The Building of the Home-I.

OME making is one of the sacred tasks of life, for the home is the family temple, consecrated to the service of parents and offspring. As the strength of the state is founded upon family life, so is the strength of society based upon the home. The building of the home should be an event of profound importance. It should be with man as it is with the birds, the culminating event after courtship and marriage, upon which all the loving thought and energy of the bridal pair is bestowed. How often

in our modern American life do we find a far different procedure! The real estate agent and the investor confer, and as a result we have rows of houses put up to sell to shiftless home seekers who are too indifferent to think out their own needs, and helplessly take what has been built for the trade. The taint of commercialism is over these homes, and all too

often the life within them is shallow and artificial.

The building of houses is an art, not a trade, and therefore it is needful that when those who are to occupy the home have thought out their needs, they should go to an artist to create out of their disjointed ideas an artistic whole. So apparent is this that it seems but an idle truism, yet comparatively few realize its full significance. It is not enough for a boss carpenter or a contractor to style himself an architect and hang out his shingle. must demand of our architect that he be a real creative artist - that he understand form and proportion, that he be a man of taste and originality, that he appreciate not merely the general types, but the inner spirit of the architecture of other peoples and other ideals of culture. Such a man will sublimate our crude and imperfect conception of the home and make of it a vital expression. Such a home will not merely fit us, but will be like the clothes of a growing child, loose enough to allow us to expand to its full idea, and with seams which can be let out as the experience of years enlarges our ideals.

I have urged on many previous occasions, but believe the point worthy of repetition, that all sound art is an expression growing out of the nature which environs it.) Its principles may have been imported from afar, but the application of those principles must be native. A home, for example, must be adapted to the climate, the landscape and the life in which it is to serve its part. In New England we must have New England homes; in Alabama, Alabama homes, and in California, California homes. We cannot import the one bodily into the other surroundings without introducing jarring notes, although there is a certain quality in architecture which is racial and temperamental rather than climatic,a quality not to be ignored or slighted.

Even such a designation as a California home is too inclusive, for between the climate and scenery of San Diego and Mendocino Counties there is as wide a diversity as between New England and Alabama. In the following discussion, much will be of general application regardless of climate or landscape, but those points in which environment enters will refer to the region about San Francisco Bay. Here a quarter of the population of California is concentrated, and it is with their homes that I am especially concerned.

The style of the home is determined in no small degree by the material of which it is constructed, and this in turn is to a large measure regulated by cost or availability. Primitive people in many lands have found reeds, grasses, or leaves, thatched upon poles, the most readily obtained material for making a shelter. Even in the rural districts of England the use of thatch may still be seen, but the danger of fire and the comparative instability of

such work has caused it to be generally abandoned.

In all countries where forests of suitable timber are accessible, we find wooden houses predominate. Even such savages as the Thlingit Indians of Alaska and the New Zealand Maoris, both living in lands abundantly forested, abandoned the temporary huts of their ancestors for permanent houses of wooden slabs. In desert countries, on the contrary, where wood is scarce and difficult to obtain, we find the first evidences of the use of stone or clay for building purposes. The Pueblo Indians of Arizona, the Aztecs of Mexico and the early Egyptians are instances in point.

California is still in the period of wooden houses. With great forest areas unexploited and the modern facilities for converting trees into lumber, this material is still by far the least expensive available for building purposes. A brick house costs today nearly twice as much as a wooden house, and a structure of stone, or even of terra cotta, is far more expensive than one of brick. Since the average home builder puts into his residence all he can afford, to build of brick would mean to shrink the house to half its dimensions in wood. It therefore follows that brick and stone, for some time to come, will be available chiefly for public or commercial buildings, except amongst the very rich, while the man of average means must be content with wood.

In this there is no hardship if the one essential rule be observed of using every material in the manner for which it is structurally best adapted, and of handling it in a dignified style. The failure to observe this rule is the great sin in most of the domestic architecture of America. A few illustrations will emphasize this point. The arch of masonry is the strongest structural use of stone or brick. An arch of wood, on the contrary, has no structural value, and is a mere imitation of a useful building form. It is generally painted to imitate the effect of stone, and thus sins even more seriously in becoming a sham. We feel that a woman with painted lips and cheeks is vulgar because she is shamming the beauty which only vigorous health can bestow; so also is woodwork vulgar when it is covered over to imitate the architectural form of stone.

The round arch, although the most glaring example of faulty construction in wood, is not the only weak type in this material. Indeed it is safer to avoid all curving lines in wood, and especially such as the round tower and curving bay window, on the ground that they are constructively out of place. The incurved top of a Japanese gate and the slight rise in the line of a roof ridge at either end are the only exceptions that occur to me where rounded lines seem appropriate in a wooden structure. It is a safe general rule in timber construction to build in straight lines to give dignity, strength and repose to the

work.

Having determined the general form of wood construction, it is next important to consider the right treatment and handling of wood. Wood is a good material if left in its natural finish, but it is generally spoiled by the use of paint or varnish. This is a matter which perhaps cannot be entirely reasoned out. It must be seen and felt to be understood, and yet it is a point vital to artistic work. There is a refinement and character about the natural wood which is entirely lost when changed by varnish and polish. Oil paint is the most deadly foe of an artistic wood treatment. It is hard and characterless, becoming dull and grimp with time and imparting a cold severity to the wood.

Wood is treated with paint for two avowed reasons—to protect it and to ornament it. Experience proves, however, that the protection afforded by paint is quite unnecessary in most climates. Shingles, if left to themselves, rot very slowly and in a very clean manner. Since the grain of the wood is in the direction of drainage, the rot is constantly washed out instead of accumulating. With painted clapboards, in which the grain runs crosswise to the drainage, on the contrary, dirt and grime are scrubbed into the wood, and a renewal of paint is necessary after a very few years. Natural shingles last fully three times as long as

a coat of paint, and are thus in the end an economy.

As to the second reason for treating wood with paint, ornamentation, let us consider for a moment wherein lies the beauty of a house. We are too prone to forget that a single house is but a detail in a landscape. In the country it is a mere incident amongst the trees or fields, in the city it is but one of a street of houses. In either case its effect should never be considered apart from the whole. The exterior of a house should always be conceived so that it will harmonize with its surroundings. The safest means of effecting this is by leaving the natural material to the tender care of the elements. Wood in time weathers to a soft brown or gray in which the shadows are the chief marks of accent. The tones are sufficiently neutral to accord with any landscape, and the only criticism which can be made to the coloring of such a group of houses from an artistic point of view is that they are rather sober and reserved. California has a remedy for this defect in the abundance of climbing flowers. Roses, ivy-geranium, Wistaria, clematis, passion-vine, Ampelopsis, and a joyous host of companion flowers are ready to enliven any sober wall. Wire-mesh screens a foot from the house will protect the shingles from dampness and our houses can thus be decked as for a carnival in a wealth of varying bloom.

A practice somewhat in vogue of trimming shingle houses with white is especially to be deprecated since the white accent is utterly out of key with the rest of the house and attracts the attention out of all proportion to the importance of the parts thus emphasized. If color must be used, a creosote shingle stain for the roof, of dull red or a soft warm green, is not apt to destroy the color harmony of the house with reference to the surrounding land-scape, but the difficulty is that crude harsh colors are so often chosen, or, if successfully avoided by the original colorist, are liable to be applied by some less discriminating successor. The colors bestowed by nature always improve with time, and are therefore by far the safest.

Our consideration of the home has thus far progressed only so far as the right use of one material is concerned. There are two other matters of fundamental importance to be considered, the style of architecture and the plan. Thus far the discussion would apply equally to any country or climate, but in the matters now to be treated, the environment must be reckoned with. A simple house need not, in an exact sense, be classed with any style of architecture, yet there are certain distinguishing features which seem to throw most of our recent homes into either the Classic, the Gothic or the so-called "Mission" archi-

tecture of the Spanish.

With the California houses which pass under the name of "Colonial" I have no spraphy whatever. In the Eastern States the real colonial houses are often genuinely beautiful and appropriate, set amidst green lawns and shadowed with venerable elms, but their charm lies more in the natural use of good materials than in the introduction of classic columns and other embellishments. The cheap imitations of such houses in California generally have no harmonious setting and are characterized by the use of inappropriate materials in an insincere way. I need instance but one example, that of a large wooden house painted red to suggest brick, with blocks of white trimming as a reminiscence of marble or granite. In this there is no attempt at deception, of course, but a mere copy of an effect produced by more expensive material.

It is unnecessary to dwell at greater length on the inappropriateness of meaningless white-painted fluted columns of hollow wood, which support nothing worthy of their pretentiousness, of little balconies of turned posts, which are too small or inaccessible to be used, and of many other vulgar accessories of ornament, made more glaring by a hard

surface of white paint.

I therefore pass next to the Gothic house. A real problem here presents itself for serious consideration, one, in fact, concerning which our best architects are not fully in accord. In brief the question is: Shall we bar the pointed roof from the valleys of California, and with it the Gothic spirit, on the ground that our climate does not demand it? Those who reply in the affirmative point to the fact that we live in a land without snow and that the steeppitched roof is called for only as a means of shedding the heavy snow of a northern climate. They contend that our climatic affinities are with the Mediterranean countries rather than with Germany, Britain and Scandinavia, and that our architecture should follow the inspiration of the South rather than of the North. Those who make this contention find their ideal in a masonry architecture with roofs of the slightest practicable pitch. I have much sympathy with this point of view, and yet the case does not seem quite so clear as some of its most consistent advocates conceive it. The problem seems to hinge, in part at least, on whether or not the steep-pitched roof is to be regarded only in the light of a snow shed. If so, it is manifestly out of place in the valleys of Central and Southern California. But is there not another element involved in the pointed lines of Gothic architecture? Are the pinnacles and spires of a Gothic cathedral intended simply or mainly to carry off snow? It seems to me, on the contrary, that the whole pointed effect of Gothic architecture is, in a measure at least, a means of expressing the ideal of aspiration. A pointed roof necessarily leads the eye upward to the sky; a flat roof, on the other hand, carries the eye down to earth. The two ideals are most completely embodied in the Greek temple and the Gothic cathedral, the one complete, finished, nobly crowning the earth, the other beautiful in itself but pointing heavenward toward spiritual things unrealized.

Even if the flatness of the Greek temple and the pointedness of the Gothic cathedral were primarily the result of the absence and presence of snow, these forms have, in the course of ages, become the embodiments of certain human ideals, the contented and the aspiring. The horizontal line suggests repose; the vertical line, action. If the Gothic spirit is to be introduced and perpetuated in California, it will have a temperamental rather than a climatic rationale.

That the pointed roof is not an essential in a country with heavy winter snows is well exemplified by the Swiss chalet. Those who disparage the pointed roof most strongly as an importation from a land of snow are most ready to follow the type of house characteristic of Switzerland, where broad roofs of very slight pitch, supported by massive timbers,

hold the snow to serve as a warm blanket.

If we turn to savage architecture to discover the natural genesis of roof lines, we find the Thlingit Indians in Alaska and the Maoris of Southern New Zealand, both living in lands of winter snow, building houses with roof pitch but little steeper than that characteristic of Italy and Greece, while the Hawaiians, who live in the tropics and whose ancestors lived there in the remote past, build grass houses with roofs as steep as those of Norway. In the face of such unconscious testimony as to the lack of necessary relation between roof-pitch and snow, I fail to see how any fair-minded student of architecture can continue to press the point.

Personally I have no wish to argue in favor of either roof pitch for California. It seems to me to be largely a matter of individual taste, to be determined by the preference of the builder for Gothic or Classic ideals. There is a practical advantage in the roof of low pitch in that it gives an increase in attic room, but the steep roof, on the other hand, is

a more perfect water shed and therefore less liable to leak.

Between the steep and the low pitch there is an angle which always gives a house a hopelessly commonplace appearance. It is the angle with which we are familiar in that historic picture of childhood, labeled, "This is a house," and which unfortunately is too

often exemplified in American homes.

The Mansard roof, with flat top fenced in, need not be discussed in this connection, since it is happily out of fashion and seems to be destined to remain so; but there is another type of roof which must not be overlooked. This is the style so common in Egypt and Palestine,— a flat roof fenced in by extending the walls of the building, thus making a retired open-air garden of the housetop. This type of roof is generally associated with a building of stone, brick or plaster, although it is not necessarily out of place on a wooden structure, and might be more widely adopted in California.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The remainder of this paper will be given in the September issue. The editor regrets that limitation of space prevented its entire publication in this number. Copyright, 1903.

#### Genroku.

#### The Golden Era of Romance and Art.

HE Nen-go of Genroku, from 1688 to 1703, was that period of incomparable glory which the Japanese revere as the French do the time of Louis the Fourteenth. Peace had long reigned and art flourished under the fostering care of the Tokugawa Shoguns.

Then lived the great worker in lacquer, Korin, pupil of Sotatsu, the flower painter, unrivalled artists who had absorbed the secrets of both Kano and Tosa. Itcho, the grand colourist, flourished, and Kenzan, brother of

Korin, the "Exponent in pottery decoration of the Korin School."

Yedo, the new capital of the usurping Tokugawas, now became the Mecca of genius, rivalling the ancient metropolis Kyoto, for the great Shoguns encouraged art in all forms, not disdaining to enroll themselves as pupils to the masters in painting and lacquer. The greatest ruler became one of the greatest artists, even assuming the art title of Sendai Shogun. In this age the height of perfection was reached in metal work, both chased and cast.

"The sword is the soul of the Samurai," says the old Japanese motto, therefore its decoration and adornment was a sacred service to which genius delighted to dedicate itself.

In Japan the greatest artists were sometimes carvers and painters and workers in metals in one, and suggest comparison with the European masters of two centuries earlier. Did not Botticelli take his name from the goldsmith for whom he worked, and Leonardo da Vinci begin his art life by "twisting metal screens for the tombs of the Medici"? Later we see him playing before his patron Francesco in Milan, upon that weird silver harp he had himself constructed, till at last, perfected in art, he projected upon canvas the Monna Lisa, that "realization of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions."

Also in Japan, as in Europe, the genius of the nation was consecrated to the dead. More than half of Michelangelo's life was devoted to the decoration of tombs, and the shrines of the Shoguns are the greatest art monuments in Japan. Preoccupation with graves perhaps enabled the Japanese to face death so readily, even embracing it upon the

slightest pretext.

Genroku was the acme of the age of chivalry. Its tales of deadly duels and fierce vendettas are the delight of the nation. The "Chiushigura," containing the history of the Fortyseven Ronins, equals any mediaeval tale of bloodthirsty vengeance and feudal devotion. This Japanese vendetta of the seventeenth century is still re-enacted upon the stage, and remains the most popular drama of the day, and the actor-designers of Torii ever delighted in it as a subject for illustration. A brief outline of the story may be of interest and serve to

recall its charming interpretation by Mitford.

The cause of this famous drama of vendetta was the avarice of Kotsuki-no-Suke, a courtier of the Shogun at Yedo who might have served as prototype for "Pooh Bah," in Gilbert's clever burlesque. This pompous official was detailed to receive at his castle and instruct in court etiquette two provincial noblemen, to whom had been assigned the onerous task of entertaining the Mikado's envoy from Kyoto. In return for this tutelage they duly sent many gifts to Kotsuki-no-Suke, but not costly enough to gratify the rapacity of the Gilbertian minister, who day by day became more insufferably arrogant, not having been "sufficiently insulted."

Then a counsellor of one of these great lords, being wise in his generation, and fearing for his master's safety, rode at midnight to the castle of the greedy official, leaving a present or bribe of a thousand pieces of silver. This generous donation had the desired

effect.

"You have come early to court, my lord," was the suave welcome the unconscious nobleman received the next morning. "I shall have the honour of calling your attention to several points of etiquette today." The next moment the countenance of Kotsuki-no-Suke clouded, and turning haughtily toward his other pupil from whom no largesse had been received, he cried, "Here, my lord of Takami, be so good as to rie for me the ribbon

of my sock," adding under his breath, "boor of the provinces."

"Stop, my lord!" cried Takumi-no-Kami, and drawing his dirk, he flung it at the indeath Kotsuki-no-Suke, and he fled from the spot, whilst Takumi-no-Kami was arrested, and to divert the disgrace of being beheaded, hastily performed hara-kiri; his goods and castle were confiscated and his retainers became Ronins (literally "Wave Men"), cast adrift to follow their fortunes, roving at will.

The vendetta, sworn to and carried out by these forty-seven faithful servants, is the deed of the story. Oishi Kuranosuki, the chief of the Ronins, planned the scheme of revenge. To put Kotsuki-no-Suke off his guard, the band dispersed, many of them under the disguise of workmen taking service in the yashiki of their enemy in order to become

familiar with the interior of the fortification.

Meanwhile Kuranosuki, to further mislead his enemies, plunged into a life of wild dissipation, until Kotsuki-no-Suke, hearing of his excesses, relaxed his own vigilance, only keeping half the guard he had at first appointed. The wife and friends of Kuranosuki were greatly grieved at his loose conduct, for he took nobody into his confidence. Even a man from Satsuma, seeing him lying drunk in the open street, dared to kick his body, muttering, "Faithless beast, thou givest thyself up to women and wine, thou art unworthy of the name of a Samura;

But Kuranosuki endured the contumely, biding his time, and at last, in the winter of the following year, when the ground was white with snow, the carefully planned assault was successfully attempted. The castle of Kotsuki-no-Suke was taken, but what was the consternation of the brave Ronins, when, after a prolonged search, they failed to discover their victin! In despair, they were about to despatch themselves, in accordance with their severe code of honour, when Kuranosuki, pushing aside a hanging picture, discovered a secret courtyard. There, hidden behind some sacks of charcoal, they found their enemy, and dragged him out trembling with cold and terror, clad in his costly nightrobe of embroidered white satin. Then humbly kneeling Oshi Kuranosuki thus addressed him: "My lord, we beseech you to perform Sepuku (happy despatch). I shall have the honour to act as your lordship's second, and when, with all humility, I shall have the honour to act as your lordship's second, and when, with all humility, I shall have received your lordship's head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of our master; Asano-Takumi-no-Kami." Unfortunately, the Ronins' carefully planned programme failed to recommend itself to Kotsuki-no-Suke, and he declined their polite invitation to disembowel himself, whereupon Kuranosuki at one stroke cut off the craven head, with the blade used by his master in taking his own life.

So in solemn procession the Forty-seven Ronins, bearing their enemy's head, approached the Temple of Sengakuji, where they were met by the abbot of the monastery who led them to their master's tomb. There, after washing in water, they laid it, thus accomplishing the vendetta; then praying for decent burial and for masses they ended their own lives, each man drawing from the handle of his kitana the crute concealed javelin, so small, yet keen and deadly in its purpose as the asp lying hidden in the bosom of

Cleopatra.

Thus ended the tragic story, and visitors to the temple are still shown the receipt given by the retainers of the son of Kotsuki-no-Suke for the head of their lord's father, returned to them by the priest of Sengakuji. Surely it is one of the weirdest relics to take in one's hand, this memorandum, the simple wording of which but adds to its horror:

Item - One head.

Item — One paper parcel, and then the signatures of the two retainers beneath.

Another manuscript is also shown, in which the Ronins addressed their departed lord,

laying it upon his tomb. It is translated thus by Mitford:

'The fifteenth year of Genroku, the twelfth month, and fifteenth day. We have come this day to do homage here, forty-seven men in all, from Oishi Kuranosuki, down to the foot soldier, Terasaka Kichiyemon, all cheerfully about to lay down our lives on your behalf. We reverently announce this to the honoured spirit of our dead master. On the fourteenth day of the third month of last year our honoured master was pleased to attack Kira-Kotsuki-no-Suke, for what reason we know not. Our honoured master put an end to his own life, but Kotsuki-no-Suke lived. Although we fear that after the decree issued by the Government, this plot of ours will be displeasing to our master, still we who have eaten of your food could not without blushing repeat the verse, 'Thou shalt not live under the same heaven nor tread the same earth with the enemy of thy father or lord,' nor could we have dared to leave hell and present ourselves before you in paradise, unless we had carried out the vengeance which you began. Every day that we waited seemed as three autumns to us. Verily we have trodden the snow for one day, nay for two days, and have tasted food but one. The old and decrepit, the sick and ailing, have come forth gladly to lay down their lives. Having taken counsel together last night we have escorted my lord, Kotsuki-no-Suke, hither to your tomb. This dirk by which our honoured lord set great store last year, and entrusted to our care, we now bring back. If your noble spirit be now present before this tomb, we pray you as a sign to take the dirk, and striking the head of your enemy with it a second time to dispel your hatred forever. This is the respectful statement of forty-seven men."

There were forty-seven Ronins. Why, then, do forty-eight tombstones stand beneath the cedars at Sengakuji? Truly the answer has caused tears to fall from the eyes of many a visiting pilgrim, for the forty-eighth tomb holds the body of the Satsuma man, who in an agony of grief and remorse ended his life, and was buried beside the hero, whose body he

had scornfully trampled upon in the streets of sacred Kyoto.

This history of the Forty-seven Ronins is an epitome of Japanese ethics, for in it is exemplified their feudal devotion, their severe code of honour, their distorted vision of duty and fealty to a superior, justifying the most lawless acts. Thus the conduct of Kuranosuki during his wild year of reckless abandonment, in which he threw off all moral restraint in order to deceive his enemy, breaking the heart of his faithful and devoted wife, was considered by his countrymen meritorious and a proof of his devotion. The Ukiyo-ye artists, who loved to take for models the beautiful denizens of the "Under World," chose this obsession of Kuranosuki as the subject for many of their illustrations, so that at a first glance the series might almost be mistaken for scenes from the life of the Yoshiwara.

Here and there, however, we come across the Ronins engaged in terrific conflict with Kotsuki-no-Suke's retainers. Cruel and bloodthirsty are the blades of their relentless kitanas, which once unsheathed must be slaked in human blood, and their garments, slashed into stiletto-like points of inky blackness, forming a cheveaux de frise round their

fierce faces, seem scintillant with the spirit of vendetta.

In examining the sets of impressions, illustrating the popular story, it is hard to give preference to any special artist: to choose between the Utamaro-like violets and greens of Veizan; the rich dark tints and fine backgrounds of Kunisada; the delicately massed detail of Toyokuni, unlike the usual boldness of his style, and the varied sword-play of the versatile Hiroshige, set in a frosted, snowy landscape. Hokusai, who abjured theatrical subjects after breaking away from the tutelage of Shursho, published a series of prints illustrating the famous vendetta, but as his great-grandfather had been a retainer of Kotsukino-Suke losing his life during the midnight attack, the story formed part of his ancestral history. The series is signed Kako, and the sweeping lines and contours of the female figures show the Kiyonaga influence. Yellow preponderates, outlining the buildings and long interior vistas, and the impressions are framed with a singular convention of Hokusai at that period, drifting cloud effects in delicate pink. Utamaro also illustrated the story, substituting for the Ronins the forms of women, a favourite conceit of the artist of beauty.

This digression in favour of the masters of the Popular School has carried us over a hundred years, and we must return to the close of the seventeenth century. Moronobu illustrated the carnival of Genroku, but toward the end of the century, under the domination of a Shogun who combined the qualities of extravagance and profligacy with the delirious superstition of a Louis the Eleventh, a period of unbridled license set in. The military men, who were the nation's models, forgot their fine tradition and fell from their estate, so that the latter manners and customs of Genroku became a by-word. Then followed a puritanical reaction. Under the eighth Shogun, the knights were restricted from attending the theatre, just coming into favour, and the looser haunts of pleasure were strictly under ban. The Ukiyo-ye print, being the medium for illustrating these joys and pleasures, forbidden to the great, but still indulged in by the people, was strictly condemned, and to this day the aristocracy of Japan accord but grudging and unwilling recognition to the merits of the masters of Ukiyo-ye accord but grudging and unwilling recognition to the merits of the masters of Ukiyo-ye.

the old caste prejudice still blinding their artistic sense.

At this stage Ukiyo-ye broke into rival schools, the founders of both belonging to the academy of Hishigawa Moronobu. The leader of the first, the school of painting, was Miyagawa Choshun, who in order to preserve aristocratic patronage and praise, eschewed the use of the printing block, still taking his subjects from the "floating world," and so being in one sense at unity with the other branch, that of printing founded by Kiyonobu, the first master of the great Torii School. As the Print artists are our subject matter we cannot follow the other branch of Ukiyo-ye, founded by Miyagawa Choshun, but Jeaving the atelier of the painters we must devote ourselves to the fortunes of the Torii School, the laboratory of the Ukiyo-ye print, working parallel with the pictorial school-for the first half of the eighteenth century.

The first sheets of Kiyonobu (about 1710), the founder of the Torii School, were printed in ink from a single block. Part of the edition would be issued in this uncoloured form, the rest being coloured by hand. The colours most used were olive and orange, these prints being called Tan-ye, whilst those in ink were named Sunti-ye. Later the Beni took place of the Tan, and formed a link between Tan-ye and Urishi-ye (laquer), the

generic term for hand-coloured prints. The national mania for the stage induced Kiyonobu and his followers to take for their subjects popular actors, and the theatrical poster may be

said to date from the decade following Genroku.

Later in the century the process of colour-printing by the substitution of blocks for factoolurs was gradually evolved, and to no special artist or engraver can the credit be given, for all contributed to its development, though the genius of Suzuki Harunobu drew to a focus in 1765 the achievements of his brother artists, and it was he who solved the problem of uniting the skill of the engraver with the full palette of Miyagawa Choshun and his follower Shunsui, thus uniting the two branches of Ukiyo-ye art.

The Popular School, however, is bound up with print development. Japanese book interation and single-sheet printing revolutionized the world's art. The great connoisseurs of colour tell us that nowhere else is anything like it, so rich and so full, that a print comes

to have every quality of a complete painting.

The other leaders of the Torii School were Torii Kiyomasu and Okumura Masanobu, namesake of the great founder of Kano, who must not be confounded with the later arist of the same name, belonging to the school of Kitao. Masanobu deserves special mention, for his style being chiefly pictorial, and his subjects not confined to the stage, he formed a link between the painter's atelier and his own. He realized that book prints rather than

actor prints ought to be the most potent force of Ukiyo-ye.

Shigenaga followed in the footsteps of Masanobu, but his fame is celipsed by that of his great pupil Harunobu, whose genius was displayed not only by the introduction of new colours upon the printing block, but by his schemes of arrangement, juxtaposition of shades, and marvellous handling of the areas between the printed outlines. This restriction of measured spaces does not cramp the painter's individuality and sweep of brush; rather, they set him free to concentrate his genius upon blended harmonies, and interwoven schemes of colour, and to surrender himself to the intoxication of the palette.

Suzuki Harunobu revolutionized the status of the Popular School, pronouncing this dictum, "Though I am a worker in prints I shall hereafter style myself 'Yamato Yeshi," the title assumed by the ancient court painters. A national painter he declared himself, let him deny who dare, working through the new medium of the despised and ostracized

Ukiyo-ye print from which he determined to remove the stigma of vulgarity.

Now we see a strange transposition in the aims of the popular artists. though a pupil of Shigenaga, the printer, took for his models the subjects of the painter Shunsui, successor to Miyagawa Choshun, and by rejecting stage motives discarded the Torii tradition. From Shunsui, Harunobu borrowed the ineffable grace and refinement which breathe from the forms of his women, from the painter he stole colour harmonies and designs with landscape backgrounds, which the Torii School had hitherto ignored. The introduction of genre painting, though attributed by Walter Pater to Giorgione, applies equally to the work of Harunobu and his follower Koriusai. "He is the inventor of genre, of those easily movable pictures which serve neither for uses of devotion, nor of allegorical or historical teaching: little groups of real men and women, amid congruous furniture or landscape, morsels of actual life, conversation or music or play, refined upon and idealized till they come to seem like glimpses of life from afar. People may move those spaces of cunningly blent colour readily and take them with them where they go, like a poem in manuscript, or a musical instrument, to be used at will as a means of self-education, stimulus or solace, coming like an animated presence into one's cabinet, and like persons live with us for a day or a lifetime." Must not such an influence have descended upon Whistler when, saturated with the atmosphere of Hiroshige, he imagined that most beautiful of his "Nocturnes" described by Theodore Child as "a vision in form and colour, in luminous air, a Japanese fancy realized on the banks of the gray Thames'?

DORA AMSDEN.

Copyright, 1908. To be followed in the September number by The Actor-Print Designers of Torin.

#### Fair Women.

#### I. GIRLHOOD.

The silkworm from his trance shall never wake:

Those are his spoils, the ribbons of your gown,
For silken sleep the web that he did make,

When to a dream of spring he laid him down.

What did he dream who spun the drowsy thread?

A life with wings, a butterfly to be,
Glinting in air, on flow'ry nectar fed,
In air, the home of music, to be free.

You are the dream, sweet maid, you are the wings,
You are the freshness of a life's new birth,
You are the music that the springtime sings,
You are the soul that scorns to touch the earth:

On palpitating air your pathway lies, From flow'r to flow'r, the gladness of our eyes.

#### II. WOMANHOOD.

With music's plummet for thy depth of soul,
A man might dare be painter of thy heart:
Could I the spells of melody control,
I'd teach the world the melody thou art.

Mute of all song, mosaic I essay
In many-colored words on ground of gold,
And with such art thy beauty would portray
As men unborn should tremble to behold.

Yes, at the picture Time himself shall stand,
Time that has seen all beauty under sun,
And touch thy face with lingering loving hand,
And wish one moment fate might be undone.

For my poor skill the theme had been too high: But touched by Time thy beauty cannot die.

### BIRDS OF GOD

By J. B. RADCLIFFE-WHITEHEAD

An attractive portfolio. Size, 11½ x 14 inches. Price, \$3.00. A BEAUTIFUL portfolio of angels and other imaginative figures from the Masters of the Renaissance, reproduced in photogravure. The eighteen pictures have been reproduced with extreme care and complete artistic success. Introduction and textual commentary by Ralph Radcliffe-Whitehead. As an object lesson in the old masters, for sehool or kindergarten, or as a gift book, the present exquisite volume could not be surpassed.

R. H. RUSSELL, Publisher, 3 W. 29th Street, New York

### SCHUSSLER BROS.

PICTURES, FRAMES, MIRRORS, ARTISTS' MATERIALS, FINE GILDING

Our new store is beautifully appointed, large and light. Everything that the artistic sense could plan has been done for our patrons. All work from our shops is personally superintended. Our framing immediately conveys a feeling of satisfaction, for it is planned by assistants whose artistic feeling makes a successful result certain:

ATTRACTIVE NOVELTIES IN ABUNDANCE

Our New Store: 119 and 121 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### THE YAMANASHI

Our Patrons Courteously Attended

219 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORINA

### McClure, Phillips & Company, Publishers

TWO BOOKS that give inspiration for nobler living, by CHARLES WAGNER

A LETTER

MY DEAR MR. WAGNER: Permit me to thank you most cordially for sending me "The Better Way." I am glad to take this chance of telling you personally how much I appreciate and value your work. I preach your books to my countrymen.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

### The Simple Life

A SMALL volume that shows, with the most convincing directness, the charm of a quiet method of life, and the century rush. It is stimulating, it is sane. It is full of love of nature, and every line breather a warm love for struceline humanity.

\$1.25

### The Better Way

HIS is a companion volume to "The Simple Life," and shows how the principles there expressed in with people can be applied to affairs of the spirit, and our daily states of mind. It is even more warmly human and intimate than the first volume.

Postpaid, \$1.07

### Deep Sea Vagabonds

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

EAVES from the log-book of a sea tramp. The author is a San Franciscan who has been an able seaman in all kinds of bottoms, under all flags, from the King of England's to the Turk's. - His is a crisply told chronicle of sailors' doings abnore or in the foc'sle. S., 750.

### The Flower Garden

By IDA BENNETT

BOOK that differs from most other books on gardening, by being practical and simple. It aims to show how a garden should be located, how it should be planted, whist it should contain, and how it should be cared for. Its of original remains in given in the most direct way, and it is full of original suggestions that will be helpful even to experienced flower growers. Illustrated, \$4.75.

### Life and Destiny

By FELIX ADLER

ERE are gathered the most trenchant thoughts from the spoken and written of affective and the spoken and strength of the spoken and the spoken and the spoken and the spoken are spoken as the spoken

Postpaid, \$1.07

Net, \$1.00

# Maxim

By E. J. DILLON

A SIOGRAPHY of the most dramatic and striking figure in Russian literature to-day, that has in it.

Dr. Dillon has been a close student of Gorky, and knows Russia thoroughly. He has made a vivid picture of the tramp-author, rising from the gutter to be the head of a great university.

Posspaid, \$1.64

Net, \$1.50

One-forty-one East Twenty-fifth St., New York

# Bonestell, Richardson & Company

E make a specialty of attractive papers for publications, pamphlets, booklets and

such. We particularly recommend at this time the Albian Book Paper (English finish) for inside type or cut work (half-tone or line), and Herculean Cover in the new shades of gray and brown makes a stylish and attractive cover. Our lines are exclusive.

Note: The paper upon which IMPRES-SIONS is printed is one of our specialties

401-403 Sansome Street and 500-508 Sacramento Street

#### Thumler & Rutherford

d d

Expert work in Bookbinding, Leathers, Silks, Brocades, Etc. Bankers' Cases, Wallets, Etc., to order. Technical Work.

We have peculiar facilities for executing every variety of work in our numerous lines::::

1 1

538 California Street San Francisco, California

### O. Kai & Company

1 1

Importers of Japanese Art Goods. Main office, Tokio, Japan. Established 1886. & & Telephone Black 3566.

2 2

3 1 6 Kearny Street San Francisco : : : California

### THE ASAHI

2 2

Japanese Embroidery and Drawn Work a Specialty. Beautiful Presents. Easy to send to your friends by mail.

2 2

2 2 4 Post Street San Francisco : : : California

# MR. GEORGE HORTON'S

Latest Book and Greatest Literary Success

# IN ARGOLIS

Is meeting with praise from the highest authorities of ENGLAND AND AMERICA

#### THE ATHENEUM (London) says:

"We know no brief study of modern Greek life that is either more true or more attractive. His wanderings through lemon orchards and green lanes, with the sea in hearing, and the nightingales forgetting that it is day, make charming pages. . . For Mr. Horton is both a poet and a humorist. . . We warmly commend this charming book to all classes of our readers."

#### THE NATION (New York) says:

"Any one who has ever sojourned in Greece, or loved it from afar, will enjoy 'In Argolis,' and will read it more than once, in memory of site and scenes and a people that must always haustin imagination. And any gentle reader who knows nothing of Greece will find in these their pictures of a life that is far from stremous something rare and genome that approaches the qualities of a classic. He, too, will read this little book, If no for fore or Gerece, for love of literature and humanity."

#### THE CHURCHMAN (New York) says:

"We cannot say good-by to this really charming book without a word of commendation to the publishers for the singularly attractive form they have given alike to the pages and their binding."

"In Argolis" is a beautiful little volume to be read and kept and lovingly re-read. It is printed in the most distinctive manner of the Merrymount Press, Boston, and illustrated with full-page pictures in tint. In box, \$1.20 met.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers, Chicago



A. Zellerbach & Sons

"T H E PAPER HOUSE"

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

PAPER

416-418 Sansome Street

San Francisco, Cal.

## CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS-NEW BOOKS OF IMPORTANCE

FIRST VOLUME OF THE LIBRARY OF ART

# MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI

By CHARLES HOLROYD

Keeper of the National Gallery of British Art. Including a translation of Condivi's Life, and dialogues from the Portuguese by D'Ollanda, fully illustrated. \$2.00 net.

#### PLAN OF THE LIBRARY OF ART

THIS Monumental Library is planned to cover the whole field in 38 or more volumes. Each volume to represent a period rather than an individual artist, except in individual instances of men of vast genius. Each volume is to be written by the leading specialist on the period, and the whole is under the editorship of S. Arthur Strong, Librarian of the House of Lords, Westminster, and Librarian at Chatsworth.

#### NEW AND VALUABLE BOOKS ABOUT NATURE

Our Northern Shrubs By Harriet L. Keeler

A companion to the author's "Our Native Trees," an invaluable aid for the lover of Nature. 240 Hustrations. \$2 00 net (Postage, 16 cents) Trees, Shrubs and Vines
of the North Eastern United

By H. E. Parkhurst 250 Illustrations, \$1 50 net (Postage, 12 cents) Our Feathered Game

By Dwight W. Huntington
Describes all the game birds of the
United States, where and how they
may be shot.
Hinstrated in color. \$2 00 net
[Postage, 16 cents]

By the Author of "Art for Art's Sake"

# THE MEANING OF PICTURES

"An unusual quality in art criticism, plain common sense with a delightful avoidance of technical jargon, is shown in the lectures delivered at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in behalf of Columbia University, by Prof. John C. Van Dyke, and now upublished."—M. Y. Sun.

"Prof. Van Dyke drives home his arguments every time, speaking a language all can understand, talking with experience and natural taste for such things, and to students as well as to the general reader we heartily, unhesitatingly, recommend the work."—N. T. Commercial Advertiser.

Freely Illustrated, \$1.25 net (postage, 10 cents)

# Shakespeare and Voltaire

By T. R. Lounsbury, Litt.D., LL.D., Professor of English in Yale University. 8vo, \$2.00 net (postage 16 cents)

age, 16 cents).

"Presents for the first time a complete story of the relations held by Voltaire to Shakespeare."—Boston Transcript.

## Shakespeare's Portrayal of the Moral Life

By FRANK CHAPMAN SHARP, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Wisconsin. 12mo, \$1.25 net (postage, 10 cents).

## AGNOSTICISM

By ROBERT FLINT, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo, \$2.00 net (postage, 20 cents).

"Dr. Flint's eminence among representative writers upon Theism commands attention to his treatment of Agnosticism. No writer that we are aware of has treated it so amply and thoroughly as here."—The Outlook.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

# The Tomoyé Press succeeding The Twentieth Century Press



E ARE purchasing the latest and best equipment in Cylinder Presses, Wire Stitchers, Paper Cutters, and Bronzing Machines, etc., in addition to our already well-selected plant.

This means that with these increased facilities. The Tomoyé Press will improve the distinctive excellence—the tasteful combination of type and skilful presswork—of its printing. The Tomoyé Press will undertake all the details of photography, designing, engraving, writing and printing in connection with the production of announcements, booklets, folders, and all that class of advertising which calls for the best—the "successful" kind.

144 Union Square Ave., San Francisco

Second Floor, between Stockton Street and Grant Avenue Impressions Quarterly Magazine is a product of our shop

#### THE LARK

Two volumes. Bound in canvas, with hand-painted cover designs. \$6.00.



## THE PURPLE COW

A veritable Nonsense Book, Paper, 50 cents; leatherette, \$1.00 ......

# Angelo, the Musician.

By Harriet Bartnett. An exceptional novel by a new writer who tells a love story interesting from the first to last chapter. Frontispiece in photogravure, 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

## The Lark Classics

Claret cloth, 50 cents; flexible leather, \$1.00.

- I. Rubaiyat.
- II. Barrack Room Ballads.
- III. Departmental Ditties. IV. Story of My Heart.
- V. Laus Veneris,
- VI. Shakespeare's Sonnets.
- VII. Love Letters of a Violinist.
- VIII. Love Sonnets of Proteus.
  - IX. Ballads in Blue China.
  - X. House of Life.
  - XI. In Memoriam.
- XII. Rip Van Winkle, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, etc.
- XIII. Sonnets from the Portuguese.
- XIV. Aucassin and Nicolete. XV. Thackeray's Chronicle of the
- Drum and Other Poems.

## The Lark Wisdom Series

- Green cloth, 50 cents; flexible leather, \$1.00. I. The Wisdom of a'Kempis.
  - II. The Wisdom of Schopenhauer.

## The "Nuggets" Series

Golden thoughts from great seers. Edited by Jeanne G. Pennington, Eveline Warner Brain-ard and John R. Howard. Green cloth, 45 cents; crimson leather, \$1.00. With portraits.

- "Don't Worry" Nuggets: I. From Epictetus, Eliot, Em-
- erson, Browning. Philosophic Nuggets: From II. Carlyle, Ruskin, Charles Kings-
- ley, Amiel. III. Good Cheer Nuggets: From Maeterlinck, Le Conte, Hugo,
- Dresser. IV. Quaint Nuggets: From Fuller, Hall, Selden, Herbert, Walton.
- V. Patriotic Nuggets: From Lincoln, Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Beecher, McKinley.
- Educational Nuggets: From Plato, Aristotle, Rousscau, Herbert, Harris, Butler, Eliot.
- VII. Historical Nuggets: From Macaulay, Stanley, Froude, Fiske, Armstrong, Emerson.

The Household Rubaiyat. A beautiful book, with 36 full-page illustrations by Florence Lundborg. Notes, introductions, etc., in handsome borders. The whole bound in a striking cover with unique design. Square 8vo, \$2.00.

Biggs's Bar and Other Klondike Ballads. By H. V. Sutherland. 12mo, cloth, 75 cents.

Hawaii Nei. By Mabel Claire Craft. Cloth, \$1.50.

Missions of California. By Laura B. Powers. Cloth, \$1.25.

Write for our new Catalogue

#### GODFREY A. S. WIENERS, PUBLISHER 662 SIXTH AVENUE :: NEW YORK CITY ::





A little magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and art published quarterly. Edited by Paul Elder.

Annual subscription, from first number of current volume only 50 cents. As a convenience to subscribers, the publishers will assume that a continuance of the subscription is desired, unlanotified by the subscriber to discontinue at the expiration of subscription. Rates fir advertisement may be had to application at the busians office, 238 Post Street. Entered at the Postotice San Francisco, as second-dass matter. Paul Eder and Company, Publishers.

Commission 1000 per Direct Primer care Character



# September, 1903

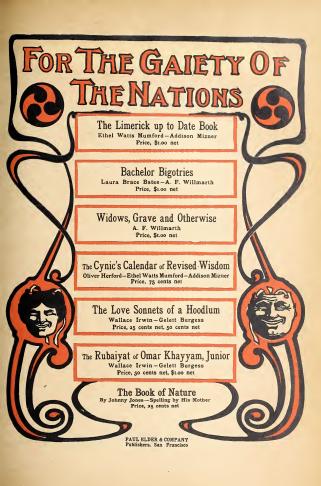
## CONTENTS

| Birds of God                             | by R. Radcliffe- Whilehead - |
|--|------------------------------|
| EDUCATION AND THE LARGER LIFE (a review) | by Ernet Carrol Moore        |
| A LITTLE TRIP TO UNIPIA-NO III           | by H. W R                    |
| The Actor-Print Designers of Torii -     | by Dora Amsden               |
| IDEALS OF THE EAST (a review)            | by Josephine M. Hade         |
| THE BUILDING OF A HOME-No. II            | by Charles Keeler            |
| PHILOSOPHIC LEGENDS. I COSMOS: II BUT-   |                              |
| TERFLY AND ANTS                          | by P. Windshagen             |
| Frontispie                               | ace                          |
| In the Heart of the Woods                | - by William Kent            |
|  |                              |

#### Bibliography

Education and the Larger Life 49 C. Hanford Henderson. Crown 8vo Cloth Boston Houghton, Mprin & Co. 31 80 set. THE IDEALS OF THE EAST. B. K. Okakora. Crow 8vo, Cloth, London, John Murry, \$2.00 st.

Birds of God. By J. B. Raddiffe-Wildowski Introduction and textual 1 am 1949. M. Calph Raddiffe Walsumand. Profitting 11/2/14/2008. Non York. R. H. R. 9 83.00 net.





IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

From the painting by William Keith.

# Birds of God

HE new birth of Beauty in Italy from the thirteenth to the early sixteenth century, whose fresh green of Spring is seen in the verse of Dante and his friend, whose perfect flowers of Summer are sweet and fragrant still in the paintings of Raphael and Giorgione is a continuing inspiration to some in the dreary darkness of a more material and mechanical age. Such Art comes as "a breeze from pleasant places bringing health."

To those who have grown up with no feeling for Beauty, it is useless, almost, to attempt to make these things visible, but to the children to whom the future belongs shall we not give the Fortune to see with other eyes, and hear with other ears, the beauties of nature, the melodies of land and sea; and to the voice of the sea and the voice of the mountains, to which, taught by the poets of the early nineteenth century, by Byron, by Wordsworth, by Keats, by Turner, our generation has been more willing to listen, can we not add the appreciation of that other beauty of Nature seen in the line and contour, the action and the repose of the human form, which our Latin cousins are so much more keen to feel than we are?

We talk of the beauty and health of the Greeks, careless of the means which they took, through long generations, to keep that health vigorous, that beauty unimpaired. Perhaps if we, and still more if our children, lived in the presence of their life, as it remains to us in Art, we should have a keener sense of the difference between them and us, and of the neglected possibilities which lie before our own race. And after the Greeks it is to the Italian masters of painting and sculpture that we turn, and of them especially to the Tuscans, finding in them developed to an amazing degree the sense of beauty of the human form. For our present purpose, we have chosen chiefly from their works rather than from those of the Greeks, because the Tuscans are nearer to us; the spirit of Christianity is upon them, and however far our lives are from those of the Saints and Martyrs and heroic figures of Christian story, these are not so far removed from us in spirit and in external form as are Perseus or Athene.

Although we may be very clever in this twentieth century and talk across space without using a wire to carry our vain words, we have still much to learn from the masters in beauty of an earlier age. Genius is always in advance of its time, and just as the common mass of humanity is still a long way below the plane of morality on which Socrates and Christ lived, so we mostly fail to attain to the sense of beauty possessed by the genius of

Italy in the early Renaissance.

The progress of the world is not like the motion of a solid body, of which as it moves the particles observe the same relation to each other. It is rather like the motion of a fugue; at times the tenor speaks more clearly, at times the bass, while the tenor sounds some less conspicuous note, or pauses in eloquent silence. So in the progress of the world the three motives of man's action: the sense of right, the love of beauty, the desire for material prosperity have not always equal place but sometimes sound in temporary discord.

Just as we turn to the times of great literary achievement, to the age of Pericles, the age of Virgil, the age of Shakespeare, - to take three men, representing periods which stretch out before and after their own lives, - so if we wish to cultivate our sense of form and color it is to the works of the Greeks that we turn, and to the early painters and sculptors of Tuscany and Venice, in the hope that our eyes may be accustomed by their example to see what is beautiful in our own surroundings of art and life. You cannot build up an altogether new system of architecture or of morality; all that you can do is to slightly modify the forms which your fathers have left you, by the occasional introduction The ethics and philosophy of Socrates and Aristotle are not a baseless fabric independent of the previous life of Hellas, the Christian teaching did not make the law of Moses of no effect, the Tuscan architecture is founded on the classic which preceded it, and the Gothic grew gradually when time was ripe by an engrafting of northern imagination on the so-called Lombard and Roman forms, and so the development of the general sense of beauty by which you appreciate pictures and statues must be founded on what the gifted men of past generations have made and found to be good. You must still turn back to the great dead and be glad if by their companionship you may learn to see with their eyes and hear what they heard. This is no slavish worship of antiquity, no seeking to galvanize into life the dry bones of the past. You will find that the great artists of the present are the kinsmen of those of time long past, and that in learning to know the one you learn to know both; you will recognize the relation of Puvis de Chavannes to Virgil, of Dampt to the early Tuscans, of Rodin to Michael Angelo.

There are some to whom the category of Beauty is as real as that of Righteousness, and to whom the things of beauty are as valuable as the luxurious apparatus of life in which the Philistines still revel. The inborn materialism of man in the twentieth century will secure the development of material and mechanical civilization. To eat three coarse meals a day and dress in tawdry modishness, to rush across the earth in Pullman cars, on this we may safely count as likely to be within the reach of an ever greater number. Shall we not have a care that some at least among our children whose nature is more refined, whose imagination is more powerful, shall have all the means we know of to aid in preserving to them through life the glorious freedom of those who are their kin of old time, who have seen the vision of the Earthly Paradise and heard the Music of the Spheres?

For it is to them in the higher development of the spiritual faculties that the future of the race belongs, and nothing is of much account in the balance of life except what makes for that future of the race. The laws of nature, if we extend to sufficient depth the meaning of the word, seem to provide that the individual only "attains" in so far as he serves his race, and those who are providing for the nurture of man's higher faculties surely serve as well as those who help to make it possible for a larger population to live in the same

sordid vulgarity.

Beauty is the resultant of two factors: the so-called external world and the mind of men. It cannot be defined because it is an ideal and an aspiration, dimly realized, seen in part here and there in nature, but on this account no less real. You can say it is here, it is there, but only genius can create it, and the creator cares not to analyze and give a reason for his work. We must be content to know it in a limited way, conditioned by the present state of the human mind, as we know the other components of the Ideal of humanity: Righteousness, Justice, Truth. But Justice is no less real because we cannot as yet apply its ideas consistently either to trade or to our dealings with more savage races, and Beauty is no less real because we cannot mold our lives and their environment to complete harmony with its laws. The Kosmos is like some great symphony, the discords of whose modulation only makes the beauty of the whole more powerful, and the material world resembles the keyboard of an organ which the master musician uses as a means to produce his music, solemn and gay. The artist paints this or that person or scene of the sensible world, but by a touch of his magic hand they pass beyond the individual realism, from which the lesser artist never escapes, into the realm where they live among the gods and saints and heroes, which the mythopoetic or artistic sense of man has created to be objects of his reverence and love.

Thus art, for art's sake, is in the highest sense no false cry, for in art are visualized and made manifest to us some of Nature's most noble works. Man, too, is a part of Nature, and a Madonna by Raphael is as real a part of her work as the lilies of the field.

There is a good deal of vague talk today about the unconscious part of the human mind, but we cannot fail to recognize that a large part of reason lies beyond the threshold of ordinary consciousness. There is much in the internal workings of our bodies and minds which we know only from its effects, and so in the larger processes of the Kosmos there are things which are beyond our control, and which still belong to the sphere of action of that "Power not ourselves" to whose action history bears witness.

We all recognize what I may be permitted to call the unconscious reason of children. Modern educators and Plato alike tell us that the influence of early environment is very potent on the inner man through life. Now the feeling of beauty more than any other of the more intellectual qualities is communicated physically, and by what is called suggestion.

We gradually come to see and hear what we never saw and heard before by living with

people who have eyes and ears; and this is true of art as well as of manners.

Just as living among people of refined and noble character will make a youth more noble and refined, so by living in the presence of great works of art we shall begin to see beauty in unsuspected places, and learn from Titian and from Raphael to notice it in the human form, from Turner in the glories of the sky and clouds, and of the distant land-scape, from Claude and Corot in the beauty of light, from the Florentines in the loveliness of line, from the Venetians in the glory of harmonious color, from them all in the supreme beauty of composition.

Abiding among these things we, too, become a part of them, and we may live in a world of beauty, not perhaps realizable in our own bodies and their external environment, but no less a real presence as of a purer spirit of Nature, which none can take away, to

cause it is a part of our very selves.

Some of the wiser of our educators seem to be becoming aware of the importance of the early training of the senses as the firmer foundation on which the health of soul of grown-up manhood may rest more securely. Now, although the training of the senses undoubtedly depends chiefly on the motor activities, yet the mere presence of beauty is not without its effect, if we are to believe the words of our master. Plato.

The inheritance of scholasticism still remains in most schools, to the neglect of the senses, and the predominance of a hard, meagre intellectualism. Most of us cannot learn a language as children do by ear, but only from a grammar and dictionary; nor can we understand the geography of a countryside unless we see it on a map. We cannot recall the song of a bird, nor even the face of those who are dear to us with any accuracy of

pitch or line.

That the senses may be refined and developed to an extent unthought of by most people, is proved by the keenness which men even of our own race show when brought up in conditions similar to those among which the Indians live. It is proved, too, by the fact that ninety-five out of a hundred children can easily be taught to sing, if taken at the right time in early years. The faculty of seeing refinement of line and beauty of color may be fostered in the same way, as those know who have even for a short time attempted to follow with charcoal or brush the fineness of the Tuscan's line or the color shadows of the French impressionist. This is not the place to discuss how the senses may be trained to be keen and strong and refined, to serve as the metal out of which life may be finely shaped like a cup chiseled by Cellini's hand, but one aid to the training of one sense, and with it of the whole imaginative mind is to be found in the companionship of beauty in pictures. Those who love to live amongst the Saints and Angels of Perugino and Botticelli will hardly be very coarse in their daily life; those to whom Michael Angelo is a constant presence will, when they walk in dark and slippery places, feel more really the support of the eternal arms.

We know too well that there is a false and shallow æstheticism, to whose subtle folly art is a mere pastime, sentimental and not affecting life. We know, too, the connoisseur and his ways, and how he, as a rule, never sees but the outside of the City Gate. But the fact that art has false worshipers, that a good thing can be misused, need not affect our judgment of the thing itself, any more than it does in the case of Christian religion, in all of the sects of which are to be found the cracked and hollow pillars of society, whose weakness cannot take away from the strength of the House not made with hands, whose empty masks cannot mar the memory of the Founder's face.

And so we send you these reproductions of some bits of old Italian art, trusting to their mere beauty to speak to your children, without any explanation of their meaning,

or history of their provenance.

R. RADCLIFFE-WHITEHEAD.

The EDITOR begs to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. R. H. Russell in permitting the above article to be reprinted from the introduction to "Birds of God," a portfolio of angels and other imaginative figures from the "Masters of the Renaissance" reproduced in photogravure. Copyright, 1904. 97. H. H. Russell, New York.

## Education and the Larger Life.

BELIEVE," writes the dean of American schoolmasters, "that the art of giving shape to human powers and adopting them to social service is the supreme art—one calling into its service the best of artists; that no insight, sympathy, tact, executive power, is too great for such service." It is an exhilarating experience to read a book which undertakes a large inquiry in a similar spirit. The question which this one seeks to answer is, "how education can be so applied in America as to best further the progress of civilization." Mr. Henderson begins by declaring that one is not free to decide off hand between the different methods in school-keeping as advocated by rival masters. Education is a definite process, quite as definite as the other sciences of experience. The direction of education is predetermined by philosophy. It is the motor expression of the philosophic idea. From philosophy the educator must get the principles and the methods of his business. From his social philosophy he must learn the form of his undertaking. To be an educator is to be a man with a defensible social creed. The business of life is the acquirement of human wealth. The process is lifelong. It is a process of organic culture; man's entire being must be remade for social uses. As Hegel has it, education is the process by which man is born again.

The wealth of the world is human. It consists of beautiful men, women and children, peoples of accomplishment and goodness and power. Education is the redeeming and perfecting of the body. Its task is practical; it leads to the practicing of life. Here and there this programme begins to get a place in the schools. Our kindergartens, our manual training schools, our art schools, our music schools and our gymnasiums, seek to refine native human expression. In them the student lives out his life and co-ordinates and per-fects his natural impulses. But even these schools do not say the compelling word about food and drink and dress and open air and fun and love. They perfect in part only. Of the others the intention is so good, the teachers so devoted, the place so clean, the children so clever and lovable that the effect is to create the impression that we have attained what we have not attained. Human wealth is not created in them; through them the social purpose is not realized. The gentle art of iving is not learned. Why? Because we dream and have but little interest in the practical. The school process is manifestly not successful and stands condemned when judged theoretically. It proposes for itself the quite unworthy task of having children learn with much worry and vexation of spirit a variety of matters not of first-rate importance anyway. It deals with stimulants and tonics, not with food. It does not impart the universally needful knowledge. It does not impart discipline. It does not even succeed in keeping the children entrusted to its care. They leave the school as soon as they can, and they long to get beyond the irksomeness and incompleteness of depreciated childhood all the while they are there. To be a child, they are taught, is to be something which one must get over as soon as possible. The new education as outlined here has for its keynote the doctrine that life is now. To make a man, one must first be a boy up to the brim. This means living elsewhere than in bric-a-brac-filled, stuffy rooms, remembering that our grandparents were aquatic animals, unupholstered limbs and little carniverous food. At school discipline for work, not work for discipline - no mastering, but much co-operation - no lessons in arithmetic, geography, or grammar, but much music, gymnastics, excursions, and reading of science, history and geography stories, biography as literature - I would he had said no reading, for the substitute is too much like the thing condemned, and looking at books is hardly a profitable way to learn anything. I know a school where children play more profitably than in this programme - where lessons are never given-where they do not merely indulge their impulses, but work them out, as all children are anxious to, in simple and well-organized activities of food, clothing and shelter, getting learning just as did the race, as need arises, by mastering the elements of the auxiliary sciences. Childhood is the learning time, and I fear Mr. Henderson would not help his pupils to perfect its impulses. His high school programme is even less fortunate. The question, What shall be studied? is more in need of attention than the question, How shall a new life be put into the old course? The picture of the Swiss University makes one long to be young again. And the plea for educational privileges for all can hardly fail to strike a responsive chord. ERNEST CARROL MOORE.

## A Little Trip to Utopia.-III.

HILE my friend had been talking, one or two others of the family had dropped in. Now the clock sounded eight, bringing the rest. We arranged our flowers, breakfasted, talked a little; then he and I seated ourselves in the garden, under a pergola, from which we looked out on the blue landscape framed in vines, and he, while I gazed, resumed the subject of Utopia's schools.

"I' suppose you'll expect me to say at the outset," he began,

"that ours are not 'common schools,' but zncommon. I shan't, though. It's not the truth. The system of elementary education that has been developed with so much hard thinking and careful experimentation, through generations and centuries, we have not been so foolish as to tear up root and branch. You'll see and hear in our schoolrooms very much what you would down yonder, in Mountain View, say, or in Palo Alto. We've kept the old, religiously, except where we were very sure we could improve on it. Vou'll find many of the old studies, pursued somewhat in the old ways; many of the old implements and usages. Yet everywhere you'll discover, little by little, differences, too; slight ones,

but in the end they'll come to seem, in their total, very considerable.

"The schoolhouse itself, to begin with, is not a barrack. It's a charming building, as much as possible like our homes. The views from it are glorious; it's full off the purest air; its gardens and shrubbery are fine; inside there are flowers everywhere; and it is furnished beautifully; hung, too, with good pictures, "pood ones, not the dreaty sort of thing with which clubs and art associations and graduating classes, in their ignorance, so often endow the unhappy schools of the land. Why! I know, and I dare say you can parallel it, of a school that has on its walls a huge staring photograph of broken columns, labeled "Roman Forum;" a colored print called 'My Mary, She Minds a Dairy," a 'platinette' of coucuttish slender angels in a belfiv, entitled 'Christmas Bells;' and Sargent's never-failing 'Hosea,' the pleasant young prophet in a becoming burnoose. The money for these was raised by a woman's club, and they were chosen from the catalogue of an 'educational company,' by a committee of eminent citizens and their wives, who 'knew what they liked,' and got it!

"Oh, I'm 'setting myself up,' I'm well aware. But who can help it, when he sees such—bumptiousness? for that's exactly what it is; confidence in yourself as the measure of all things under heaven. It's the note of American life; just the bad side, I suppose, though,

of a general tendency that's sound.

"But our school.—As the building is different, in many minor ways, from others, so is the life that's lived in it. You'll see but a handful of pupils in any one room, six or eight or ten. They're gathered round the teacher informally. They're allowed to whisper! Think of that! O tempora! That is, if one of them is burning to make some comment to another, upon what is being said or done, and will do it without interruption or discourtesy to the teacher, it's permitted. 'Communication!! You allow communication!! An excellent woman once said, while visiting us. If she'd said 'Matricide! You encourage matricide!' her tone couldn't have conveyed more horror. She had 'taught.'

"This all means that our school work is vital. The children have the same sort of eager interest in what is going on that a group of brothers and sisters has at home, when the right kind of father or mother gathers them together for instruction. Perhaps I might claim that as our ideal,—to make the school as similar as possible to the best child-life in the best home. Usually it resembles too much a 'zoo,' where the poor animals shift restlessly about, in cages not too clean, and dream of freedom. Even the very best schools are full of bad air and languidness, and the children pay for their knowledge of partial payments and the restrictive relative and the magnetic meridian with headache and near-sightedness and indigestion.

"But there I go again! You see, a hobby-horse is a war-horse, too, and is always scening the battle and dashing toward some foe. I'll try to keep a firmer hand on the rein. What shall I tell you next? What would you notice next? Very likely that there is no teaching of penmanship in our school, and no spelling, no reading out of a 'reader,'

no writing and correcting of 'compositions.' And think what that means, that last fact in especial. Multiply the number of 'themes' and 'essays' and 'compositions' and 'rhetorical exercises' written in this land in one school day by the amount of dreariness and deadening and unreality involved in the making and correcting of one of them, and the sum total of killing care and foolish waste (and worse than waste) is appalling, appalling! And our share of all that we do away with;—not by depriving our children of the good that teachers of 'English' aim at (and don't attain), but by giving it to them in the right

way, the only way.

"'For such things can be learned only at home. That fact has always been dimly seen, but parents have rarely acted on it. And, parents having thus failed, the schools have tried to make up for their neglect by little dabs of instruction, few and feeble and belated and doomed to failure. 'English in the schools!' What a farce it is! Once in a while, undoubtedly, a bright boy or girl learns there not to say 'hadn't ought to,' or gets some light on shall and will (provided the teacher is such a rara avis as to have any to give.) Some, also, with much labor, acquire a certain facile habit of unnatural expression, what may be called a tongue-in-the-cheek style,—which it takes them years to recover from. And all, under compulsion, read and dissect and "abstract' a dozen or two of English novels and essays and poems, the which, of course, they are pretty sure to loathe thereafter, and never look at again while they live.

"That's too strong, I know. Some few of them do derive permanent pleasure, and refinement of thought and speech, from all this. But the result is small, in comparison with what might be gained,—with what is gained, here, by us. We teach English at home, all through childhood, by reading, reading, reading,—reading only the best, and reading

that till it has passed into the very fibre of the child's mind.

"The children's magazines we exclude, mostly, because, although they're well enough in themselves, they crowd out Shakespeare and the ballads and Blake and Wordsworth and Scott, who we think are better. 'Slovenly Peter' and the comic supplement of the Sunday papers and that sort of stuff, if it happens to get into the house, we take with the tongs and put into the fire; because we respect our children too much to vulgarize their minds at the outset and condemn them for life to prefer crudeness and buffoonery to real humor and wit. Then in place of all this flood of frivolity (and worse), this great wash of 'children's literature,' we put the classics, of the English tongue and race. And the children like these, just as well; like them far better. We find that we can suit every age, and satisfy every mood, perfectly, within the range of the great poems and tales that are an accepted portion of English literature. Before a child is two years old it will delight in the best jingles and folk-songs, such as you have in the first of the Norton 'Heart of Oak' books; and a year later in many of the poems in 'The Blue Poetry Book' and 'Golden Numbers' and 'The Listening Child.' I know children, a dozen of them, who at the age of three learned many of Shakespeare's songs, and never tired of hearing Blake's 'Piping Down the Valleys Wild' and Andrew Marvell's 'The Girl Describes Her Fawn,' and many, many, other poems of equal excellence. At three, too, they are ready for the tales of Greek and Norse mythology, and for almost all the good old fairy stories. By the time they're twice three they'll take quantities of poetry, and such prose as 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Morte D'Arthur.' It is marvelous-the way in which they grow up to the level of good things, provided you'll keep the commonplace away from them. That's the secret of it all. Once let a wishy-washy 'child's book' come into the house, and they'll soon get fond of it, and tease for it; just as they'll live on candy, if you'll let them, in preference to 'proper meat.' But they're soon brought back to the better books, and they genuinely like them, too, with a sound natural taste. The other is a diseased taste, a perversion. It especially amazes me to see how they get what we've heard called 'the choral atmosphere' of a great work of literary art, even when the 'course of thought' that the college examination papers are so curious about is quite beyond them. I read once to a little four-year-old Scott's ballad 'Alice Brand,' with some explanation of the strange phrases. She listened well, but it seemed impossible that she should have understood very much. I thought I'd made a mistake, and given her something beyond her

years. But weeks later, when we were sitting one day on a beautiful forest-covered hillside, listening to the hermit thrushes, she, after a long silence, piped up, 'Ting me [sing me] ''Merry it is in good greenwood.'' Scott's love of the forest had deepened her own,

and lent it expression.

"The same child, at about the same age, had Wordsworth's 'Daffodils' read to her. She nearly wept at the thought of the poor man's lonely wandering; and asked, 'Hadn't he any lady to go with him?' Then she brightened up, saying consolingly, 'Oh, he had one at home.' The next day there was a second reading, and then she was asked to tell the tale herself.

'I wandered lonely as a cloud,' she began,'
'That sails o'er the ocean.
But here I am, lonely as a cloud
That floats on ligh, o'er hills.—
Fretty soon.— he saw a whole crowd of golden daffodils,
one was a constant of the sparkings of the water came right up.
He went right to them.—
And picked a little, I guess.—
Just two or three.'

"Every one who has fed children on good literature exclusively can parallel such experiences. And every one can see what such experiences mean. They mean that during the most impressionable years, when the little minds are first grappling with the difficulties of expression, their teachers are those who, out of all the millions that have employed our English tongue, have used it most perfectly.

"So read to children, over and over, from the age of two to the age of ten, the great books,—which they deeply love, if they're only allowed to. And the question of 'English in the schools' you'll solve in so doing, and solve in the only way that's possible. That's

the conclusion of the whole matter.

"Of course this sort of training doesn't in itself build up the habit—a very necessary one—of studied, conscious, expression, expression pen in hand. Yet that habit too zan be formed at home, and far better than it now is at school. It can grow up naturally, easily, with a minimum of self-consciousness; whereas in the schools it is usually a forced and unnatural thing, very hard and trying to all concerned, and painfully self-conscious. And the method to follow is this: let the child, at the age of four or five, begin to dictate letters (it likes to do it) to the relatives and friends that send it gifts and messages, and also to dictate a diarry, a narrative at night of all the little doings of the day. Oh, it's a task, for the amanuensis, I know. But the results, if you'll take the pains to secure them, are wonderful. By the time he has learned to write, and can go on, with a little watching, by himself, he has gained the gift of natural simple statement. He writes with his eye not on the phrase but on the object. But the phrase is beautiful, nevertheless, because the great masters of English poetry and prose have shaped it.

"With pupils trained in such wise the teacher's task becomes a simple one. Composition, spelling, reading,—in all these the fathers and mothers have laid sound foundations, and formed habits that will persist almost without supervision. The teacher has only

carry on the work that they have done, much as life will carry it on later.

"In the schools of Utopia the pupils all set down, clearly and intelligently, in notebooks, their honest impressions and convictions concerning the things they are taught from day to day, and the work they do. And these books are watched, and defects of expression and spelling and penmanship are corrected. But the task is a slight one. Even in the more serious cases there's something sound to build on. And every teacher knows how much that simplifies.

"I know what your criticisms will be. You'll say that all that's very well up here, in Utopia, but parents in general can't take the time for training at home. Pardon me; you're wrong; they can. It's not easy; don't I know that? I'm a busy man, too, working from twelve to sixteen hours a day, year in and year out,—work that tries body and brain. But yet I can find time for shaping my children, if I will. It demands dogged effort, and great patience, and sometimes is extremely wearing, but it's well worth while.

All parents could do such things, and all would, if they saw how much it meant. That's the trouble: they don't know. They haven't the training, the experience, the endowments, that enable them to think these matters out. And those who should guide them don't do it. Of all the mistakes that the colleges and universities make—and they are many—this is the worst. They don't lead and enlighten. The scholar doesn't magnify himself sufficiently, doesn't ask, constantly, as he should, 'How can I best raise the level of thought and aspiration and practice, best make my studies and the insight that I gain from them of service?'"

Copyright, 1903, by Paul Elder and Company,

#### The Actor-Print Designers of Torii.

HE Torii School was pre-eminently the exponent of the drama. It was bound up with stage development and ministered to the emotional temperament of the nation; leading in what may be considered a national obsession, a mania for actors and actor-prints.

A fascinating subject is this century of dramatic evolution fostered by the printers' branch of the Popular School. The actor had been consigned, in dark feudal days, to the lowest rung in the ladder of caste, ranking next to the outcast (Eta), as in early English days the strolling player was associated with tink-

ers and the other vagrant population.

The  $No~Kagun^{2}$  and  $^{4}$  brite drama, —suggesting the mediæval and passion plays of Europe—prefigured the modern drama in Japan, but the immediate precursor of the present theatre was the Puppet Show, a Japanese apotheosis of our Marionette performances. It is interesting to note that Toyokuni, who M. Louis Gonse declared has carried further than any one the power of mimetic art, and with whose theatrical scenes we are most familiar, began his career as a maker of dolls, and these puppets were eagerly sought for as works of art.

If the aphorism "not to go to the theatre, is like making one's toilet without a mirror," be true, then the Japanese are justified in their national stage passion, which overshadows the love of any other amusement. Taking the phrase literally, it was to the persons of the actors, and the printers who spread their pictures broadcast, that the people owed the asthetic wonders of their costume. The designers were also artists, as instanced by Hishigawa Moronobu, the Kyoto designer and Yedo embroiderer, the printer and painter, illustrator of books and originator of Ukiyo-ve.

Enthusiasm for the portraits of actors, fostered by the Torii printers from the foundation of the school by Kiyonobu, about 1710, hastened no doubt the development of colourprinting. As early as Genroku, the portrait of Danjuro, the second of the great dynasty of actors, who by their genius helped to brighten the fortunes of the playhouse, was sold

for five cash, in the streets of the capital.

The combined genius of the artists, engravers and printers of Ukiyo-ye evolved and perfected the use of the multiple colour-block. Toward the middle of the century, under the waning powers of Torii Kiyomitsu, successor to Kiyonobu, the school seemed sinking into oblivion, for Harunobu, its rightful exponent, filled with visions of ethereal refinement, scorned the theatrical arena. When most needed, however, a prophet arose in the person of Shunsho, the painter, the pupil of Shunsui and master of Hokusai, thus completing the transformation begun by Harunobu. The great scions of the rival branches of Ukiyo-ye, printing and painting, stepped into each other's places and bridged the chasm, which threatened the unity of the Popular School.

Both branches were united, however, in the use of the multiple colour-blocks, but although Shunsho followed Harunobu's experiments in colouring, varying his actor designs

with domestic scenes and book illustrations, Harunobu resolutely refused to portray the life of the stage, and in this determination he was followed by his pupil and successor, Koriusai.

About the year 1765, the art of printing colours, by the use of individual blocks, technically called chromo-xylography, was perfected. It is an interesting reflection, from the standpoint of Buddhism,—which teaches that in the fulness of time, the great masters in religion, art, and learning become reincarnated upon earth, for the benefit of humanity, that at this period Hokusai was born, the crowning glory and master of Ukiyo-ye. Had he appeared earlier in the century, his genius might have been diverted to the technical development of printing, and the world thus been the loser of his creative flights.

Professor Fenollosa beautifully defines the inception of the Ukiyo-ye print as, "the meeting of two wonderfully sympathetic surfaces,"—the un-sandpapered grain of the cherry-wood block, and a mesh in the paper, of little pulsating vegetable tentacles. Upon the one colour can be laid almost dry, and to the other it may be transferred by a delicacy of personal touch that leaves only a trace of tint balancing lightly upon the tips of the fibres. And from the interstices of these printed tips, the whole luminous heart of the paper wells up from within, diluting the pigment with a soft golden sunshine. In the

Japanese print we have flatness combined with vibration."

To the connoisseur, one of the most important considerations, scarcely secondary to that of colouring, in the selection of Ukiyo-ye gems, is this vibratory quality, depending equally upon the texture of the paper and the magnetic pressure of the master printer's fingers. This characteristic seems to have vanished from the modern print, and cannot be imitated through the enthusiasm for fine specimens, has flooded the market with spurious antiques, deceptive to the uninitiated. In the exquisite reproductions of the early Ukiyo-ye prints and paintings now being issued,—though a joy to the student unable to acquant himself with the originals,—this ineffable effect of vibration is lost, probably owing to the substitution of a less sympathetic medium than the luminous vehicle of the early impressions.

The actual process of wood-cutting seems a simple art, but a close study of the making of prints will show the consummate skill required to produce them. The artist's design was transferred by tracing paper, then pasted on to the face of the wood block, and the white space hollowed out with a knife and small gouges. After the block had been inked, a sheet of damp paper was laid upon it, and the back of the paper was then rubbed with a flat rubber till the impression was uniformly transferred. Where more than one block was employed, as in colour-printing, the subsequent impressions were registered by marks made at the corners of the paper. The colouring matter laid upon these early blocks was extracted by mysterious processes from sources unknown to the Western world, which, alsa! by supplying the Eastern market with cheap pigments, led to the deterioration of art in this essential particular.

From 1765 to 1780 the school of Ukiyo-ye was dominated by four great artists and creators of separate styles: Harnobu, succeeded by Koriusai, taking for motive the subjects of Shunsui; Shunsho of Katsukawa (changed by Shunsui from its former title of Miyagawa), upon whose shoulders had fallen the mantle of the Torii; Shigemasa, working upon Shunsho's lines, but breaking into a rival academy, the Kitao; Toyoharu, pupil of dI Torii Toyonobu, founder of the school of Utagawa, whose most illustrious pupil was Toyokuni, the doll-maker, and brother of Toyohiro, Hiroshige's master: (Kunisada, noted for his backgrounds, succeeded Toyokuni, and after the death of his master signed himself

Toyokuni the Second.)

Shunsho is considered one of the greatest artists of Japan, both as an inventor and powerful colourist. M. Louis Gonse says: "All the collections of coloured prints which are to-day the delight of the tea-houses; all the fine compositions showing magnificent land-scapes and sumptuous interiors; all those figures of actors with heroic gestures and impassive faces behind the grinning massks, and with costumes striking and superb,—came originally from the atelier of Katsukawa Shunsho, who had for a time the monopoly of them." While the Torii artists were beguiling the Yedo populace with theatrical portrait-

ure, and aiding the growing tendency toward cosmopolitanism by issuing printed albums, books of travel and encyclopædias, art was also expanding at the ancient capital, Kyoto. Sukenobu, the prolific artist, was bringing out beautifully illustrated books, and Okio, from sketching on the earth with bamboo sticks, while following his father and mother to their work in the fields, had risen to be the great founder of the Maruyama school of painting, and the Shijo or naturalistic school was named from the street in which was the studio of the master.

The Popular School, aided by Okio, effected a revolution in the laws of painting at Kyoto, for the artists forsook their academic methods, painting birds, flowers, grass, quadrupeds, insects and fishes from nature. Okio's name ranks high among the great masters of Japanese art, of whom so many fanciful legends are told. The charming artist with brush and pen, John La Farge, says: "As the fruit painted by the Greek deceived the birds, and the curtain painted by the Greek painter deceived his fellow-artist, so the horses of Kanaoka have escaped from their kakemonos, and the tigers sculptured in the lattices of temples have been known to descend at night and rend one another in the courtwards."

Then the story is told of a moonlight picture, which, when unrolled, filled a dark room with light. A pretty legend of Tanyu, the great Kano artist, and the crabs at Enryaku Temple, is given by Adachi Kinnotsuke. Upon one panel of the fusuma, or paper screen, is seen a crab, marvellously realistic, only with claws invisible. On the other panels the artist had painted its companions, and at the bidding of his patron furnished them with claws. "Nevertheless," the master declared, "I warn you that if I give these crabs claws they will surely crawl out of the picture." As the visitor glances from the wonderful counterfeit crab to the four empty panels beside it, he knows the old master had only

spoken the truth.

And so with Okio. He breathed into his pictures the breath of life. His animals lind in the property of the control of the con

About 1775 arose a legitimate successor to the school of Torii in the adopted son of Kiyomitsu, Kiyonaga. He discarded the theatrical tradition of his school, but the boldness of his drawing was foreign to the style of Harunobu. "His brush had a superhuman power and swing." He rivalled the three great masters, Koriusai, Shigemasa, founder of Kitao, and Toyoharu of Utagawa, and the masters of Ukiyo-ye, forsaking their individual

predilections, flocked to his studio.

The simplicity and dignity of the early Italian masters, sought after and adored by the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, their noble lines and contours, are again realized in the panels of Kiyonaga, Professor Fenollosa said that "classic" is the instinctive term to apply to Kiyonaga, and that his figures at their best may be placed side by side with Greek vase painting. Ideally beautiful is the fall of his drapery, determining the lines of the figure in the fewest possible folds. In indoor scenes he almost rivalled Harunobu, but he loved best to paint in the open air. In imagination we see Kiyonaga, the lover of beauty, gazing at the wealth of lotus blooms which fill the moats of feudal Yedo, and in the crucible of his fancy transmuting them into the forms of women. The lotus of all flowers has the deepest art significance, and is the oldest motive. The author of 'Greek Lines,' Henry

Van Brunt, said: "The lotus perpetually occurs in oriental mythology as the sublime and hallowed symbol of the productive power of nature. The Hindu and the Egyptian instinctively elevated it to the highest and most cherished place in their Pantheons."

It is the flower of religion, of beauty, and of love. From the ocean the Hindu Aphrodite, Lacksmi, ascended. Isis in Egypt reigned, crowned by the lotus, and there the tender, flowing lines became sublime, monumental, fitted to symbolize death and eternal repose. In Japan its joyous curves represent life, immortality, and, delicately sensuous, they conjure up visions of ideal beauty. The lotus, sweetly blooming before the artist's eye, expanded into a vision of fair women, whose lissom forms he clothed with swirls of drapery. And the women of Japan, enamoured of these enchanting poses, endeavoured to assume the curves of Kiyonaga, sheathing their delicate limbs in silken draperies, and simulating in their enchanting slenderness the stems of flowers—or, to borrow a beautiful simile from Lafcadio Hearn, "looking like a beautiful silver moth robed in the folding of its own wings."

It is said that every Japanese actor-print was a potential poster, and, alas, the fashionplate is endeavouring to mold itself upon the most exaggerated type of the degenerate

offspring of the genius of the Torii School.

The Japanese woman, with her untrammelled form arrayed in draperies designed by consummate arrists, may dare to follow classic Kiyonaga — youth and grace may acquire oriental plasticity. But let fashion rest there. Pitiful and ludicrously futile is the effort of embonpoint to attain sinuosity; the "fat lady, Cultureen, with a shape like a sack of wheat," deserved the scorn of the vulgar but delicious iconoclast, "Dotty." Lines of beauty cannot be manufactured; as well imagine the slender stem of the lotus encircled in steel, its curves determined by a multiplicity of wires and tapes.

Although the leaders of Úkiyo-ye followed so closely in the footsteps of Kiyonaga that his type of face stamps the years from 1880 to 1890, yet his style was too classic, too noble to suit the taste of the Yedo populace, which, in its thirst for realism, had become deprayed. Rather than lower his standard he chose to resign, leaving the field to his followers, Yeishi, Utamaro and Toyokuni. These masters, at first as dignified in their method as Kiyonaga, now yielded to the public craze for the exaggerated, the abnormal and grotesque. It was an apotheosis of ugliness and vulgarity, a "Zolaism in prints."

Coarse pictures of actors, masquerading in female dress, replaced the charming little domestic women of Harunobu and Koriusai,—the ladies of Japan, as we see them in reality—and the noble figures of Kiyonaga. Gigantic courtesans, bizarre and fantastic, with delirious head-gear, took the place of Shunsho's fair children of the "Underworld," who, in the modesty of their mien, seemed to belie the calling they so often deplored, as the songs of the Yoshiwara testify, plaintively sung to the syncopated rhythm of the sam-

isen, tinkling through the summer nights.

The school of Ukiyo-ye was sinking into obscurity, when Hiroshige and Hokusai appeared, two children of light, dispersing the gloom: Hiroshige, the versatile painter, lover of landscape and ethereal artist of snow and mist; Hokusai, the prophet, and regenerator of Ukiyo-ye. He was the artisan-artist, in the land which recognizes no inferior arts, and the Mang-wa, consisting of studies as spontaneously thrown off as those in the sketch-book Giorgione carried in his girdle, was published for the use of workmen. Living in simplicity and poverty he gave his life to the people, and the impression of his genius is stamped upon their work. A true handicraftsman was Hokusai,—the Mang-wa a dictionary of the arts and crafts, as well as the inspired vehicle of art. In it "balance, rhythm and harmony, the modes in which Beauty is revealed, both in nature and art," were manifested,—for he was a vital artist, laying bare the enigma of evolution, and the mystery of creation.

DORA AMSDEN.

Copyright, 1903, by Paul Elder and Company. To be followed in the December number by "Hiroshige, the Landscape Painter, Apostle of Impressionism."

#### The Ideals of the East.

HE Ideals of the East, by Prof. K. Okakura, the foremost living authority on Oriental art and archaeology, will be of great interest and service to all who are studying the art and ideals of the Orient.

Prof. Okakura is a Japanese, who has been an enthusiastic student of archaeology from his youth. Besides being perfectly familiar with every-

thing in Japan, he has traveled extensively both in China and India. In 1886 he was sent to Europe by the Imperial Art Commission to study the art history there.

In his book, Prof. Okakura writes: "Asia is one. The Himalayas divide, only to

accentuate two mighty civilizations—the Chinese with its communism of Confucius, and the Indian with its individualism of the Vedas."

The author clearly shows how the Lavanese race imbiling from those two sources.

The author clearly shows how the Japanese race, imbibing from those two sources, mirrors the whole of Asiatic consciousness; that Japan is more than a museum of Asiatic civilization, because the singular genius of the race leads it to welcome the new without losinor the old.

"The history of Japanese art becomes thus the history of Asiatic ideals—the beach where each successive wave of Eastern thought has left its sand-ripple as it beat against the

national consciousness."

"The origin of the Japanese race," he writes, "is so lost in the sea mists out of which

they sprang, that it is impossible to divine the source of their art instincts."

In the early bronzes found in the temples near Nara, bearing the date of 600 A.D., we see a spirit of intense refinement and purity such as only great religious feeling could have produced.

The first truly national art was developed during the Fugiwara period, 900 to 1200, and grew in power till it reached the high ideal of the Ashikaga masters,—"that is to say, the expression of the spirit as the highest effort in art. Spirituality was conceived as the

essence or life of a thing."

Another point that is well brought out shows the high culture of the Ashikaga aristocracy, and how they loved to live in thatched cottages, as simple in appearance as those of the meanest peasant, yet whose proportions were designed by their greatest artists, and whose pillars were of the costilest incense wood from India. "Beauty is always deeper as hidden within. Not to display, but to suggest, is the secret of infinity."

It is a delight to find, that even at the present time this same ideal simplicity of art

and of life is still the guiding ideal of the greater part of the nation.

At last the Ashikaga rule gave way. The new nobles were men who created their own nobility with their swords; many were from the banditit of the land, and to their uncultured minds the severe refinement of the Ashikaga princes was unintelligible; hence the art of this period is more remarkable for its gorgeousness than for its inner significance, for display, not simplicity, not simplicity.

Soon after this period we find the beginnings of the Ukiyo-ye or Popular School, which attained great skill in color and drawing, but lacks that ideality which is the basis of Japanese art. The prints of this Popular School are familiar to all who are studying Japanese

art, while the works of the artists of other periods are but little known.

In another chapter Prof. Okakura explains why Japanese art has not been seriously considered in America and Europe. It is, he says, because the mere playthings, such as sword-guards, small carvings, lacquers and lanterns have been taken out of the country by tourists and dealers; articles that have no embodiment of the national fervor; embodieries and prints which attracted because of their prettines, while the great masterpieces are still treasured in temples and museums and in the collections of the daimyos and are rarely seen by foreigners.

In the last chapters we are told that the art of today, in spite of the new conditions of patronage and the dreadful grind of mechanical industry, is striving to attain to a higher

life which will express the national aspirations.

"The lamented Kano Hogai, and Hashimoto Gaho, the greatest living master of the

age, and the numerous geniuses who follow in their track, are not only noted for their versatility of technique, but for their enlarged notion of the subject matter of art. These two masters, themselves renowned professors of the chief Kano Academy at the close of the Shogunate, inaugurated the revival of the Ashikaga and Sung masters in their ancient purity, together with the study of Tosa and the Korin colorists, without at the same time losing the delicate naturalism of the Kyoto School."

The potters are reviving the lost secrets of early Chinese ceramics and creating new

dreams of color.

And in these last pages the author tells us that, though "Asia knows nothing of the fierce joy of a time-devouring locomotion, she has still the far deeper travel-culture of the pilgrimage and the wandering monk. To him a countryside does not consist of its natural features alone, but it is suffused with the tenderness and friendship of one who has shared, if only for a moment, the joys and sorrows of its personal drama."

"And, however its form may change, only at great loss can Asia permit its spirit to die," "Her task is in protecting and restoring Asiatic modes"—"for the shadows of the past are the promise of the future." "Life lies ever in the return to self."

IOSEPHINE M. HYDE.

### The Building of a Home-II.

UR discussion of architectural styles has thus far been restricted to roof lines, and the conclusion reached is that taste and a feeling for simple, harmonious lines rather than climate is the governing principle in determining these. In the matter of windows, balconies, and the arrangement of the walls, on the contrary, climate plays an important rôle. Southern California is pre-eminently a land of sunshine, with slight rainfall, little fog, mild winters, and hot, dry summers. An out-of-door life is possible much

of the year, and protection from the sun is a necessity to comfort. Deep recessed verandas, windows with deep reveals, and open rooms roofed over and with the sides protected by screens upon which vines may be trained,—all these are suitable to the climate of Southern California, and to the sheltered valleys in the interior of the central part of the State. The Spanish architecture is especially appropriate in these regions. Heavy walls of masonry, secluded courts, outside corridors sheltered from the sun, and houses set flat

upon the ground are quite in keeping with a warm, arid climate.

The region about San Francisco Bay has a very different climate. The proportion of sunny days is far less; during the winter there is an abundant rainfall, while in summer much foggy weather is experienced. The winters are so mild that furnace fires are seldom considered a necessity, while the summers are so cool that there are only a few days when sunlight is not welcome for its warmth. Thus it follows that about San Francisco Bay we need to introduce into our homes all the sunlight we can get. Here the deep shadowing porches or outside corridors are out of place, as are also deep-set windows of small dimensions. We need plenty of glass on the south, east and west. A small glass room on the south side of the house is a great luxury, as well as an economy in the matter of heating the entire home.

Furthermore, the bay climate is mild enough to enable people to sit out of doors during two-thirds of the year if shelter is provided against the prevailing sea breeze from the west. Wide porches without roofing, on the east side of the house, or on the south side with a wall of wood or glass at the western end, are therefore the best means of promoting an out-of-door life in the family. These porches should be large enough to accommodate a table and chairs, and should be protected from publicity by means of bamboo strip curtains. A movable awning or a large Japanese umbrella overhead makes the porch into a livable open-air room.

The lighting of the home is greatly improved by massing the windows, thus avoiding the strain on the eyes occasioned by cross lights. Three or four windows side by side give a far better light than the same number scattered about the room, and the wall space can be utilized to better advantage by this arrangement. The old-fashioned hinged windows are to be preferred to the customary sort that slide up and down with the aid of weights on pulleys concealed between the walls; and leaded glass, when it can be afforded, not only lends decorative effect to the house, but also breaks up the view in a charming manner.

While insisting on abundant sunlight in homes about San Francisco Bay, I cannot overlook the fascination of wide eaves. A house without eaves always seems to me like a hat without a brim, or like a man who has lost his eyebrows. The decorative value of shadows cannot well be overestimated; and the problem thus becomes one of making the most of the eaves without losing too much sunlight from the rooms. In this, so much depends on the location and plan of the house that no general discussion would be of much

practical value.

The plan of the home, which, after all, is the great factor in its convenience and livability, still remains for consideration. If I were to make one suggestion only, it would be to keep it large and simple in idea. A generous living room of ample dimensions is preferable to several small rooms without character. The plan of having a front and back parlor is relegated to the limbo of our grandmothers, and in its stead one large living room suffices in which to live and for the entertainment of friends. The dining-room may open off from this assembly room as an annex or alcove, closed with heavy curtains or a large sliding door. Little surprises in the form of unexpected nooks or cabinets seen through long vistas, and other elements of mystery lend charm when done by an artist, but it is decidedly better for the inexpert to avoid all but the simplest and most natural expression.

A high ceiling, with its wide expanse of unused wall space, gives a room a dreary effect which it is almost impossible to remove, although an extremely high ceiling, relieved by exposed rafters, is sometimes very charming, effectively revealing the roof as in a barn or chapel. In other respects the plan depends largely on the life of the family, in which sanitation, comfort, convenience, and adaptability, all must be well considered. No home is truly beautiful which is not fitted to the needs of those who dwell within its walls. A stairway upon which a tall man is in danger of bumping his head is an example of bad art. So too is a stairway with risers so high or a flight so long that the mother of the family

will be overfatigued in going up or down.

The subject of interior finish is next to be considered. Anything that tends to emphasize the constructive quality of the work enhances its value. No ceiling ornament can equal the charm of visible floor joists and girders, or of the rafters. They are not there merely to break up the monotony of a flat surface, but primarily to keep the upper stories from falling on our heads. Incidentally, they are a most effective decoration with their parallel lines and shadows. My own preference for the finish of a wooden house is wood. If an air space is left between the shingle wall and the inner lining, the house will not be too susceptible to changes of temperature without. It is only of late years that the full charm of the natural California redwood has been realized. Until recently it was treated with a stain and then varished, but now this practice has given way to the use of surfaced wood, rubbed with a wax dressing to preserve the natural color, or left to darken without any preservative.

The redwood walls of the interior may be made by nailing vertical slabs to the outside of the studding, thus leaving the construction all exposed within, or by applying simple vertical panels to the inside of the studding. A very effective door is made of a single

long narrow panel of redwood, with the edges of the frame left square.

There are other satisfying interior finishes beside the natural planed redwood. An extremely interesting result can be obtained by taking rough-sawed boards or timbers, and slightly charring the surface. On rubbing this down with sand and an old broom, a soft brown color and an interesting wavy texture is produced. Redwood treated with sulphate of iron is turned a silver gray, like boards exposed for years to the weather, and gives an

interesting color effect to a room. Rough boards, sawed but not planed, may be stained with a soft green creosote stain, and the effect is peculiarly subdued and mossy. Other stains, or even the application of Dutch leaf metal on wood, may be used with caution by an experienced artist, but should be avoided by the novice. Planks or beams, surfaced with the adze, have a fascinating texture, this finish being especially effective for exposed rafters.

A hard pine flooring answers very well in an inexpensive house, although a harder wood is to be preferred if it can be afforded. A coating of white shellac, followed by

weekly polishings with wax and a friction brush, leaves the floor in good order.

I have thus far said nothing of ornament in describing the construction of the home. It is far better to have no ornament than to have it either badly designed or wrongly placed. We sometimes see shingle houses in which a bare space on the exterior has been filled with a square piece of machine carving of commonplace design. The bare wall would have been inoffensive, but the ornament spoils the simplicity and effectiveness of the entire house. Ornament should grow out of the construction, and should always be an individual expression adapted to the particular space it is to fill. Thus all machine-turned moldings, sawed-out brackets, or other mechanical devices for ornament, should be rigorously excluded.

As the life of the home centers about the fireplace, this may well be the most beautiful feature of a room. Let its ornamentation be wholly individual and hand wrought. Carved corbels, supporting a plain shelf, or some good conventional form done in terra cotta or tiling, may be used to advantage; but if something cannot be made for that particular spot, be content with a good, generous fireplace of the rough, richly colored clinker brick, or of pressed brick, or big fire tiles. If good in form, the hearth will be a beautiful corner,

full of good cheer.

While on the subject of ornament, I cannot refrain from a word on the lack of vitality in the decorative work of even our best architects. This is due to the fact that instead of making designs from the decorative forms of animals and plants about them, they almost invariably copy, with more or less exactness, the designs from architectural works of Europe. How much easier to take books of details of Italian chapels and Greek temples, than to go to that wonderful book of nature and create from her treasure house new motives! But until the latter method is followed, decorative work will be feeble and imitative.

Thus far our discussion has been confined to houses built of wood within and without. An outer covering of bricks may be substituted for the shingles without materially altering the house in other respects, and, if the construction be sufficiently massive to warrant it, slate or tile may replace the shingles of the roof, making the whole more durable and substantial in effect. But it is a mistake to suppose that a wooden house is necessarily perishable in its nature. I am told that there are wooden houses in good preservation in Continental Europe which antedate Columbus, and we all know of the Anne Hathaway cottage and other Shakespearean relies of Stratford.

The wooden house may be varied by the use of plaster, either on the exterior or the interior. The point to be emphasized is never to use plaster with wood as if the construction were of masonry. The only safeguard is to show the construction. Houses built in the old English style, with exposed timbers between the plaster, are very picturesque. It has been ascertained that plaster applied to wooden laths will soon fall off, but when expanded metal is used as a foundation, the plaster seems to stand indefinitely. It may be

toned to some soft warm shade with a permanent water-color paint.

There is another type of plaster house much in vogue in Čalifornia which is to be condemned as an unmitigated sham. This is the style which masks under the name of "Mission" architecture, and which imitates the externals of the work of the old Spanish missionaries while missing every vital element in their buildings. The modern structure in mission style is built of wood, either completely covered with plaster or with exposed wood painted to imitate it. Many features of masonry construction, such as round pillars veneered with stucco, arches and circular windows, are introduced. The construction is generally slight, but with a massive external appearance, and the roofing in most cases is of tin tiles painted red. Such work as this will do well enough for a world's fair, which is confessedly but a

fleeting show, but it is utterly unworthy as the home of any honest man.

The Spanish missionaries did their work in adobe, brick, tile, and stone. Much of it was covered with plaster and whitewashed. The charm of the low, simple buildings surrounding a court, with corridors supported by arches extending both on the outside and inside, can only be realized by one who has studied the lovely runs of the Spanish occupation, or better still by one who has visited Spanish countries. The glare of the whitewashed walls is relieved by the deep shadows of the sheltering corridors or porch roofs, the soft red tiles crown the work, and vines and orchards, with fountains and palm-trees in the court, make a beautifully harmonious setting. There is a romantic charm about such architecture and an historic association which California needs to cherish, but to mimic it with cheap imitations in wood is unworthy of us. If we are unwilling to take the pains, or if we cannot afford to do the work genuinely, let us not attempt it. We may carry out the general form in wood if we choose, but let it then be frankly a wooden house, or a structure of wood and plaster worked out constructively as such. Furthermore, as I have already pointed out, the climate of San Francisco Bay, with its large percentage of cloudy days, is not suited to deep recessed proches that cut the sun from the first story.

The use of plaster as an interior finish has been, until the last few years in California, so much a matter of course, that I should have mentioned it first were it not that I wished to emphasize the superiority of the natural wood interior for a wooden house. If plaster is used, however, let it be with visible rafters. It may be toned or papered any soft, warm shade, but the use of a mechanically printed wall-paper I should avoid under any and all circumstances. As this is a matter which concerns the furnishing of the home more espe-

cially, a fuller discussion of the point may be reserved for the following essay.

If it seems to any that too much of this paper has been devoted to wood construction, my answer has already been given—namely, that most people cannot afford, at the present day, to build of any other material, and that consequently a full consideration of the principles governing the right use of wood is a matter of the greatest immediate importance. At the same time it is well to point out that every advance in the building of masonry homes is a progressive step, since it makes for greater stability, lessens the danger of fire, and saves our forests, which are so needful to the prosperity of the State. In masonry architecture the same fundamental idea should prevail, of using the material in the manner which emphasizes its strength and constructive value. Ornament should be studied with

the same care and used with the same restraint as in wood.

Now for a last word on home building: Let the work be simple and genuine, let it be an individual expression of the life which it is to environ, conceived with loving care for the uses of the family, with due regard to right proportion and harmony of color. Eliminate in so far as possible all factory-made accessories in order that your home may not be typical of American commercial supremacy, but rather of your own fondness for things that have been created as a response to your love of that which is good and simple and fit for daily companionship. Far better that our surroundings be rough and crude in detail, provided that they are a vital expression conceived as part of an harmonious scheme, than that they be finished with mechanical precision and lacking in genuine character. Beware the gloss that covers over a sham!

Copyright, 1903, by Paul Elder and Company. To be followed in the December number by "The Furnishing of the Home."

## Philosophic Legends.

ĭ

HOU dissolver of all riddles," said the seeker after truth to Pytha-

#### Cosmos.

goras, "solve me this one riddle, over which my soul broods intensely: Why is number master of everything? Why is order in the world and connection and harmonies of the spheres? Obediently the earth rolls in her space and does not say: 'What have I to do with you, Sun?' In thousand blossoms blooms the poppy, and no flower says to the other: 'You may be red, but I like to be blue.' Silent and patient the marmorn Aphrodite stands on her pedestal, not thinking: 'Tonight, when the youths of Melos prepare their nets, I will step down and bathe in the sea.' Why, O thou great magician, is everything in such a way chained with diamond cramps to necessity? Is it not

wonderful that there are no wonders? Who has tamed the Titans and bolted all doors of

"My friend," the magician said dryly, "with the pretentions you men make, certainly the Cosmos seems cosmically. I will tell you a true tale: A farmer sold an oxen to a butcher for a hundred drachmas. As the butcher brought the money the farmer tossed it on the table and began to count the silver pieces over again, because it is not the custom of farmers to trust blindly. But as he had counted seventy drachmas he pushed it all again in his bag, and said: 'More than half is right, now the rest will be right, too;' and so they parted in friendship."

"Are there farmers that silly?" the seeker after truth asked. "Oh, there are sillier

ones!" laughed Pythagoras.

#### II.

#### BUTTERFLY AND ANTS.

N THE woods on the ground crept a procession of ants, thousand of one will. Hundreds set out from the nest to carry the larvas in the sun. And hundreds met them on the well-built street, dragging loads or bringing sweet sap for the hungry brood. And some had attacked an earthworm and called for reinforcement; there were hundreds sent out to help to kill the worm with their sharp jaws, but the worm weltered and writhed fiercely, crushing many of his assailants. And hundreds returned home from slave-robbery with captured larvas and chrysalids of

hostile ants. And hundreds stayed at home to build and to better, if in the nest something broke down. And hundreds hung as frozen with thick swollen honey bodies, as living reserve stores for winter times. But one will ruled all the hundreds and thousands—the unconditional ant will-and sharp and straight lined and implicit the black procession furrowed the ground of the forest.

On a wild flower sat a butterfly, and the sun sparkled on his wings of mother-ofpearl.

"I am standing aside," sang mournfully the butterfly, "gliding above, not chained to a purpose, not concreating at straight-lined highroads. Workmen and soldiers, nestbuilders and honey-swells, how I envy you! You of one will, you thousand fingers and feelers of necessity - take my wings and give me, you aim-pursuing, give me, the swerving, playing, mocking, an aim of life after which I may creep. A wherefore, whither, why of life, oh, give it to me!"

And a zephyr came and breathed the mourning butterfly away.

P WINDSHAGEN

# Mosaic Essays.

The quotations from many gentle philosophers are selected and so arranged as to present the subject of the booklet in its highest interpretation - a message of good cheer

and encouragement. Each issued in uniform format, richly printed, in an original scheme of typography, rubricated and tastefully bound as follows:

In honor and tribute of this noblest emotion of the human soul. Edition A - Bound Friendship. (IGSIII) in rich red sultan, Japan wood-grained fly-leaves, enclosed in envelope. 50 cents net. Edition B — Flexible vellum binding, Vellum fly-leaves, in envelope. 75 cents net. Edition C — Flexible wede binding. Boxed, \$1.25 net. Edition D— Bound in full calf, hand carved and colored by Miss Crane. \$5.00 net.

iness. The duty of being happy is an essential of development frequently overlooked. This little compilation points the path of the truest and most lasting happiness. The Stevenson Monument in Old Portsmouth Square is reproduced for the frontispiece and forms the Happiness. decorative scheme of the booklet. Edition A - Bound in flexible sultan. Enclosed in envelope. 50 cents net. Edition B - Bound in flexible suede. Boxed, \$1.25 net. Edition C - Bound in full calf, hand carved and colored by Miss Crane. \$5.00 net.

The peace and joy of nature, as well as its beauty and strength. A painting by William Te. In place and Joy of matter, a web as to be day and a tengen. A panting by which is reproduced for the frontispiece. Edition A — Bound in flexible sultan, enclosed in uniform envelope. 50 cens set. Edition B — Bound in flexible suede. Baxed, \$1.25 net. Edition G.— Bound in full calf, hand carved and colored by Mits Crane. \$5,00 net.

"To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive and the true success is to labour." 2555. Edition A—Bound in flexible sultan, Japan wood-grained fly-leaves, enclosed in uniform envelope. 30 cents nat. Edition B—Bound in flut flexible suede. Boxed, §1.25 nat. Edition C—Bound in full calf, hand carved and colored by Miss Crane. §5,00 nat.

Paul Elder and Company, Publishers, San Francisco

# The CORNHILL DODGERS

LITERARY LEAFLETS

ome of the most nimilating thoughts in English literature, printed in gothle letters with rubricated initials, on herelec-staged have become widely employed for Easter and Holiday prectings, for the library, office, study or den, or for distribution in day and Subhat below.

- My Symphony W. H. Channing. Life's Mirror Madeline S. Bridges.

- 1. By Symphony Mr. A. Channing.
  1. A Colden Summer E. O. Grever.
  4. Unwasted Days Mr. A. M. Miller.
  4. Donnetted Days Mr. A. M. Miller.
  4. Donnetted Days Mr. A. M. Miller.
  4. Donnetted Days Mr. A. M. Miller.
  5. An Autumn Prayer E. O. Grever.
  6. An Autumn Prayer E. O. Grever.
  6. An Autumn Prayer E. O. Grever.
  6. The Blook Lover's Creed From "The Cread of the International Control of the Control of the International Control of the

- 21. A House Blessing Anonymous.
  22. Be Strong Malshie Davenpers Babesck.

- 13. The Foot-Path to Frace—Harry van Dyla.

  4. Recolutions—Ynathan Edward.

  4. Recolutions—Ynathan Edward.

  5. Bed Good Cetter—Rayly Welds Emeran.

  7. The Celevial Surgeon—Rebert Lawi Streamon.

  5. The Solder of Ultimate Viteory—Walt Whitman.

  5. The Solder of Ultimate Viteory—Walt Whitman.

  6. Dayly—Pathy Breds.

  6. Contentance—David Surg.

  6. The Table of Pathy Walth Emeran.

  7. Triendaly—Eagly Walth Emeran.

  7. Triendaly—Eagly Walth Emeran.

  7. Recove—Harry David Threes.

  8. Socces—Harry David Threes.

  8. Socces—Harry David Threes.

  8. Socces—Harry David Threes.

  6. Forward—Pathlips Frank.
- A Liberal Education Thimas Henry Hux
   Forward Phillips Breshs.
   The House Beautiful From the German.
   Jubiate Deo Praim C.
   My Prayer John G. Whittier.
   Resolve Dearieste Perlins Striss.
   Stronger Men Phillips Breshs.
- EACH, 10 CENTS. A DOZEN (13 FOR 12), \$1.00 Sold at the Leading Brokehop: throughout the United States and Canada

ALFRED BARTLETT PUBLISHED BY 69, CORNHILL, BOSTON

P. S .- A specimen copy of The Cornbill Booklet, a quarterly magazine of literature, will he sent with every order for a dozen Dodgers.

### A PARTIAL LIST OF Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s BOOKS

#### 1B iography

#### HENRY WARD BEECHER.

By LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D. With portraits. Crown 8vo, \$1.75 net, postage extra. A study and interpretation of the great preacher's life and character.

#### IOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

By George R. Carpenter. In the American Men of Letters Series. With portrait, \$1.10 net, postage extra. A fresh study of Whittier's life and work in the light of recent information.

# MB elles

COMMENTS ON DANTE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA.

By JOHN RUSKIN. Crown 8vo. Selections from Ruskin's works now first collected by George P. Huntington, and with an introduction by Charles Eliot

# C s s a v s

#### PONKAPOG PAPERS.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 12mo. Papers touching upon a variety of subjects and all handled with the rare literary skill which characterizes all of Mr. Aldrich's work.

## Trabel

THE LAND OF LITTLE RAIN. By MARY AUSTIN. With full page and text illustrations. Large crown 8vo. Sketches reproducing

with vivid reality and remarkable felicity the strange life of the arid regions of southeastern California.

# Religion

## WITNESSES OF THE LIGHT.

By WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D. 12mo. Popular biographical studies of six great historical figures, Dante, Hugo, etc., and their message

to the world.

#### Lure De

Illustrated.

### THE HISTORY OF OLIVER AND ARTHUR.

A Mediæval Romance originally written in 1511, and now done into English. Printed in black letter with rubricated titles and many wood-cut illustrations upon Arnold hand-made paper. Bound in boards, uncut. Quarto. 300 copies for sale, \$15.00 net.

# REMINISCENCES OF AN ASTRONO-

By Simon Newcomb. With portrait, 8vo, \$3.00

net, postage extra. The autobiography of one of America's most eminent astronomers, frankly and modestly told.

## MY OWN STORY.

By JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE. Illustrated. Large crown The autobiography of a veteran story-writer 8vo. and poet, delightful in its ease and charm of style.

# Lettres

AIDS TO THE STUDY OF DANTE. By CHARLES A. DINSMORE. Crown 8vo. handbook of indispensable collateral reading compiled from the best Dante authorities.

## ESSAYS ON GREAT WRITERS.

By HENRY D. SEDGWICK, JR. Crown 8vo, \$1.50 net, postage extra. Nine sound and spirited essays dealing with Macaulay, Thackeray, Scott, Montaigne, etc.

## HILL TOWNS OF ITALY.

By EGERTON R. WILLIAMS, JR. With 40 illustrations and map. Large crown 8vo. A narrative of a journey through Central Italy, a wonderfully picturesque region generally neglected by travelers.

### THE NATURE OF GOODNESS.

By George H. Palmer. 12mo, \$1.30 net, postage extra. An untechnical, lucid and entertaining study of conduct and the fundamental moral problems.

# MY COOKERY BOOKS.

By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. A de Luxe edition, superbly illustrated, containing a learned and humorous account of the literature of the kitchen in olden times which included information upon a great variety of matters. A valuable bibliography of sixty pages is appended. 4to ; 300 copies for sale, \$20.00 net.

# BOSTON Houghton, Mifflin & Co. NEW YORK

A New Volume in the Vest Pocket Series



# A LITTLE BOOK

OF

# NATURE THOUGHTS

SELECTED BY THOMAS COKE WATKINS FROM THE BOOKS OF

# RICHARD **IEFFERIES**

The Edition is Bound in Four Styles :

| Blue Paper Wrappers -      | - | - | - | \$ .25 |
|----------------------------|---|---|---|--------|
| Limp Cloth                 |   |   |   | .40    |
| Flexible Leather, Gilt Top | - | - | - | -75    |
| Ianan Vellum Edition -     |   |   |   | T 00   |

Each Volume is in a Separate Slide Case Sent Postpaid on Receipt of Price



THE VEST POCKET SERIES - 25 cents each

- I. Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat. II. Sonnets From the Portuguese.
- III. Swinburne's Las Veneris.
- IV. Æs Triplex and Other Essays.

  V. Nature Thoughts From Richard Jefferies.



# THOMAS B. MOSHER

PORTLAND, MAINE

# THE VOICEOFTHE **SCHOLAR**

DAVID STARR JORDAN

President of The Leland Stanford Junior University



A volume of virile, thought-inspiring Essays upon the problems of Higher Education



Bound in cloth, paper label Price, \$1.50 net Bound in full Suede, boxed Price, \$3.00 net



Paul Elder and Company Publishers, San Francisco

From the Press of McClure, Phillips & Company

# A New Book by

# GELETT BURGESS AND WILL IRWIN

Authors of "The Picaroons"

# The Reign of Queen Isyl

In "The Reign of Queen Isyl" the authors have hit upon a new scheme in fiction. The book is both a novel and a collection of short stories. The main story deals with a carnival of flowers in a California city. Just before the coronation the Queen of the Fiesta disappears, and her Maid of Honor is crowned in her stead—Queen Isyl. There are plots and counterplots—half-mockery, half-earnest—beneath which the reader is tantalized by glimpses of the genuine mystery surrounding the real queen's disappearance. Thus far the story differs from other novels only in the quaintly romantic atmosphere of modern chivalry. Its distinctive feature lies in the fact that in every chapter one of the characters relates an anecdote. Each anecdote is a short story of the liveliest and most amusing kind—complete in itself—yet each bears a vital relation to the main romance and its characters. The short stories are as unusual and striking as the novel of which they form a part.

er o

COMEDIES IN MINIATURE, by Margaret Cameron.

Net, \$1.30; postpaid, \$1.40

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FURNITURE.

[Exter Singleton, author of "Furniture of Our Fore-fathers." The most complete work of the kind ever undertaken. Beautifully libaritated. Send for circular.

#### NEW NOVELS BY

A. CONAN DOYLE: The Adventures of Gerard.
HENRY SETON MERRIMAN: Barlasch of the Guard,
HENRY HARLAND: My Friend Prospero.

GEORGE ADE: In Babel.

JOSEPH CONRAD: Falk, and Two Other Stories.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS: The Master-Rogue.

Each, \$1.50

Publishers McClure, Phillips & Co. New York

# Bonestell, Richardson & Company

E make a specialty of attractive papers for publications, pamphies, booklets and such. We particularly recommend

such. We particularly recommend at this time the Albion Book Paper (English finish) for inside type or cut work (half-tone or line), and Herculan Coper in the new shades of gray and brown makes a stylish and attractive cover. Our lines are exclusive.

Note: The paper upon which IMPRESsions is printed is one of our specialties

401-403 Sansome Street and 500-508 Sacramento Street

# Thumler & Rutherford

20

Expert work in Bookbinding, Leathers, Silks, Brocades, Etc. Bankers' Cases, Wallets, Etc., to order. Technical Work.

We have peculiar facilities for executing every variety of work in our numerous lines::::

2 2

538 California Street San Francisco, California

# O. Kai & Company

1 1

Importers of Japanese Art Goods. Main office, Tokio, Japan. Established 1886. & & & Telephone Black 3566.

2 2

316 Kearny Street San Francisco::: California

# THE ASAHI

1 1

Japanese Embroidery and Drawn Work a Specialty. Beautiful Presents. Easy to send to your friends by mail.

1 1

2 2 4 Post Street San Francisco : : : California

# FOUR SUCCESSFUL BOOKS

Miss OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ'S
THE WARD OF KING CANUTE
Has become popular because it is a fascinating romance, and in appearance a
striking and beautiful book.

Third Edition, \$1.50

Dr. Thomson JAY Hudson's

THE LAW OF MENTAL MEDICINE

Is selling rapidly because it is the last book by
this remarkable man, on a subject of universal interest, and because his
books always sell. (Law
of Psychic Phenomena
60,000 copies.)

Second Edition, \$1.20 net

CARTOONS BY McCutcheon

Has gone into four editions in a few months because it is a masterpiece of American humor—spontaneous, original and within every one's understanding.

Fourth Edition, \$1.25 net

W. E. B. Du Bois's

W. E. D. DU BOIS S

THE SOULS OF BLACK FOLK

Is a success because there is a tremendous interest
just now in everything dealing with the
negro problem, and there has never
been a more interesting or
powerful discussion of the

question.

Third Edition, \$1.20 net

A. C. McCLURG & CO., Publishers



# A. Zellerbach & Sons

"T H E PAPER HOUSE"

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

PAPER

416-418 Sansome Street

San Francisco, Cal.

# VACATION HABIT

This is a modern phrase. It expresses a feature of the life of today. A few years ago we had the contrasted word "Americanitis." This fresh coinage touched the results of overwork-the nervous wrigglings of school children and the nervous unrest of men and women under the strain of business or social exactions. To correct this comes the vacation habit. This is sanity. It is a return to Nature-which is better than medicine. 

And no land invites to the mountains or the sea with such seductive grace as California. The very best of its outing places is an invitation to rest-Tahoe, Shasta, Yosemite, the Giant Forest, Kings River Cañon, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Carmel-by-the-Sea, Capitola—what summer airs, what perfection of climate, what charm of tavern, inn and cottage, of surf and boat, and trout stream, or leafy shade and hammock where we are stormed by the utterance of great books, and take no note of time! ¶And the way to these idyllic places is easy. A palace car on its rails of steel, and lo! we are there.



Ask the Southern Pacific for map or booklet or folder describing and illustrating the true Lous Lands. Get the Sierra Number Suvser and rest for a month. The Information Bureau takes no vacation, and exists to answer questions and to help others to rest. It is at 613 Market Street.

# THREE BEAUTIFUL POSSESSIONS

# The International Studio

A yearly subscription to The International Studio costs \$3.50 and means that each month you will receive the most sumptuous Art Magazine ever published, surveying the One \$3.50 whole field of art and current topics, both in articles by eminent authorities and by a profusion of magnificent illustrations of every kind. There are seldom less than eight full-page plates in colour, mezzotint or photogravure; and in all about one hundred text-cuts, including half-tones, line drawings, etc.

# The Art Portfolio

There are many subscribers who wish to have a representative selection of the finest plates which have appeared in The International Studio during the last seven years, to frame or Two \$5.00 to put up in their rooms. To fill this need the Pubhashosme Portfolios made, each one containing fifteen of the most noted full-page color or photogravure plates, mounted on card mats, ready either to hang up as they are, or to be framed. The Portfolio costs five dollars.

# The Art Album

Many New Subscribers may like to have a collection of plates from The International Studio, covering the last seven years of current art history, or Old Subscribers may be Three \$5.00 glad to review the period at a concise glance, so to Three \$5.00 glad to review the period speak. For this purpose the Publisher has collected one hundred of the finest representative plates, bound in a handsome volume, which is issued at five dollars.

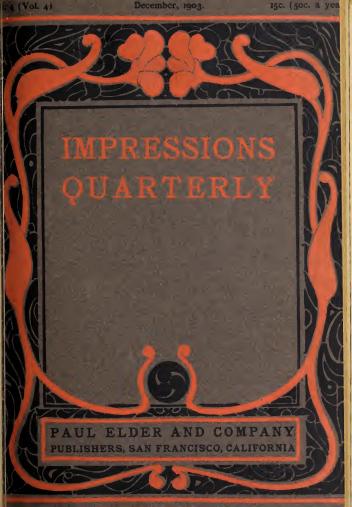
You can purchase the above separately, or you can send in your order for

The Three Items Together for \$10.00

Write for circulars, subscription blanks, etc., to JOHN LANE Publisher, 67 Fifth Ave. New York

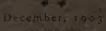


In the art of making books attractive, in the tasteful arrangement of text, titlepage display, decorative initials and borders, the selection of appropriate papers, skilful presswork and artistic bindingin fact, in all that the most exacting author and book-lover desires in the making of beautiful special editions-The Tomoyé Press has established a distinctive reputation, convincing evidence of which can be had by an inspection of its work. Correspondence solicited. 144 Union Square Avenue, San Francisco.





A walk is rightly, from first content of current with certily \$0000. As a convenience to soft officers, the problems will be some fact a continuous of the fall of the first in a certain public to a structure of the manufacture at a convenience of the fall of



## Indian Bead Belts Fashioned at the Columbia Park Boys' Club



HE history of work in the boys' clubs of San Francisco is filled with vast interest. It is a manual training epoch that promises to be historical in the education of the young. The names of the workers that have shaped its beginnings would lend distinction to any effort: Burgess, Lundborg, Tharp, Ernest Peixotto, Rixford, Raphael, Sickal, Van Vlack, Harrold, Wilkie, Treat, Bremer, Dannenberg. We should look for something higher

and better when we consider these truly artistic associations in the workrooms with the little people and their little hands. The boys of Columbia Park have seen seven years pass away, with ever the highest thought in their work; and now, in the noonday of success, worker and boy seem to be seeking with heart and soul one common end—the ennobling of the creative faculties and an unassuming search for the world of the all-beautiful. Color is everywhere, and as children, they are happy indeed in their associations. The Indian Bead Belts were all brought home from a summer camp, a boys' republic near a lonely summit of the Santa Cruz mountains. Their workshop was under the towering redwoods in one of those family hollows; and day by day these busy hands fashioned, tediously, the long weaves of beads, all very much like the aborigine. 

One other word: these belts are made by boys, the inhabitants of an exclusive world that few have ever been able to explore, and yet a world sadly needing the inspiration and the influences of a higher civilization that we are sadly at a loss to supply. At Columbia Park there is some hope of a happy solution of boys' needs - their workroom work is inspiring; their singing, pure and true; their gymnastics, redolent with daring and vigor; their outdoor games, full of the spirit of earnest contention and pure sport; their military, dashing; and their summers, triumphant in achievement. Boys everywhere look upon them with awe; and if their life be onward, the example will be fruitful, and forever. These belts are nicely woven in a variety of widths, lengths and details, and sold at \$1.50 to \$3.00 each.

In the Art Rooms of Paul Elder and Company, 238 Post St., San Francisco



### Hiroshige.

#### (Landscape Painter and Apostle of Impressionism.)

F THE lovely "Land of the Rising Sun" should, during one of those volcanic throes which threaten her extinction, sink forever beneath the depths of ocean, she would yet live for us through the magic brush of Hiroshige. Gazing at his landscapes, the airy wing of imagination wafts us to a land of showers and sunsets - a fairy scene, where the rainbow falls to earth, shattered into a thousand prisms where waters softly flow towards horizons touched with daffodil or azure tinted.

Here is a gliding sampan with closed shutters. Inside, the lantern's diffused light throws a silhouette upon the bamboo curtain, a drooping girlish head bending towards the unseen lover at her feet. Ripples play upon the water, stirred by the amorous breath of Oriental night. In fancy we hear the tinkling of the samisen, touched by delicate

fingers, sweetly perfumed.

Now we see rain upon the Tokaido. A skurrying storm. Affrighted coolies running this way and that. A mountain full of echoes and horror. Down it splash rivulets, running into inky pools. Darkness and terror and loneliness, and longing for warmth and shelter and the peace of home.

In marked contrast is one of the "Seven Impressions of Hakone." A glad reveille. The sun breaks out, the clouds have burst asunder, masses of vapor float here and there.

All is chaotic, untamed, a palette wildly mingled.

The Japanese so dearly love nature, in all her moods, that when she dons her mantle of snow they hesitate, even when necessity compels, to sully its purity. In one of Utamaro's prints, sweetly entitled by M. Edmond de Goncourt "La Nature Argentée," a little musume is seen searching the snowy landscape she loves, and, hating to blot the beautiful carpet, she cries, "Oh, the beautiful new snow! Where shall I throw the tea-leaves?" With Hiroshige, the artist of snow and mist, we feel this love, and so successfully does he deal with a snowy landscape that we see the snow in masses, luminous, soft and unsullied, as if nature had lent a helping hand to portray her pure white magic. So, without formula or technique, but absolutely and sincerely, he unrolls the winter pageant before us.

The Japanese landscape painter sums up nature in broad lines, to which all details are more or less subordinated. This rendering of the momentary vision of life and light,—the spirit, not the letter of the scene, - is what is meant by Impressionism. Whereas, however, the French impressionists expressed light by modelling surfaces, the Japanese adhere rigidly to line, and rely upon gradations of colour and the effect of washes to produce the illusion of light. Their landscape is expressed in clear-cut lines and flat masses of colour. In the prints this virtue of abstract line is exemplified, the outline being the essential element of the composition, for upon line and arrangements of balanced colour the artist must depend, cramped as he is by the necessities of the wood-cut. And here he displays his wonderful ingenuity, his fineness of gradations and opposition, his boldness and infinity of device, and in spite of the limitations which hamper him, he realizes absolute values in the narrowest range, by virtue of his knowledge of lines and spaces.

"No scientifically taught artist," said Jarves, "can get into as few square inches of paper a more distinct realization of space, distance, atmosphere, perspective and landscape

generally, not to mention sentiment and feeling,"

This virtue of the line is the inheritance of the Japanese, the consummate handling of the brush almost a racial instinct. From China, far back in the centuries, came the sweeping calligraphic stroke, of which in Japan the school of Kano became the noblest exponent. "L'école," said M. de Goncourt, "des audaces et de la bravoure du faire, l'école tantôt aux ecrasements du pinceau, tantôt aux tenuites d'un cheveu.'

As soon as the tiny hand of the Japanese baby can grasp the brush its art education begins. The brush is the Japanese alphabet - it is their fairy wand, their playmate - they learn to paint intuitively, though later the most assiduous study is given to acquire the characteristic touch of the school with which they affiliate. The brush is their genie, subservient to their imagination; they master and "juggle" with it. For no foreign taught

technique will they barter their birthright.

And our masters and instructors in art more and more recognize the value of initial brush-work. The following excerpt from Walter Crane, in Line and Form, might serve as a preface to a work on Hokusai or Hiroshige: "The practice of forming letters with the brush afforded a very good preliminary practice to a student of line and form. An important attribute of line is its power of expressing or suggesting movement. Undulating lines always suggest action and unrest or the resistance of force of some kind. The firmset yet soft feathers of a bird must be rendered by a different touch from the shining scales of a fish. The hair and horns of animals, delicate human features, flowers, the sinuous lines of drapery, or the massive folds of heavy robes, all demand from the draughtsman in line different kinds of suggestive expression."

We are told that Hiroshige began his career by making pictures in coloured sands on an adhesive background, to amuse the public, and perhaps this artistic juggling helped him later in arranging his schemes of colour, for the limitations of the block demanded almost

equal simplicity in composition.

The impressions of Lake Biwa, one of Hiroshige's finest series of views, serve as a beautiful illustration of the almost exclusive use of line in bringing out the salient characteristics of the landscape. His sweeping brush shows us volcanic mountains, encircling the lake, like rocky billows, tom and jagged, for legend says that as the peerless mountain Fuji-san rose in one night, so the ground sank, and the space was filled by the beautiful lake named from its resemblance in form to the Japanese lute. The trees which fringe the shore, black and misty, upon close inspection resolve themselves into a network of crisscross lines and blotches. The sampans' sails, the waves, the rushes on the shore, the roofs of the village nestling beneath the cliffs, are all adroitly rendered by horizontal lines and skillful zigzags. The rest of the composition is a wash of shaded blues and grays, fading towards the horizon into smoky violets.

Biwa, the beautiful, suggestive of mystery, the four-stringed lute gives thee her name. Through the music of thy rippling eddies do sighs well up in thee, the murmur of the lost. A pall of darkness hovers over thee, pierced by a gleam of sunshine, beckoning like a

lover's hand.

It is matter for astonishment that the Japanese seem unable to clear away the mists of uncertainty which shroud the personality of the artist or artists who designed the impressions signed "Hiroshige." The authorities differ in opinion as to whether one or three artists had a right to the name. Study and comparison end in perplexity, and taking the two signatures as guides, or assigning the horizontal impressions to the earlier artist, the vertical to later disciples, are rules which do not always hold good. Very little authentic information can be gleaned with regard to the life of the first Hiroshige, and there are no illuminating flashes thrown upon his career, as in the prefaces of Hokusai, whose patient life of poverty and devotion to art are so well known. Nor did Hiroshige, like Hokusai and Utamaro, portray himself in his impressions.

Utamaro loved thus to represent himself, and in one of his beautiful prints, showing a night fête in a garden of the Yoshiwara, the artist of beauty appears, the sober distinction of his costume heightened by contrast with the brilliancy of the gay butterflies that surround him. His upper robe is black, and upon each shoulder, like fallen petals, are little yellow discs which reveal his identity, for one incloses the ideograph "Uta," the other, "Maro." Upon the pillar, against which he leans theatrically, is a satirical verse, tersely expressed in measured syllables, termed "Kioka," which affirms that by special request

the artist presents "his own, his elegant visage!"

The best known prints by Hiroshige are 'the "Fifty-three Stations between Yedo and Kyoto." This Tokaido series was at first beautifully printed, but the later impressions show a sad decay in the colouring. The "Yedo Hiak'kei," or "Hundred Views of Yedo," give a panoramic vista of the Shoguns' capital. The pictorial description of Yedo, in black and pale blue, is a lovely series. In many of these landscapes the Dutch influence is very

marked, for the master of Hiroshige, Toyohiro, from whom he derived the first syllable of his nom de pinceau, had experimented in landscape painting after the Dutch wood-cuts which were scattered throughout the country. Although Hiroshige is best known through his landscapes, he, like most Japanese painters, was too universal an artist to confine himself solely to one branch. He loved every phase of nature, and in one of his well-known prints, "The Eagle," his skill in the delineation of birds is best shown. In the later impressions a pale yellowish tone takes the place of the beautiful steel-blue background of the earlier prints, miracles of colour printing.

Athwart this background of ineffable blue, which loses itself in the mists that veil the

sacred mountain, is seen, sweeping and sailing cruelly alert, the evil eagle of Hiroshige. His wicked gaze is set on nests of murmuring wood-doves, he eyes the callow sea-birds in their bed of rushes. The temple bell rings solemnly; the long vibrations cleave the azure dusk. It is the hour of rest and dreams. Begone base harbinger of evil!

In the early prints by Hiroshige the colours are most beautiful, one soft tone fading imperceptibly into another, the blues and greens so marvellously blended as to be almost interchangeable. We are told that Michael Angelo loved the companionship of the old workman who ground his colours; and of the Japanese, it is said, "this making one family of the greater artist and all who had to do with him has given that peculiar completeness, that sense of peace and absence of struggle which we feel in Japanese art.'

In vain Hiroshige fought, towards the middle of the nineteenth century, against the introduction of cheap and inferior pigments, which were taking the place of the native dyesnature's gifts, distilled by her artist children. Reds, yellows, blues and greens, intense and crude, were now imported, and we have to thank Western commercialism for the "Chile-con-carne" landscape, wittily and semi-truthfully described by "Dotty," for this deteriorating influence sapped the virtue of the sincere and devoted artists and artisans of

the Orient.

In describing the effect of colour in one of the Nikko temples, W. B. Van Ingen throws a search-light upon the chemical secrets of this splendor, which he tells us, if asked turows a search-ignit upon the chemical secrets of this spiendor, which he tens us, it asked to describe in one word, that word would be "golden." "These colours," he says, "are not imitations of colours. If vermilion is used, it is cinnabar and not commercialized vermilion which is employed, nor is something substituted for cobalt because it is cheaper and will 'do just as well." Each colour is used because it is beautiful and frank as a colour, not because some other colour is beautiful. If lacquer is the best medium to display the beauty of the pigment, lacquer is used, and if water is better, lacquer is discarded, and if these colours are not imitations of colours neither are they suggestions of colours. Pink is not used for red; if it is used at all, it is used for its own beauty, and feeble blush washes are not made to do service for blue. The Oriental has not yet learned the doctrine of substitution; he knows that substitution is transformation."

The secrets of colouring of the early prints, the joy of Parisian studios and which inspired Whistler, are lost. The delicious greens of old mosses, the pale rose tints, the veinings and marbellings, the iridescent tints of ocean shells, the luminous colours of the anemone, the bleus malades des mauves-that divine violet, a benison of the palette handed down by those old Buddhist monks, the earliest painters of India and China.

These visions of colour are taking the place of obscurity and gloom, for the great impressionists, Claude Monet, Manet, the Barbizon school also and its disciples, have abjured the old dark shadows and substituted violet washes, seeming to share the privilege with the saints and sages of "seeing blue everywhere." All true artists live "within the sphere of the infinite images of the soul." These seers are their own masters, and, as Theodore Child says so exquisitely, "they are of rare and special temperaments, and through their temperament they look at nature and see beautiful personal visions. They fix their visions in colour or marble and then disappear forever, carrying with them the secrets of their mys-terious intellectual processes." Such a special temperament was bequeathed to Whistler. He submitted himself to the Japanese influence, not imitating but imbibing Oriental methods, and following them, notwithstanding Philistine clamour, for the English art doctrines of the time were diametrically opposed to these innovations. Regardless of sneers, he followed the bent of his genius, which led him into Oriental fields. He felt the sweet influence of such artists as Hokusai and Hiroshige. He took advantage of the centuries of thought given to drapery, in the land where, as with Greece, dress is a national problem; where no fads and follies of fashion fostered by commercialism are allowed; where the artists design dress, and the people gratefully and sincerely adopt their ideas.

When we can follow them and allow art to rule, then hideous vagaries and vulgarities, distributions of the figure by hoops and wires, and monstrosities in sleeves will cease. Then may we hope to be an aesthetic nation. We need our American Moronobus to design and embroider and paint dresses for their beautiful and intuitively tasteful countrywomen.

The colour vision of the Oriental far surpasses our own. His eyes are sensitive to colour, hermonies which, applied to landscape, at first seem unreal, impossible, until we realize that though they present objects in hues intrinsically foreign to them, yet the result justifies this arrangement, and its integrity is recognized, for the impression we receive is the true one. And this chaotic massing of colour we notice in a landscape by Hiroshige was employed by many of the old masters. Of the stormy passion of Tintoret, Ruskin says: "He involves his earth in coils of volcanic cloud, and withdraws through circle flaming above circle the distant light of paradise."

There is a keynote to art, as to music, and to genius, through the inner vision this harmony is revealed. It lies within the precincts of the soul, beyond the reach of talented mediocrity, however versed in the canon of art. Nor can this occult gift be handed down. The most ardent disciples of Raphael tried in vain to express themselves after his pattern. The sublime inspiration which found its fullest outward manifestation in the Sistine Madonna

rested there. The poets realized this colour vision, for Dante cried -

"Had I a tongue in eloquence as rich As is the colouring in Fancy's loom."

Inspiration must be sought by other than mechanical means. Have not the most inspired revelations of colour come to the great master in our midst when, invoking the aid of that old temple bell, its lingering vibrations yielded to him rich secrets of colour harmony, as the song of the bell revealed to the soul of Schiller the mystery of life and birth and death, which he crystallized in his immortal poem?

This is the keynote of Impressionism, the touchstone of art. What a fairy wand was wafted by Whistler, standing upon Battersea Bridge I "The evening mist," he said, "clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become Campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in

the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us!"

Leaning upon the bridge, the sweet influence of Hiroshige permeating his soul, in the crucible of his fancy he blent with the radiant Orient a vision of old London, grimy and age-worn, and realized "a Japanese fancy on the banks of the gray Thames." To this picture he set the seal of his brother artist, and so the two apostles of Impressionism, Occidental and Oriental, in that loveliest nocturne, will together go down to posterity.

DORA AMSDEN.

#### The Anarchy of James Lane Allen.

GREAT man once said that it was just as well not to know too much about the subject on which you wished to write with strong prejudice, for it would appear that if a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, a little more knowledge is an increment of danger.

Therefore, in trying to think clearly about a writer of such beautiful English as is Mr. James Lane Allen, it will be well to read him as little as possible, for the music of his well chosen words may make some of his

teaching more palatable than it ought to be.

Indeed, instead of reading Mr. Allen at all, let us first read what Camille says to Armand's father: "Ah, but I know how to make Armand hate me!" and in these

words we see that even that poor girl had a clearer understanding of essential right and wrong than Mrs. Falconer had.

For Camille is constrained by neither pride nor public opinion — Mrs, Grundy has no power over her. She is simply shown the Law of God and sincerely and unrebelliously

upholds its reign among men.

John Gray and Mrs. Falconer have torn themselves apart, and a great brutal, barbed barrier of man-made law intrudes itself between them—a hateful law made by selfish man in ages gone, for the safe keeping of his chattel wife, and a chilling code of morals devised

and elaborated by these same weak-spirited chattels.

Oh, why cannot the great, sweet love of John Gray and Mrs. Falconer find a way, or overleap the cruel bounds of circumstance—that delicate, æsthetic, up-to-date, palpitating human love, first awakened when his quivering flesh, torn and bleeding, is soothed by her gentle hand and the very atmosphere made rosy by her blushes! Ah, their hearts sigh, "Is not our case unique! Are not our souls a sufficient law unto themselves?" Why cannot Major Falconer die? Why cannot they go to Mars, or to some warm South Sea isle where reigns no law of God or man? Mr. Allen, like a skilful anarchist, has worked on our sympathetic hearts until we unconsciously agree with him in his rebellion at the Law of God, and so far from wishing His kingdom to come we rather chafe under so much of His rule as is admitted by human laws.

Let us now compare the central thoughts of these two stories. The lesson of "Camille" is that the Law of God is so sweetly reasonable that even a fallen woman can comprehend it, uphold it, and rise to heroic stature in its defense. The lesson of "The Choir Invisible" is that though law still reigns, Lot's wife no longer turns to salt, and the end of the Reign of Law is at hand when majors need not die, and in short that Love is the All-Sufficient

Law.

B. S.

#### The Prize.

A thriftless one there was who ever sought
To weave a vagrant fancy into song;
Baubles he framed in fretted verse; and long —
In love for these his small creations — wrought
Till each, as from its maker's heart, had caught
A mimic beat. But friends who saw cried, "Wrong
To waste thy Day thus! Not with empty song —
But with bold deeds—are this World's Prizes bought."

Yet still this idle Singer in the Sun,—
Rhyming his chime of words, with moistened eyes,
Mood-caught in the mesh of verses fancy-spun,—
Would answer nothing save, in dreamy wise,
"We go strange ways to seek one Goal. The Prize
Is his who smiles content when Life is done."

RALPH ERWIN GIBBS.

#### The Voice of the Scholar.

HAT Emerson wrote of the scholar - those gleaming white-hot truths pounded out on the anvil of large appreciation of life - has been supplemented in a vivid and masterly manner by Dr. Jordan in his most engaging book of essays and addresses, "The Voice of the Scholar." Not that we are much reminded of Emerson while turning Dr. Jordan's pages; for neither the ideas nor the phrases are difficult. There is nothing to dazzle us. The sparely used metaphors are moderate and

sustained and the thought is always easy to grasp. But when he deals with the educational themes which constitute nearly all of the table of contents it is delightful to see him proceed, bearing with him so much of long and careful observation, so much of technique, so much of learned recollection, so much that must be convincing to the lay mind. It has been the habit of his sedate literary compeers to regard Dr. Jordan as something of a firebrand -- as a man with the dangerous habit of saying things. But there is nothing alarming in this latest book of his - the best product of the mind of a liberated man - a man who can appreciate the varying points of view of men in many walks of life.

Of course, he is all for university scholarship. There is never the slightest compromise here; and the self-educated man and the grammar school graduate will find but cold comfort. He insists upon culture, and nothing short of it is admissible. "Culture," he says, "not only raises the man above the mass, it turns the masses into men. That the multitude may imagine themselves men before they hold a man's grasp on life is the greatest danger of democracy. Here again the university plays its part, teaching the relative value of ideals. Under its criticism men learn that good results are better than good inten-

tions, and that they demand a far higher order of skill and courage."

He holds with that distinguished educator, Henry Morse Stephens, that common sense is a possession more rare than learning. The scholar should not forget. He must be modest. He must be charitable; but he must not be silent.

"He must speak, he will speak, and it is for the safety of democracy that sooner or later his word is triumphant. The final outcome of all action rests with the educated man. Not all the politicians of all the parties in all the republics have secured so many final vic-

tories in thought and action as the universities."

His essay on "Recent Tendencies in College Education" is bright, learned, and full of suggestive thought. So also is that on "The University and the Common Man," which, while it may arouse some antagonism among those business men and artificers whose wardwords are "Practical, everyday experience," will nevertheless be an inspiration to many who feel the value of university training. There is a wealth of epigram and strongly put aphorism in this late essay. For example:

"Once in our schools we studied the decline and fall of the Roman empire. Now we realize that nothing that had life in it could decline and fall. The decay of empires is but

the breaking of the clouds above the growth of man."

And again:

"The essence of tyranny lies not in the strength of the strong, but in the weakness of the weak. Even in the free air of America there are still millions who are not freemillions who can never be free under any government or under any laws so long as they remain what they are."

In his "University of the United States," he delivers this telling shot at the British institutions of learning, after saying that it is in the escape from "the dead hands of the past" that the great promise of the American university lies:

"Oxford and Cambridge are still choked by the dust of their own traditions. Because this is so we may doubt whether England has today any universities at all, but merely ingenious and venerable substitutes."

He has the truest appreciation of what he calls "real men." In the address at the

inauguration of Dr. Edward Pierrepont Graves he said, as quoted in his book:

"Doubtless the average professor is n't worth two thousand a year. Doubtless you could fill every chair here on five hundred. But that is not the point. The fact is, the

average college professor is worth very little indeed. It is not average men, but real men that make a university. Some real men you have, and you know who they are. There is no excuse for you to employ any others. Average men and average teachers you can buy tied in bunches at any price you choose to offer. For real men you must look far and

wide, for they are in constant demand."

Dr. Jordan has had some very harsh things said about him by scholarly critics who find that his writings are hurriedly thrown together and that he is an exponent of the obvious, bringing to bear much ready-made sentiment. I have listened with much forbearance but no little inward irritation to these criticisms, and it has seemed to me that scholarly gentlemen are as likely to be mistaken as others. The fact that Dr. Jordan scorns the studied artifices of literary architecture concerns me not half so much as it would if his medium of utterance failed to convey the wholesome truths which he sets down. In nearly everything he writes he manages to say something, which is more than scholarly gentlemen are in the habit of doing, and in many cases there is not only strong exposition, but real illumination. He is not afraid of saying things. There is not the slightest touch of the mystic in him, and he never utters anything that is obscure. If his words find wider acceptance with the Plain People. It is true that he is not given to polishing his genus on his sleeve, and he would himself admit, no doubt, that if he took more time for revision he might produce a more truly literary essay; but if this should be at the expense of forceful utterance or should result in the elimination of any of his plainly spoken truths, then I say, God forbid.

But at the risk of criticism in high intellectual quarters, I am ready to say that in considering Dr. Jordan's literary productions there is no need of apology on the part of any of his admirers. His clear-cut, well-expressed dicta on many matters of public moment challenge the scrutiny of the most critical. A careful study of his volumes of essays and addresses reveal him as one of the brightest epigrammatists of his time. And when it comes to clear, ringing moral utterances, what did Stevenson himself ever write in "The Christmas Sermon" or out of it that was more suited to human needs or more heartening

to poor souls in any walk of life, than the following by Dr. Jordan?

BAILEY MILLARD.

Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part; what our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is the time. This we know: it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness.

-David Starr Jordan.



#### Edith Wyatt.

WO or three little tales which one heard last year seemed to fit perfectly into one's conception of the author of Every One His Own Way-and now comes her picture in a late *Critic*. It is exactly and satisfactorily the presentment of the strange, slender, whimsical young person, with the very decided way of her own-known to her lovers and discoverers as Edith Wyatt.

One of the tales was to the effect - and if it is not true it ought to be that after going to Bryn Mawr with the expressed purpose of being taught how to write, she speedily exchanged that distinguished institution for the school of real life in Chicago. And out of such a sensible move in a young woman one got in her book of sketches just what one had a right to expect - a fresh and quite spontaneous piece of writing, with its own way of seeing things.

A good many people who do not read the current magazines in a fervent or enthusiastic spirit were to be found buying McClure's to get one of Miss Wyatt's modest stories,

and when they were published in a volume quite a group were ready for them.

So light was the touch, so little tragic the events, so illusive the humor, that, like the patent medicines, it was only after taking a good deal that one got the full effect; that in these slight bits a whole moment of life was caught and held clearly - with its causes, its effects and its atmosphere - the common, precious, usual, casual every-day life of our common, casual selves, not dressed up for print, but simply in the shirt-waists and cutaways of daily doings.

In due time, with no undue haste, comes Miss Wyatt's first long story - True Love. "You can't make a novel out of four idiotic women and two men in a suburb of Bos-

ton," said some one apropos of The Mannerings; nor, it must be admitted, out of six young people in Chicago and Centreville.

True Love is, strictly speaking, simply one of Miss Wyatt's characteristic sketches extended, and suffers somewhat from this attenuation in solidity of body. It is light, formless, and its English is by no means impeccable; it has no sustained movement and no

organic plot.

It can scarcely be classified, and belongs essentially to time and the hour. And yet when all these things are said there still remains, unharmed, its own peculiar charm. For somebody with a keen capacity of ear and eye and a most lovingly human understanding has been holding up a clear little mirror to a certain group of very human people, and has caught them in the very act of every day. One can eat and drink and dress with them and know them. What they do - which is nothing much - is comparatively unimportant. But the way and the why happen to be pretty entertaining as well as decidedly useful.

And as nice girls are always apt to be found in the ranks of the admirers of the young man prig, one is not sure but that this small book might claim rank among the classics for its portrait of the common North American prig, as transcendent as his bigger brother of

The Egoist.

Like all good jests, an appreciation of Miss Wyatt's work must lie in the particular

ear of her particular hearer.

Some - and no dullards thereby - will always be quite deaf; while to others of us she will be as dear, and as funny, and as wisely instructive as -well, as Mr. Howells finds her!

And one can hardly say more.

DOROTHEA MOORE.



#### The Furnishing of the Home.

HEN the home is built, it must be occupied. It is to be used, lived in, made a part and expression of a family circle. First of all, it must be furnished, and the taste and thought revealed in this task determines in no small degree the character it will assume and impress upon its occupants. It is therefore of the first importance that the furnishing be done deliberately, step by step, piece by piece, so that it becomes a growth and expression of the interests and ideals of the family. The thoughts that I have endeavored to make clear concerning the building of the home apply

equally to its furnishing. Simplicity, significance, utility, harmony—these are the

watchwords!

Although the furnishment may better be a matter of deliberate growth rather than of immediate completion, it by no means follows that the work should be haphazard and without plan. On the contrary, just as the painter in creating a picture may not know in advance all the details and subtleties which he is to embody, but nevertheless has his general composition and color scheme well in mind, so should he who fits out a room consider in advance the underlying idea of tone and form. The first object is to create an atmosphere. How often we enter an apartment full of elegant and beautiful things in which there is no continuity of idea, no central thought which dominates the place! And when we come upon some simple room about which there is a sense of rest and harmony, we do not always stop to analyze the effect to see how it is produced. We feel that there is an intangible idea back of all the detail, and it pleases us, although we know not why.

As a rule it will be found that the harmony of an apartment is determined by its color scheme. An illustration of a gross violation will serve to enforce the point. If the window curtains were of so bizarre and unassorted a character that upon each window hung a drapery of a different color, some figured, some striped and others plain, even the most unobservant eye would detect that the room looked absurdly ill furnished. Upon the substitution, for this motley array of curtains, of some warm, quiet fabric without ornamentation, a feeling of harmony would at once seem dawning upon the room. But if the walls were of white plaster or of some crude figured wall-paper, the desired unity would be but dimly felt. What a change is wrought by covering the entire wall-space with a good warm color, either in harmony with or in judicious contrast to the curtains! It is the background of the picture, the dominant note of the chord, the underlying idea of the

room, which needs only elaboration and accent to produce a finished whole.

This matter of color scheme is so fundamental to any successful results in furnishing that it may be well to consider a little more in detail what colors to use and what to avoid. No definite and final rules can be formulated on this subject, for in the last analysis taste is the only guide. In general, however, I should begin by excluding white. A large mass of white on the walls makes a glare which is extremely fatiguing to the eyes. The light is too diffused and is far more trying than a blaze of sunlight streaming through a mass of windows. A similar effect may be noted out of doors upon a hazy day when the sun is but thinly veiled behind a white mist. On such occasions the glare is positively painful. While a large mass of white is thus to be avoided for physiological reasons, even a small spot of it will often be objectional from an artistic point of view. The eye as it ranges freely about the room is unduly arrested by the bit of white which fails to fit into its proper relation with the whole. How seldom does a painter venture to use untoned white in a picture, and how carefully he leads up to it when he does introduce it! The same principle applies to the color scheme of a room. A picture surrounded by a white mat stands out of all relation to the environing walls. Indeed, I should use white as part of a decorative scheme only where the idea of great cleanliness needs emphasis, or in making a human figure the culminating note in the home picture. A white spread for the dinner table, setting off the glint of silver and cut-glass or the color of patterned dishes, has an appropriateness all its own, especially when the room is artificially lighted. For breakfast and lunch, during the daylight hours, the bare wood table, with dishes upon mats, always seems to me more attractive.

The next guiding thought, although any such may have its exceptions, is that cold colors are to be avoided and warm tones used instead. Pale blues, grays or greens are not as a rule cheerful, while buff, brown and red, or occasionally deep blue or rich green, are full of warmth and brightness. It is always safe to be conservative in the background color, and a neutral tone is therefore preferable to a color aggressively pronounced.

It will now be apparent why a wood interior is so satisfactory. The color of the natural wood, and es specially of redwood, makes a warm, rich and yet sufficiently neutral background for the furniture. Some of our lighter woods, notably pine and cedar, may be stained or burned to a dark tone as already specified in a preceding paper, provided that no glazed surface be put upon them with varnish or polish. A slightly irregular texture is more interesting on a wall than an absolutely uniform finish. Natural wood with its varied graining is one of the most charmingly modulated surfaces. Painted burlap glued to the wall makes an attractive finish on account of its coarse, irregular weave. Japanese grass-cloth has a similar interest, and is very effective in combination with gliding. I know of a plaster celling painted with liquid gold which is beautifully harmonious and elegant in combination with redwood paneled walls. Rough plaster may be toned with calcimine to any appropriate shade, while smooth plaster is better when covered with cartridge paper or with some plain fabric.

At the risk of seeming dogmatic, I venture to suggest the elimination of figured wallpaper, and indeed of all machine-figured work about the home. Most papers are undeniably bad; a few are equally undeniably beautiful in design. But if the contention for
which I am standing has any weight—namely, that ornament should be used with reserve
and be studied for the particular space it is to fill—then even an unquestionably good wallpaper is inappropriate for three reasons,—because the ornament is used too lavishly and
indiscriminately, because it cannot be turned out by machinery suited to the particular wall
upon which it is to be imposed, and, furthermore, because it detracts from any ornament
which may be put next it. A picture or a vase, for instance, is never so effective when
placed against a patterned background as when surrounded by a plain tone of appropriate

color.

But enough of walls and surfaces! Let us assume that a good color has been secured and in a soft, unobtrusive texture. Attention may next be given to the draperies. Many people insist on window shades that shoot up and down on rollers—smooth, opaque, characterless things that give a stiffness and mechanical rigidity to the windows. Curtains hung by brass rings upon rods are all-sufficient to cut out the sun by day and to exclude the view of outsiders by night, and they are far more graceful and soft in effect. The only difficulty is to get material that will not fade when left in the steady glare of the sun. All the so-called art denims and burlaps with which I have had experience are so badly dyed that a very short exposure bleaches them beyond recognition, but the coarse dark blue Chinese denim is very serviceable. The satin-finish burlap, undyed, is also satisfactory on account of its permanence. Linen crash of an ecru color, Japanese grass-cloth, and some coarse, simple ecru nets are most effective. Curtains made of fine strips of bamboo lashed together give a soft, pleasing light in the room, but do not completely cut out the sun. They may be used to great advantage in combination with some heavier material, such as colored ticking or corduroy. Soft leather in the natural tan makes elegant and substantial curtains, but is rather expensive. Pongee is good, although, like all silks, it rots after long exposure to the sun.

In addition to window curtains, portières are often useful draperies, for giving privacy to an alcove, or between apartments where a door is unnecessary. Oriental hangings, such as Bagdad curtains, if made with the old dyes, are especially effective, but a plain chenille curtain, or even one of such coarser material as burlap, is always safe if it so color harmonizes with the room. When hand-made Oriental hangings cannot be afforded and some ornament is desired, a conventional decoration in gold cord can be stitched to the border, or a fittle color, preferably in dark rich tones, may be cautiously added in

embroidery.

I assume that the floor of our home be of natural wood, shellacked and waxed, and afterwards polished with a friction brush. Cleanliness, if not an æsthetic impulse, should

prompt this. One or two fine Oriental rugs—Bokharas, Cashmeres, or Persians, for example—made with the old dyes, are a great addition to any room, but a rag carpet serves as a passable substitute. It will hardly be necessary after all that has been said about machine ornament, to urge the exclusion of all ornamented modern manufactured rugs and carpets. These are generally characterized by hard, set patterns, mechanically precise, made in crude colors that fade ere long to sorry-looking tones. Better far is a

piece of plain Brussels carpet of good color.

Having attended to the background, and the window-curtains, portières and rugs in harmonizing tones, with here and there a note of accent or of contrast, if this be skilfully managed, the atmosphere of the room is established. It now remains to introduce the furniture. Much of this can be built in to the special places designed for it. Still the restraint in ornament should be kept steadily in mind. The first essential of the furniture is good, simple design and thorough-going workmanship, — no veneer, no paint or varnish, no decorations stuck on to give the piece a finish, but plain, honest, straightforward work!

The kinds of furniture which most readily lend themselves to being built permanently into the house are window and fireplace seats, book-shelves, and sideboards. The seats can be made quite plain, and if hinged serve the additional purpose of store chests. Book-shelves call for little or no ornament, although the end boards may be massive and carved if desired. There is much opportunity for making the sideboard picturesque, with paneled or leaded-glass doors, attached with ornamental strap hinges of wrought iron or hammered brass. The arrangement of shelves and cupboards in a sideboard give great scope for effective design. If a wooden shelf is desired over the fireplace, this may

be supported by carved corbels.

With such pieces built in, and with a good tone to the rooms accented by rugs, portières and curtains, the home begins to assume a furnished aspect, and it is easy now to see what is needed and what will harmonize. Furniture made to order by a cabinet-maker, or even by a good carpenter, will be found of especial interest if simple models are followed. In the furniture as in the house itself it is well to emphasize the construction. Panels held together with double dove-tailed blocks, joints secured with pegs, and tenons let through mortises and held with wedges, are always evidences of evod

honest workmanship.

As to the design of such furniture, straight lines expressing the construction and utility in the most natural manner are safest, and only an experienced artist should deviate from such. There are a few exceptions, however, which are not only justifiable but often desirable. A round top for a dining-table is very pleasing on account of the feeling of equality of all who sit about it. It seems in a way more sociable than a table with a head and foot. A small square table can be made with two or more round tops of different sizes which fit down upon it, to be used as occasion requires. While a chair with square legs is massive and dignified in effect, the rounded legs give lightness and grace. A light and very inexpensive chair which might well be in more general use in California is the simple form made with strips of rawhide for a seat. It is a relic of the mission days, I believe, and is thoroughly appropriate to the style of house we are contemplating. Rush-bottom squarepost chairs are substantial, comfortable and most harmonious in our ideal room. A chair with the seat sloping backward and with the back at right angles to the seat is more comfortable than one with the seat parallel to the floor, which makes one sit bolt upright. Italian chairs carved of black walnut have a grace and elegance that gives a touch of luxury to the simplest home.

It would be possible to consider furniture in endless detail, but my object is rather to get at certain principles and ideals that will form a basis for working out the minutiva according to individual taste. The chest is a good old-fashioned piece of furniture that may well be revived. Any good well-made hinged boxes, and especially those of white cedar and the Chinese camphor-wood chests, are useful and attractive. The Chinese chests are covered with an ugly varnish which can be removed with strong lye, carefully rubbed on with a stout swab, which saves the hands from being buried. Chests covered with leather and bound in brass are very elegant when they can be afforded. Wood boxes near

the fireplace may be left plain or stained, carved or burned in ornamental designs. In a large room screens can be used to advantage. They may be made of big simple panels of

wood, or of leather, either plain or ornamented with burning and coloring.

Chinese teak-wood furniture is generally good in design and may be had very richly carved. Old-fashioned mahogany bedsteads, bureaus and chairs are often beautifully simple in their lines and appropriate to the setting I have endeavored to picture. Oak furniture can now be had, made in the "old mission" style, which is so good in form and workmanship that it leaves nothing to be desired.

The various handicrafts are brought into play in the furnishing of the home. Metal work is as indispensable as wood work, and again the same general principles should govern selection - good work, good form, simple design. The plainest are the safest. Locks, catches and fixtures of black iron, or of solid brass without ornament, are sure to be unobjectionable. The andirons may also be plain, or they may be ornamented as richly as

taste suggests, provided the work be hand-wrought.

I have often been asked if the use of electric lights in a house which thus emphasizes the handicrafts was not out of harmony with the spirit of the place. Personally, I am fond of candles in brass, bronze or silver candlesticks, but the light is neither strong nor steady enough to satisfy the practical needs. I have found the pleasantest results in lighting to be attained by the use of electric lights subdued by lanterns. If the electric bulbs are suspended some six or eight inches from the wall on brackets, they can hang as low as desired without being in the way. Various types of Chinese, Japanese and Moorish lanterns can be found which give a soft, pleasing light and are very decorative. Old brass and bronze lanterns are the most beautiful, but many simpler and less costly substitutes will be discovered by those who search in our Oriental bazaars. Good lamps with artistic shades are hard to find, but there is an improvement in these to be noted which promises better things ere long. Covers for gas and oil-stoves made of sheet brass riveted into cylinders and ornamented according to the skill and ingenuity of the maker would be a most acceptable addition to our furniture.

To write of vases and other pottery would call for one or more separate articles, but a hint or two may not be out of place. At the risk of tiresome repetition I would say again that unless the ornament be unquestionably fine, do with none at all. Chinese ginger jars, earthenware pots, Italian wine flasks with straw bottoms, are all better than showy vases that are not good in color, form or workmanship. The Japanese and Chinese are the master potters, and if the detestable stuff which they manufacture for the American trade be eliminated, their work is generally good and often exquisitely beautiful. Much good pottery is now made in our own country, and the number of genuinely refined and simple wares is constantly increasing, showing a gradual elevation of taste among our people.

Of other useful ornaments may be mentioned bellows, South Sea Island fans, baskets, especially those of our own misused Indians, and hanging Japanese baskets for plants. Potted plants add a touch of life and color to a room which cannot be otherwise gained. Masses of books have an ornamental value which is heightened by the idea of culture of

which they are the embodiment.

It remains now to consider only the purely non-utilitarian ornament - statues, pictures and wall decorations. Since most dwellers in simple homes cannot afford great works of art, they must enjoy these in museums, and for their homes content themselves with reproductions. Plaster casts toned to a soft creamy shade and surfaced with wax are a great addition, if well chosen.

The pictures a man selects to hang upon his wall are a perpetual witness of his degree of culture. They are ever present as an unconscious factor in shaping our lives and thought. They serve no useful purpose and have no meaning except as they bring before us something of the ideal. The test of a good picture is its inexhaustible quality, both of form and of content; but time alone can make this test. When the work of a master has been handed down through centuries, when it has been copied and scrutinized and criticized by generations and still holds its place, we may be sure that it contains something that will enrich our lives. If the world has lived with it for ages, it needs must profit us to do likewise. We cannot have the original picture, but a photograph giving all but its color may be obtained for a mere trifle. Thus our walls may be graced with the thought of Botticelli, Leonardo, Raphael and Michael Angelo, just as readily as with the commonplace work that so often passes current for genuine art. When we have lived with the masters for years, and have absorbed their message, then we may trust ourselves to test the work of the moderns in the

light of the insight we have gained from their predecessors.

It may be urged that we want color on our walls, and that tinted casts and photographs of the masterpieces fail to give this. In vain I point to the Oriental rugs, the colored curtains, the green of the potted plants—still the demand for colored pictures must be satisfied, and this without great cost. If one really loves form and color for themselves, I know of but one means of satisfying this adequately and inexpensively. Japanese prints are seldom great in idea, and they therefore miss the highest quality of art expression, but for delicacy and subtlety of coloring and grace of form they are unexcelled. A few prints selected with discrimination and simply framed will give just the touch of accidental color which the room seems to require.

California has harbored a number of painters of exceptional ability, and those who can afford original paintings by our best local artists need not go abroad for their pictures.

America has produced but one Keith, and his work has been done in San Francisco.

Many of our artists are now looking toward decorative work as a field of activity, instead of confining their attention to easel pictures, and this is a most wholesome change.

A decorative frieze or a set piece designed to occupy a given space in a room, and con-

ceived in harmony with its setting, is apt to be far more effective than a number of small detached pictures scattered at random about the walls.

A word on framing pictures and our cursory survey of house furnishing must come to an end. The old-fashioned idea seemed to be that a picture was merely an excuse for displaying an elaborate frame. Now people have come to realize that the frame is nothing but the border of the picture. Here again a simple form is always safe. A plain, finely finished surface without ornamentation is never out of place. In choosing the color of a frame, the middle tone of the picture is the best guide. Thus in framing a brown photograph, a brown mat intermediate in tone between the high lights and the deepest shadows will be found most effective. The wood should match the mat or be just a shade darker. Photographs look well framed in wood without a mat, but with a fine line of gold next the picture. Gold frames are scarcely in keeping with a simple house, but if used should be of the finest workmanship and the simplest design. They are, of course, inappropriate except on oil paintings, although a gold mat with simple gold border occasionally looks well on a water-color.

I know it is not safe to lay down the law in this dogmatic fashion where matters of taste are involved, but my excuse must be that it is better to convey a definite impression, even though it be a narrow one, rather than to be so broad that all concreteness vanishes in glittering generalities. Many types of homes may be good and beautiful which do not come within the compass of this sketch. I have tried only to give some tangible expression of my own conception of the simple home, trusting that the practical hints embodied may be the means of showing some people who have felt the need of more artistic surroundings a tolerably secure means of attaining them.

CHARLES KELLER.

#### Haroun's Daughter.

She thought not of it; or she thought, perchance,—

"Let me do good, and cast it on the waters."

Lightly she cast a sweet and fleeting glance.

She thought not of it; or she thought, perchance,—

"I'll give him stuff to weave a whole romance."

She smiled,—the youngest of old Haroun's daughters.

She thought not of it; or she thought, perchance,—

"Let me do good, and cast it on the waters."

-Ralph Erwin Gibbs.

#### IMPRESSIONS

#### Po-ho-no, Spirit of the Evil Wind.

HE white man calls it Bridal Veil. To the Indian it is Po-ho-no, Spirit of the Evil Wind.

The white man, in passing, pauses to watch the filmy cloud that hangs there like a thousand yards of tulle flung from the crest of the rocky precipice, and wafted outward by the breeze that blows ever and always across the Bridal Veil Meadows. By the light of midafternoon the veil seems caught half-way with a clasp of bridal gems, seven-hued, evanescent; now glowing

with color, now fading to clear white sun rays before the eye.

The Indian, if chance brings him near this waterfall, hurries on with face averted, a vague dread in his heart, for in the meshes of the Bridal Veil hides an eerie spirit, a mischievous, evil one, Po-ho-no. In the ripple of the water as it falls among the rocks, the Indian hears Po-ho-no's voice. In the tossing spray he sees the limp forms and waving arms of hapless victims lured by the voice to their destruction.

The Indian's mistrust of Po-ho-no dates back to a day of long ago, a bright blue day of early spring such as the children of Ah-wah-nee love, when the valley has thrown off its white winter blanket, and dogwood blooms, and the oaks unfurl their soft green banners in welcome of the coming summer. It was the time when deer begin to trail, leaving the lowlands of the river for the higher ranges; and while the men hunted in the forest, the

women went forth to gather roots and berries for the feast.

The Sun had come back from the south; and as he stood high in the heavens looking into the valley over the shoulder of Lo-yah, the Sentinel, three women were tempted to stray from the others and wander along a trail that led high above the valley to the spot whence the misty spray of the waterfall flutters downward.

They talked with what zest women may whose simple lives give them no secrets to hold or betray. They laughed as they filled their baskets, stooping to scrape the earth from a tender root, to strip the seed from a stalk, or to gather grasses used in basketry; and their voices were as the purling of lazy waters, gliding over stones. They were happy,

for as yet they knew naught of the joy-sapping fever of discontent.

Of a sudden the laughter ceased, and in its stead arose the mocking wail of Po-ho-no, Spirit of the Evil Wind. The youngest of the women, venturing near the edge of the cliff to pick an overhanging wisp of grass, had stepped upon a rock where moss grew like a thickwoven blanket. She did not know that the soft, wet moss was a snare of the Evil One, and even as the others cried out in warning, Po-ho-no seized her and hurled her down upon the rocks.

A pair of helpless arms waving in despair; long, loose hair sweeping across a face, half veiling one last look of terror,—and she was gone. If she uttered a cry, the sound

was lost in the gleeful chatter of Po-ho-no and his impish host.

The two women left above dared not go near the treacherous ledge, lest they, too, come within reach of the vengeful Spirit. Afraid even to give a backward glance, they hurried down the steep path to spread the alarm. Scarce was their story told before a band of daring braves rushed to the rescue of the maiden; but though they searched till night among the rocks where the water swirls and leaps to catch the rainbow thrown there by the western sun, they found no trace of her. The maiden's spirit had joined the forces of Po-ho-no, and could know no rest nor be released from his hateful thrall until by her aid another victim was drawn to a similar doom. Here she must stay, hidden from watchful eyes by the mist, beckoning always, tempting always, luring another soul to pay the forfeit of her own release. Then, and then only, would the spirit of the maiden be free to pass on to the home of the Great Spirit in the West.

Since that day many of the children of Ah-wah-nee have fallen prey to Po-ho-no, the

Since that day many of the children of Ah-wah-nee have fallen prey to Po-ho-no, the restless Spirit of the Evil Wind, who wanders ever through the cation and puffs his breath upon the waterfall to make for himself a hiding-place of mist. Every Ah-wah-nee-chee knows that death lurks there, and not one would sleep at night within sight or sound of the fall lest the fatal breath of Po-ho-no sweep over him and bear him away to a spirit land of

BERTHA H. SMITH.

torture and unrest.

### NEW HARPER PUBLICATIONS

#### Cherry

By BOOTR TARKINGTON, author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Manuface Beacaiter," etc. A park-ling romance, in which Mr. Sudgeberry, a conceited and hopeless prig, cells of his love for chaming Sylvia Gray, whose beauty, wit, cherry ribbons, dazzle and enanare him. Sprightly, clever comedy. Illustrated in color. Decorative head and tail pieces. Ornamented cloth, glit top, etc., §1.25.

#### The Maids of Paradise

The latest romaneeby Robert W. Chansmers, author of "Cardigon," etc. The make of Paradite, a pility French village, live in the stirring days of the Franco-Prusian War. Fighting is rife through many of the pages, but the dominant note is love, and this is the happiest romanee that the author has done. Bluestrated by Castaigne and others. Ornamented cloth, \$5.5.0.

#### Dr. Lavendar's People

By MARGARET DELAND, author of "Old Chine Tales." Similar to this latter book, these stories of a quiet old town and its quality but lovalle people are told with power, finese, and masterly precision. Dr. Lavendar appears in the stories as the firsten and father of his people, whose joys and sorrows are even as his own. Other characters of the former book are again to be met with in these pages. Illustrated by Lucius Hitchcook. Ornamented cloth, \$1.5.0.

#### Monna Vanna

One of the finest plays by MANRICE MARTERLINCE, the "Belgiam Shakeppear." The scenes are laid at Pisa, Italy, in the end of the fifteenth century. The chief episode is that of a woman's heroism in offering to sacrifice hersel' to save Pisa. Art binding, uncut edges, gilt top, \$1.20 net (postage extra).

#### The Diversions of a Book-Lover

By Addition H. Johns, author of "The Mediation of an Ausgraph Colleary," ecc. Mr. Joline talks in a kindly and instructive way of books, authors, book collectors, their friends and foes, he tells of fine bindings and old and entiones distings, and entivers his tall: with many anecdotes and stories. Uniform with "The Mediations of an Autoryaph Collector". You, lesttle back, uncut edges, gilt top, \$3.00 net (postage extra).

### Hesper

By Hankin Garlann, author of "The Captain of the Gray Hore Troop." A love story of the West, strong and virile, in which Mr. Garland is at home amongst his wild mountains, plains, mining camps and cattle ranches. The life is described in all of its primitive vigor and disregard of conventions. The work is one of remarkable realism and dramatic intentity—a worthy successor to "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop." Ornamented cloth, \$1.5.1.

#### The Heart of Hyacinth

A new book by ONOTO WATANNA, author of "Agamus Nightingals," etc. An exquitite love story fragment Nightingals, "etc. An exquitite love story edy. Beautifully bound, uniform with "A Yapanus Nightingals," lavender cloth with gold and colored decorations, picture in color, and marginal drawings in tint, by Japanese artists. Deckle edges and gilt top. In box, \$2,000 the color of the

#### The Hunting of the Snark

By Lewis Carrott. Illustrated Newstie Edition. This volume contains all of the Carroll's poems, including those which appeared in "After in Wenderland" and "Therap the Leaving—Glass." Uniform with those two volumes. There are 40 illustrations by Peters Nevell and decorative borders in that on every page. Bound in livory vellum with gold ornamentation of the Carrotte of the Carrot

#### The Book of Months

by E. F. Broson, author of "Dada," "The Reienter Gip." This is the story of the adventures and car Gip." This is the story of the adventures and or less appropriate to the month designated. Full of witry observations and worldly wisdom, beautifully 8-bustrated with many marginal drawings in color 50, ornamented cloth in green and gold, gilt top, uncut edges, \$8.20 on (postage extra).

#### Lady Rose's Daughter

After many months of uninterrupted success the demand for "41\_add Rev" / Daughtes" continues to great that single orders come from booksellers for quantities larger than the entire first ecition of the ordinary novel. This extraordinary love story of fascinating nowns in breaking all records for popularity in this year of many unusually popular books. Histotated with full-page derwings by Howard Chandler Christy.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, NEW YORK

"To Love What is True; To Hate Shams; To Fear Nothing Without; and To Think a Little."—Out West's Editorial Standard.

E HAVE an impression that Out West (edited by Chas. F. Lummis) for 1904 will be worth at least all its \$2 subscription price. Indeed, either General Bidwell's Reminiscences, covering his life in California from 1840 to 1850, and appropriately illustrated, or the translation from the Latin of a Treatise on Mining, published in 1507, and most curiously illustrated, will be full value to that amount. Each of these features will run at some length during the year, with many others no less interesting and important. In addition, we are now making the best engravings we can from recent portraits of sixteen living leaders in Western literary achievement. An artist's proof sheet (on heavy, delicately tinted paper, carrying a facsimile of the author's autograph) from each one of these will be sent in portfolio loose for framing to each new subscriber whose name and money we receive before January 1, 1904. The price of these sets, sold separately, will be \$2 each, but we shall limit the edition as nearly as possible to the requirements of our new subscribers, to whom we will furnish them without charge, postage paid. A specimen plate, full-sized and with no advertising appearing on it, will be sent to any one interested on receipt of two 2-cent stamps to cover cost of packing and postage.

Out West Company::: Los Angeles, California

## The SHERRODS

By the Author of "GRAUSTARK" and "CASTLE CRANEYCROW"

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

THIS is a new book by an author who is in the front rank of novelists, and whose work displays an individuality and power at once refreshing and impressive. This novel gives every promise of being one of the great successes of the year.

In an entirely different vein from his former work. A strong, realistic story of life in Clay County, Indiana, beginning with the idyllic love of a young farmer and a girl teacher, which culminates in a marriage that brings perfect bliss in spite of poverty and hard work. The development of an intricate plot, worked out in a masterly manner, keeps the interest of the reader at the highest tension, as one follows the awakening of ambition in the young man, his life in Chicago where he rises rapidly in his profession, his first downward step in concealing his marriage from his friends and associates, the frightful entanglement into which his weakness leads him, up to the tragical end which brings into high relief the characters of two noble women.

"Like others of the successful books which have had enormous sales, it has that indefinable something about it which few stories possess and which forces a book into universal popularity."

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS AT ALL BOOKSTORES, \$1.50

## odd, Alead and Comp

PUBLISHERS, 372 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

### Mosaic Essays.

The quotations from many gentle philosophers are selected and so arranged as to present the subject of the booklet in its highest interpretation—a message of good cheer

and encouragement. Each issued in uniform format, richly printed, in an original scheme of typography, rubricated and tastefully bound as follows:

Friendship. In honer and tribute of this noblest emotion of the human soul. Edition A—Bound in rich red sulma, Japan wood-grained fly-leaves, enclosed in envelope, 50 cents not.

Edition B—Flexible volum binding. Veilum fly-leaves, in envelope, 75 cents not. Edition C
—Flexible under binding. Boxels (37.25 not. Edition D—Bound in full call, hand careed and colored by Mita Crane. \$5,00 not.

Happiness. The day of being lappy is an essential of development frequently excelosked. This little compilation points the path of the traces and most lasting happiness. The Stevenson Monument in Old Portsmouth Square is reproduced for the frontispice and forms the decorative scheme of the boolette. Edition 4—Bound in facilitie untain. Endosed in newloge, 50 cens not. Edition B.—Bound in flexible usuele. Bound in Edition for the Colored by Miss Cenne. \$5.00 ns. Edition C.—Bound in fall calls, fland carved and colored by Miss Cenne. \$5.00 ns.

Nature. The peace and joy of nature, as well as its beauty and strength. A painting by William is uniform envelope. The strength of the form of the strength o

Success.

"To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive and the true success is to labour."

Edition A — Bound in fieldle sultan, Japan wood-grained fly-leaves, enclosed in uniform enveloper. So cents not. Edition B — Bound in fieldle sulce. Boxed, \$1.25 nat. Edition C—

Bound in full calf, hand carved and colored by Miss Crane. \$5.00 nat.

Paul Elder and Company, Publishers, San Francisco

### Are You Thinking of Taking a Trip East

Then you should learn about the advantages offered by the *Denver & Rio Grande Railroad*, the "Scenic Line of the World." We have three express trains daily carrying through Pullman and ordinary sleepers, from California to the East, passing through the world-famed scenery of the Rocky Mountains in daylight.::::::



There is much more to tell if you will call or write to

W. J. Shotwell, General Agent, Denver & Rio Grande Railroad 625 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.



### The Craftsman Christmas Offers

In view of the coming season of gift-making, we suggest that you consider these Christmas gifts with a year's subscription to The Craftsman.

Chis Cabinet Writing-Desh, of rich nut-hrown oak, 48 inches high, 29 inches wide, and 13 locks deep, having ample space for writing materials and warman of the high grade of its workmandip. It is built on simple lines, strong, well proportioned, illustrating the crastwan ideal of structural beauty—heavy through three for service. The deek is regularly valued at 3750 as

We offer it, carriage prepaid, with one year's subscription to THE CRAFTSMAN (\$3.00) for \$15.00.

Address :

The Craftsman

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

-

Che 25 ng shown is made of Craftsman Leather (used in the Gustav Stickty Upholaterings and Book-bindings), widely known for its qualities of Upholaterings and more constant of the property of the constant of the neutral nones—sort tan, shading to dull green. The Bag, 9 inches long, is lined with undressed kid of mouse color, and has gun-metal mountings. We could not offer it regularly for less than \$2.00.

We give this bag with one year's subscription to THE CRAFTSMAN, at the regular subscription price of \$3.00.



## CONSOLATIO

Ode in memory of those members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three of Stanford University who died during the month of their graduation

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN



Price, 50 cents

Paul Elder and Company, Publishers, San Francisco

¶In recent years there has been a distinct advance in the art of good book-making as applied to books for children.

¶ We can all remember the crude illustrations and gaudy coloring which marked the books of our childhood days. The theory of the publishers at that time, if indeed they had any theory at all in the matter, seemed to be that a child would not appreciate good drawing and color harmony.

¶The modern and better way of putting the best art of the day into the children's books is shown this year in two beautiful examples of book-making.

¶One, THE ENCHANTED ISLAND OF YEW, a most charming fairy story by the Prince of Story-tellers, L. Frank Baum, is beautifully illustrated in colors by Fanny Y. Cory.

¶The other, TROUBADOUR TALES, by Evaleen Stein, is a book for children a little older and is illustrated in tints by such noted artists as Maxfield Parrish, Virginia Keep and Bernard Rosenmeyer.

These books are sold by the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, at the very reasonable price of \$1.25 each, postpaid.

## Bixler's Physical Training in Penmanship

the book for all the people all the time, in all vocations::::

The only successful self-instructor in easy, rapid, legible writing for 20 years. Price, \$1. A 3-months' mail course free with each book; short time only.

Sample Business Penman free.

PROFESSOR G. BIXLER, Madison & Ogden Chicago, Illinois.

### Songs of Content

A VOLUME OF VERSE

CONTAINING SONGS OF SEASONS, PROBLEMS, ASPECTS OF LIFE, IN LIGHTER VEIN, AND A LITTLE BOOK OF DORIS

BY THE LATE

RALPH ERWIN GIBBS

Published under the auspices of the English Club and the Literary Magazines of the University of California and edited with an introduction by

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY



Price, \$1.00 net

PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY

### A CHOICE OF HOLIDAY BOOKS

The Illustrated Edition of

### The Cardinal's Snuff-Box

By Henry Harland Profusely Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst Richly Bound, 12mo, \$1.50

New Novel by Charles Marriott Author of "The Column," "Love with Honor," etc.

The House on the Sands

12mo. \$1.50

New Novel by the author of "The Usurper," "Idols," etc.

> Where Love Is 12mo. \$1.50

New Novel by the author of "They That Took the Sword." etc.

> Eleanor Dayton 12mo. \$1.50

Ŵ. I. Locke

you want the maximum of excitement to the square inch, read The Ms. in a

Red Box By the Dark Author

Bv Nathaniel Stephenson

By Baron Russell A splendid swashbuckler tale of daring and adventure. 12mo, \$1.50

Cyrus Lauron Hooper

12mo. \$1.50

### Borlase and Son

A novel of business life stirring and true.

16mo, \$1.00 net

### Gee-Boy Gee-Boy

The story of a boy dreamer after the style of Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age."

If you want some of the most killing satire on popular authors - here it is.

The Literary Guillotine

E. C. Stedman says of Ridgely Torrence's New Play stamps the author as a poet who will do honor to America.

El Dorado F. Dorado

16mo. \$1.00 net

A Tracedy in Blank Verse, 12mo, \$1.25 net

By ????????

WRITE FOR OUR

### NEW BOOKS AND EDITIONS OF VALUE

#### The Comedie of Errors

The "First Folio" edition following the original Elizabethan text, and edited with Notes, Introduction, Glossary, List of Varioum Readings, and Selected Criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, editors of the "Camberwell Browning." Photograwure frontispiece. 36mo, glit top, fiexible cloth, net 50 cents. Limp leather, net 75 cents. Postage5, 5 cents.

#### Van Dyke's Joy and Power

A heautiful little volume, both in thought and workmanship, hy Dr. Henry Van Dyke. It contains three noteworthy addresses recently delivered by him. The type is specially designed by the Merrymount Press and printed in two colors. An excellent gift hook. 75 cents net. Postage, 8 cents.

#### Wagner's Parsifal

Wagner's great music drama retold in spirited blank verse by Oliver Huckel. The only poetic paraphrase available, and one of high literary merit. Beauffully printed at the Merrymount Press, with five illustrations by Stassen. 75 cents 1st. Postage, 52 cents.

Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe

By James A. Harrison, editor of the "Virginia" edition of Poc. The only collection of Poc's letters, together with the hest life that has yet appeared. Two volumes, forty-five illustrations. Cloth, \$2.50 net; half calf, \$5.00 net., Postage, \$2 cents.

Poets' Parleys

By Charlotte Forter and Helen A. Clarke. A quaint compilation of great poets' opinions, arranged in conversations. In two colors, with page derigning by Marion L. Peabody. 75 cents ur. Postage, 8 cents.

Fielding's Works
Edited by Prof. G. H. Maynadier of Harvard. A highgrade edition for the general reader. 12 vols., 8vo.
Popular cloth, \$12.00; library cloth, \$15.00; half leather,
\$18.00; half calf, \$10.00.

Smollett's Novels

A special edition of Smollett's five great novels, with intro-duction by Prof. G. H. Maynadier of Harvard. 12 vols., 8vo. Popular cloth, \$15.00; library cloth, \$15.00; half leather, \$18.00; half ealf, \$30.00.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY 426-428 WEST BROADWAY

### Some Successful Books

ALONG FOUR-FOOTED TRAILS. Wild Animals of the Plains

as I Knew Them. By RUTH A. COOK. With numerous illustrations by Mabel

Williamson. \$1.25 net. Postage, 14 cents.

Miss Cook is Western trained and carries into her literary work that freshness of the energetic Western woman. John Burroughs commends the book.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM. By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Principal of Tuskegee; W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS, PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, CHARLES W. CHESNUTT, and others. \$1.25 net. Postage, 8 cents. A strong argument for the negro race.—Philadelphia Record.

Logical, convincing, dispassionate. - New York American.

COUNT FALCON OF THE EYRIE. A Novel. By CLINTON SCOLLARD. \$1.50.

An eventful and vigorous story full of justice and injustice.—New York Sun.

NURSE NORAH. By ELLIOTT FLOWER, author of "Policeman Flynn." Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory and Robert A. Graef. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00. "Funnier than Policeman Flynn."

BUDAPEST, THE CITY OF THE MAGYARS. By F. BERKELEY SMITH. Copiously illustrated by the author. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50. A vivid picture of this half Oriental, half cosmopolitan city.

JAMES POTT & CO., 119-121 West Twenty-third Street, New York

### The New Photogravure Work

# INDIA PAST AND PRESENT

By C. H. FORBES-LINDSAY

Illustrated with 50 photogravures, 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt tops, in cloth box, \$4.00 net.

Three-quarters crushed morocco, gilt tops, \$8.00 net.

There are many books about India, but for the most part they tell the reader too little or else are technical works or bully ponderous volumes. Mr. Forbes-Linday's work, 'el India, Past and Present,' within a moderate compass, applies a comprehensive view of one of the most ancient and interesting countries in the world, with accurate continuous and traverse conditions and softeness and traverse conditions and softeness and traverse of the fractional below.

information as to its pair and present condition and picturesque glimpes of its facinating history.

It is written from a personal knowledge equired during the author's year of residence in the different parts of
the Indian Empire supplemented by a thorough study of the works of the best authorities. There is no other popular
work covering the same ground and the reader will acquire a general idea of the whole country in its physical characteristics; its diversified and often magnificent scenery; its remarkable temples and palaces and other buildings; its
antiquities; the many racedy which it has been peopled; and its extremely interesting history.

### The Tu-tze's Tower

A Novel. By Louise Betts Edwards
Illustrated by John Sloan

(Griffin Series.) 12mo. Cloth extra, \$1.00.

HENRY HAYNIE, in the Boston Times, says :

"A wonderfully interesting novel. It is indeed a great novel. It is a thrilling story of adventure and romance, it is full of virile power, and the style is not only beautiful but seldom equaled."

FORREST MORGAN, in the Hartford Courant, says:

"It is not alone a story to take pleasure in reading, and forget time and space, sorrow and probability in absorption over, it is that and it is more—it is literature. It has an intellectual dignity and elevation not confined to pungent epigram or clever analysis, though these are plenty; it is the symmetrical work of an artist. An unfailing humor of rare fineness is diffused throughout. With all this, it has a mastery of swift, thronging, breathless sensation of sudden and surprising development of plot, not surpassed by Victor Hugo."

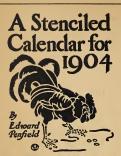
The New York World says:

"It is quite as fascinating as unusual."

The Philadelphia Ledger says:

"The book is one of extraordinary strength, well worth reading, well worth thinking about, and well worth arguing about."

HENRY T. COATES & CO. PHILADELPHIA



#### Published by Alfred Bartlett Boston Monadousts

A jolly calendar of seven stencils done in Mr. Edward Penfield's most characteristic style. Printed in several colors. Size, 10 x 14 inches. Price, postpaid, 75 cts. ALFRED BARTLETT, 69 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

### Thumler & Rutherford

2 2

Expert work in Bookbinding, Leathers, Silks, Brocades, Etc. Bankers' Cases, Wallets, Etc., to order. Technical Work.

We have peculiar facilities for executing every variety of work in our numerous lines : : : :

2 2

538 California Street San Francisco, California

....ENGRAVING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES ....

PHONE MAIN 5303

UNION PHOTO ENGRAV ING CO.

142-144-146 Union Square Avenue San Francisco, Cal.

### A. Zellerbach & Sons

"T H E PAPER HOUSE"

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

### PAPER

416-418 Sansome Street

San Francisco, Cal.

### Western Books by Western Authors

### Mary Austin's

### The Land of Little Rain

Sketches reproducing with vivid reality the life of men, birds, beasts and flowers of the arid region of Southeastern California, profusely illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. \$2.00 net. Postpaid \$2.20.

### Mary Hallock Foote's

### A Touch of Sun and Other Stories

Four delightful tales of the West characterized by the same qualities which have long made the author a favorite. \$1.50.

### Andy Adams's

### The Log of a Cowboy

The real thing . . . racy of the soil and carries its own certificate of first-hand knowledge on every page.— Chicago Record-Herald. \$1.50.

### Alice Prescott Smith's

### The Legatee

A vivid picture of life in a Wisconsin lumber town, its labor antagonisms, and the catastrophe of a forest fire. \$1.50.

### Kate Douglas Wiggin's

A FORMER RESIDENT OF CALIFORNIA has written a new story

### Rebecca

Which the San Francisco Chronicle says is "The best thing that Mrs. Wiggin has ever written." \$1.25.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York



#### SUTUMN LIST OF BOOKS ISSUED IN CHOICE AND LIMITED EDITIONS BY THOMAS B. MOSHER. AT XLV EXCHANGE STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE. MDCCCCIII. \* \* \*

#### THE OLD WORLD SERIES - - -

Each edition is as follows: 925 copies on Van Gelder's hand-made paper, at \$1.00 net. 100 copies on Japan vellum (numbered), at \$2.50 net.

XXIX. POMPILIA

By ROBERT BROWNING. WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

XXX. THE DIVINE ADVENTURE By FIONA MACLEOD.

XXXI. DEIRDRE AND THE SONS OF USNA

By FIONA MACLEOD. XXXII. THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT AND OTHER POEMS By JAMES THOMSON ("B. V.").

### VEST POCKET SERIES \*\*\*\*

Printed on Van Gelder band-made paper of special size, the type set in old-style 8-point Roman (5½ x 2½ page), with Chiswick ornaments and original cover designs, this series is simply unique and will sell at sight to all book-lovers everywbere.

V. A LITTLE BOOK OF NATURE THOUGHTS FROM RICHARD JEF-FERIES

Selected by THOMAS COKE WATKINS.

VI. AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE

Translated by ANDREW LANG.
This reprint is now offered in response to many and repeated requests for an inexpensive but complete edition of this famous translation.

### THE BROCADE SERIES ----

Each edition is as follows: 425 copies on Japan vellum done up in flexible covers, with scaled parebment wrappers and brocade slide case. All volumes sold separately. Price, 75 cents net. XXXVII. MAURICE DE GUÉRIN

By MATTHEW ARNOLD. XXXVIII. EUGENIE DE GUÉRIN

By MATTHEW ARNOLD. XXXIX. THE CATHEDRAL OF

AMIENS

Two essays by William Morse and Walter Pater. XL. THAWN JANET: MARKHEIM
By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

XI.I. THE LEGEND OF MADAME KRASINSKA

By VERNON LEE. XLII. THEDEAD LEMAN (La Morte Amoureuse ). Translated from the French of Théophile Gautier by ANDREW LANG AND PAUL SYLVESTER,

MISCELLANEOUS \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* XX. THE POEMS OF OSCAR WILDE

600 copies, small quarto, printed on Van Gelder band-made paper, done up in full vellum boards with silk ribbon marker, uncut edges, in slide case. Price, \$3.00 net. 50 copies on Japan vellum (numbered and signed), \$5.00 net. XXI. UNCOLLECTED ESSAYS

By WALTER PATER.

400 copies, feap octavo, on Van Gelder band-made paper, done
up in old-style blue paper boards, white label, uncut edges.

Price, \$3.00 net. 50 copies on Japan vellum ( numbered and signed ), \$5.00 net.

XXII. THE DOOM OF THE HOUSE OF USNA: A Drama By FIONA MACLEOD.

500 copies, octavo, printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper, from a new font of Caslon old-style Roman face, with Chiswick initials and ornaments, done up in full vellum boards. Price, 50 copies on Japan vellum ( numbered and signed ), \$3.00 net.

XXIII. THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

By W. B. YEATS. Price, 50 cents ner

100 copies on Japan vellum ( of the first edition only ), at \$1.00

### THE OUARTO SERIES

Under this designation Mr. Mosher has planned to issue a series of beautifully printed quarto editions comprising both Poetry and Prose of the Representative works of the Æstbetic School and its successors.

BALLADS AND SONNETS

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

490 copies, large quarto, printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper, full antique boards, uncut edges, and in slide case.

Price, \$5.00 net. 25 copies on Japan vellum ( numbered and signed ), \$20.00 net.

THE BIBELOT -----Volume IX, small quarto, antique boards, \$1.50 net. A special list of the contents of preceding volumes, with prices, will be sent on application.

A handsome descriptive catalogue of Mr. Mosher's complete publications will be sent by Paul Elder and Company, 238 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

McCLURE, PHILLIPS & COMPANY'S NEW BOOKS

#### Lloyd Osbourne's

Stories of the Heart

### Love, the Fiddler

THE little romances that make up this book are all about people of the modern world. He is an up-to-date Cupid and a much-traveled one, who has made all the trouble and the happiness, for he shoots his arrows in many portions of the globe, from the South Seas to the English Channel. are all clever and amusing and have the thrill of real emotion. Any one who likes a love story will be sure to find here one to his taste.

\$1.50

## Margaret Cameron's Book of Clever Plays

### Comedies in Miniature

SERIES of bright and amusing comedies, dialogues and monologues. They are especially suited to the use of amateurs, and have already been produced in San Francisco and elsewhere.

Bright and entertaining. To say that they read as well as good short stories would be slight praise.— New York Evening Sun.
Theatrically and dramatically I can say that I believe

that Mrs. Cameron's plays are most interesting and valuable. T. H. Sargent, of the American Academy of Dramatic Art,

Frontispiece by Harrison Fisher \$1.25

### Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin's

Clever and Amusing Novel of Modern Days and Mediæval Romance

### The Reign of Queen Isyl

NOVEL, or as near a novel as the fancy of Gelett Burgess and his collaborator could bring it. in form, for while there is a story with connected plot, about the queen of a California flower festival who mysteriously disappears, this main thread is used somewhat in Chaucer fashion to hang other tales upon, which, though part of the story, are not essential to it. These added stories are all of adventures in love, and leave nothing to be desired on the score of originality, either of theme or treatment. The spirit of frank fancy and free imagination that pervades the book is infectious and makes surely for the entertainment of the reader. \$1.50

#### A. Conan Doyle's

Tales of a beroic brigadier in Napoleon's army

### The Adventures of Gerard

A DELIGHTFUL book, and Brigadier Gerard is a delightful old fellow. One cannot help feeling that an acquaintance with such a gallant old veteran and simple-hearted egotist gives zest to life.— Brooklyn Engle.

\*\*Illustrated by W. B. Willen. \$1.7.50\*\*

#### Stanley Weyman's A stirring romance of war and witchcraft in old Geneva

The Long Night

THE present day romancers of times cone by must all take off their hats to Weyman. - Chicago Inter-Ocean. Illustrated, \$1.50

Clarence Ludlow Brownell's

Entertaining sketches of the people

#### The Heart of Japan

MR. BROWNELL has the faculty of observation and a sense of humor. His book makes interesting reading.— New York Sun.

Illustrated. Postpaid, \$1.62. Net. \$1.50

ONE-FORTY-ONE EAST TWENTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK

## Bonestell, Richardson & Company

E make a specialty of attractive papers for publications, pamphlets, booklets and

such. We particularly recommend at this time the Albion Book Paper (English finish) for inside type or cut work (half-tone or line), and Herculean Cover in the new shades of gray and brown makes a stylish and attractive cover. Our lines are exclusive.

Note: The paper upon which IMPRES-

401-403 Sansome Street and 500-508 Sacramento Street....



THIS CALENDAR consists of 12 prayers by Robert Louis Stevenson, printed in red and black on 12 sheets of Japan paper, with decorative border, cover and initial designs by Gregson. Size, 7x 16 inches. Boxed. Postpaid \$1.50.

"One of the most artistic Calendars we have ever seen." The Western Christian Advecate.

"Handsomely artistic."

The Beston Transcript.

"One of the most beautiful and appropriate offerings for the year's beginning."

#### ALERED BARTLETT

69 CORNHILL Boston, Mass.

### O. Kai & Company

1 1

Importers of Japanese Art Goods. Main office, Tokio, Japan. Established 1886. & & Telephone Black 3566.

1 1

316 Kearny Street San Francisco::: California

### THE ASAHI

2 2

Japanese Embroidery and Drawn Work a Specialty. Beautiful Presents. Easy to send to your friends by mail.

2 2

2 2 4 Post Street San Francisco : : : California

### THE SUCCESS OF THE CONQUEST

HAS LED THE PUBLISHERS TO ADD TO THE LATEST EDITION OF THE BOOK

### A Wonderfully Impressive Frontispiece in Full Color

After a Painting by Charlotte Webber, who was sent to St. Louis especially for the purpose of studying the historic scenes so vividly portrayed in the book

### THE CONOUEST

Is now recognized everywhere as the Most Remarkable Contribution to American Historical Literature of Recent Years

A. C. McClurg & Company, Publishers

### SOME OF THE POPULAR NEW BOOKS

The Golden Windows A Book of Fables for Old and Young. By

LAURA E. RICHARDS. With illustrations and

decorations. 12mo, \$1.50.

These stories by the author of "Captain January" are so simple and graceful that they suggest Tolstol at his best. The book is handsomely embellished.

Awakening of the Duchess

By Frances Charles, author of "In the Country God Forgot," etc. Illustrated in color by I. H. Caliga. 12mo, \$1.50.
Frances Charles writes in an entirely new vein in her latest and best book. It is a pretty story of a little heiress, Roselle, and her mother.

First-hand information concerning picturesque Indian tribes..... Indians of the Painted Desert Region

By George Wharton James, author of "In and Around the Grand Canyon," etc. With 66 full-page and half-page illustrations from photographs. Crown 8vo, \$2.00 net. Postage, 16 cents. Second edition.

A Prince of Sinners E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM's engrossing novel of modern English social and political life. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50. Fourth edition.

The Life Radiant

By LILIAN WHITING. Logical sequence of "The World Beautiful," 16mo, cloth, \$1.00 net. Decorated cloth, \$1.25 net. Postage extra.

The domestic lives of popular American stage favorites pictorially presented Famous Actors and Actresses and Their Homes

By Gustav Kobbé. Superbly illustrated, with photogravure frontispiece of Julia Marlowe, and over 50 full-page plates and vignettes, printed in tints. 8vo, decorated cloth, \$3.00 net. Postage additional.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

## The Lotus Land in

INTER by the calendar, but not in fact. Nor have we here "those blend motions of the

Spring that show the year has turned." Nor yet Southern strawberries and lettuce raised in a hothouse to foreshadow the coming change. Today is the "land of the brown Summer"; next week a wave of color may run over hill and valley, the dust be washed from the trees, the haze from the face of the sky, and in the crystal clearness of the air, the dewy freshness that waits on every breath, you know that "the year has turned." Get out the Automobile, the Golf Clubs, the Tennis Rackets, put on thicker-soled shoes for the tramp, for there are long sunny intervals between showers, and even the invalid who must sit coughing beside the winter fire at home can be abroad here for weeks without fear of storm. Plows are going, the sower of seed is abroad, oranges are being harvested, orchards pruned, cows are in clover, the gardens in bloom. In February the orange groves will be white, and at midnight in the fragrant air, as you lie with open windows, you will hear the mocking-birds fluting far and near, and the place will seem idyllic. Blustering March has lost his character here, and the March sun shines like May. It is all springlike from November to May, and the ideal land for the tourist. (The "Sunset" will confirm all this with many details. The "Land of Opportunity" will give some reasons for the homeseeker, or "The San Joaquin Valley" will picture a vast region full of charm. Other publications of the Southern Pacific will help the inquirer, and once California is known, the voice of the Stranger will be heard in every corner of the great sunny State. ------

### THREE BEAUTIFUL POSSESSIONS

### The International Studio

A Yearly Subscription to The International Studio costs \$3.50 and means that each month you will receive the most sumptuous Art Magazine ever

published, surveying the whole field of Art and Current Topics, both in articles by eminent authorities, and by a profusion of magnificent illustrations of every kind. There are seldom less than eight full-page plates in colour, mezzotint, or photogravure; and in all about one hundred text-cuts, including half-tones, line drawings, &c.

### The Art Portfolio

There are many subscribers who wish to have a representative selection of the finest plates which have appeared in The International Studio during

the last seven years, to frame or to put up in their rooms, To fill this need the Publisher has prepared a special edition of fifteen representative colour and photogravure plates, with a view to variety of subject and method of reproduction; each one mounted on a card mat ready either to hang up or to be framed. These fifteen beautiful mounted pictures, enclosed in a handsome portfolio, cost five dollars.

### The Art Album

New Subscribers may like to have a collection of plates from The International Studio, covering the last seven years of current Art History, or Old

3 Subscribers may be glad to review the period at a concise glance, so to speak. For this purpose the Publisher has collected 100 of the finest representative plates, bound in a handsome volume, which is issued at five dollars.

You can purchase the above separately, or you can send in your order for THE THREE ITEMS TOGETHER, \$10.00.

Write for full and free circulars, subscription blanks, &c., &c., to

JOHN LANE, Publisher,

67 FIFTH AVENUE.

NEW YORK.

An admirable book which should be in the hands of every young man

### THE CALL OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

By DAVID STARR JORDAN, President of Leland Stanford University, Author of "The Blood

of the Nation," etc. 80 pp., 12mo, 80 cents net; postage 6 cents.

An outline of the work which the Twenteth Centray is to see accomplished, and of the character of the men who are to assume the repossibilities of its tasks. Written in a strong, inspiring, many way, as a stimulus to the ambition of young men — and, indeed, good for all who would aim with all their might, and as best they may, to do " the day's work

The present generation, as the first of the dawning century, has a position and responsibility of vital consequence in shaping the century's destiny; society at large would receive great benefit could this little volume find its way into

the minds and hearts of all American youth.

For gift purposes, the book is unusually handsome in style and topography. It is set in type of a special face, and is printed throughout in two colors, — the text in black, with marginal notes, paragraph marks, and running title in red; the binding is in gray paper boards and cloth back, stamped in gold.

By the same Author

#### THE BLOOD OF THE NATION

A Study of the Decay of Races Through the Survival of the Unfit.

82 pp., 12mo. 40 cents net; postage 5 cents. An illuminating discussion of the problem of heredity, the tendencies which make for race-degeneration, the alla nummaring attention of the protein on Aerenty, the undertoes white make for rate-elegateristics, the air-ling of a nummaring attention of the protein of the protein of the protein of the protein of the part of the protein of the unit. For example, and the part of the part of the part of the part of the protein of the part of the part of the protein of the part been uttered on so momentous a subject.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, BOSTON

### THE VOICE OF THE SCHOLAR

And other Essays on the Problems of Higher Education by

### DAVID STARR IORDAN

President of Stanford University

A volume of virile, thought-inspiring Essays. Cloth bound, paper label, \$1.50 net.

### MY FAVORITE BOOK-SHELF

A Collection of Interesting and Instructive Reading from Famous Authors by

### CHARLES JOSSELYN Author of "The True Napoleon"

Cloth bound; cover design by Gordon Ross; \$2.00 net. Autograph Edition, 75 copies on Ruisdael Hand-made Paper, half classic vellum, \$6.00 net. 25 copies on Japan vellum, full classic vellum, \$10.00 net.

### PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

238 Post Street, San Francisco



The Tomoyé Press, San Francisco, California







## The College Records

By Virginia Woodson Frame, Wallace Irwin and Gordon Ross, fill a field of such obvious demand that it is remarkable to have hitherto escaped attention. Practically, the two volumes are intended to serve as note-books in which the various experiences of the four years of undergraduate life may be recorded, being topically arranged with pages and stubs for the insertion of photographs and other souvenirs. Beyond this, however, the authors have entered into the work with the enthusiasm of their own college experiences, and by means of full-page cartoons, topical decorations, verses and other literary material, have made them of essential interest. The publishers have produced two handsome volumes, printed in two colors on fine paper and substantially bound. .

### Girls' College Record

An Illustrated Diary for the Four Bears of College Experiences Illustrated and Compiled by VIRGINIA WOODSON FRAME

Bound in Silk Basket Buckram Bound in Suede Leather -Hand Bound in Full Calf, ex

- \$1.50 net

### Men's College Record

A four Bears' Companion

Written and Arranged by WALLACE IRWIN Illustrated by GORDON Ross

Bound in Silk Basket Buckram -Bound in Suede Leather

Paul Elder and Company & Publishers, 238 Post

SECTION SECTIO Impressions Quarterly KIKA CE Vaul Elder and Company Publishers, Sun Francisco, California

# & Mappiness &

he best things are nearest; breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at vour feet, duties at vour hand, the path of God just before vou. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.



## Nature and the Human Spirit.

First Paper. The Return to Nature.

T COMES back to me, as clearly as though it were a part but of yesterday, the hour when first I definitely recognized the landscape as a positive factor in human development. City born and bred, I had never grasped the idea that the main difference between the bookworm and the earthworm might, after all, be a matter of potentiality—in favor of the earthworm. It came about, therefore, that my first dawning perception of nature as a power inherent to instruct and uplift seemed a discovery wholly my own.

I was driving, with a busy, practical farmer, on a mountain road overlooking a wide, lovely valley, and it came to me as no more than fair that I should endeavor to awaken his appreciation of the beauty which

invited us; so I spoke of the charm of the landscape.

"Yes," he said quietly, "that's what makes life worth living up here; it's books and pictures and all to us."

Two such lessons, in one hour, might well make it memorable.

The case of the bookworm has been heard since cases first were put. Ever since man conceived the idea of books, he has conceived, as well, that they are the substance and the sum of human culture. This may have been the first, but it is not the only instance, where the race has mistaken the mere key for the treasure-house itself. The return to nature, of which we hear so much nowadays, is but a dawning perception of this mistake. It is but a dawning perception, however, and we have not really returned to nature. We are only turning, vaguely, in response to a half-articulate wish that we knew how we might return.

A writer whose reputation for wisdom still survives has said that nothing can ever make up the loss to a child who does not, for the first five years of his life, roll about on the floor of a library. It is this viewpoint, very largely, which has made us what we are today, a spectacle-wearing folk, introducing courses of nature-study into our schools, that children

may comprehend the nature allusions in books.

Early familiarity with the idea of books is useful to a child's development—more useful, perhaps, than a knowledge of many books themselves. It can never, however, make up to a child the loss sustained if he be not early familiar with the great out-of-door world about him. Books can never teach him that he is indigenous to this earth, yet all the

facts of academic culture are not worth to the individual what a vital

grasp on this single elemental fact is worth.

Mere living out of doors will not necessarily make a child a lover of nature. Neither, for that matter, will the mere living in sight of many books make him a book-lover. We know the product of pseudo-culture—the child brought up among books bought because they furnish a room—give it an air—happy phrase! So, too, do we know the bumpkin, country-bred, to whom culture, if he ever heard the word, might suggest sub-soil plowing—to whom the wake-robin is a weed. Each is stupid, but how much less offensive is the stupidity of the bumpkin, how much worthier the thing he actually knows is likely to be than that which the other actually knows! Neither the one child nor the other is likely to get the best out of his surroundings without a little judicious guidance, but the child turned loose with nature may more safely be left to the helpful developmental process of letting alone than the one whose formative companionship must be books alone.

The apperceptive basis upon which all culture must be imposed develops most broadly in the out of doors, yet the increasing pressure of city life upon us all is narrowing our association with nature every year. The fear of the world is growing upon us to an extent which threatens to lose us the sanifying knowledge that we are one with the earth. This knowledge once lost, the accretions of fact which we call education cease to act and to react upon character to the upbuilding of culture. Then we have that result which is neither fish, nor flesh, nor human, but

academic.

To realize the large part which our knowledge of nature contributes to our enjoyment of the mere facts of human culture, we need only to imagine ourselves without this knowledge. We have gained it for the most part unconsciously to ourselves, but if our civilization continues to progress along its present lines, coming generations must acquire it by direct effort, through special instruction. How much of our understanding of poetry, of music, of all the arts, is due to the broad apperceptive basis laid in a knowledge of the natural world! Yet in New York City dwells Myra Kelly's school child, who alone, out of fifty, could grasp the idea of Shelley's "Ode to the Skylark,"-for did not he, of them all, know what a lark is? His own father, every Sunday, had a lark o' beer! An east-side poorling, to be sure, yet here in San Francisco, where, more than in any other large city that I know, we are near to nature, I have foregathered with a dozen at once, children of rich parents, who do not know a buttercup from a dandelion; who have never been in the forest; who know nature only in greenhouses and the public parks; to whom, in fact, Mother Earth is "dirt." In the light of such possibilities, we cease to wonder at many things, as that the arts are the refuge of the few, or that the innate human love for the beautiful runs to a riot of costly clothing, which the wearers thereof can at least appraise and comprehend.

What is poetry? What is painting? What is the best of artistic literature to the mind which fails to grasp even a small part of the allusions in all these? What are all the arts, without that sympathetic comprehension which only loving association with nature develops?

Not even the most acute intelligence seems able, unaided, to appreciate the unfamiliar. It was a group of studiously inclined, highly intelligent people of my acquaintance who not long ago wrestled with one of Shakespear's lines:

"Charles' wane's over the new inn chimney."

Now, what could the line mean? Wane, the dictionary told them, meant a wagon; but who was Charles, and what was his wagon doing over the new inn chimney? Did college students play their pranks in Shakepeare's day? Small wonder that even Falstaff thought it time to be going when such deeds were adoing. One only in the group had a timid little idea. She knew no more than the others that Charles' wane is an old English name for the moon; but the context suggested to her imaginative and nature-loving mind that the poet might mean the moon, or some particular star. A scholastic investigation proved her in the right.

I might have found it difficult to credit the perplexity of these people but for a letter which I once received from another puzzled reader of verse—a teacher, this time, and it was Browning who disordered her

well-arranged mind with this line:

"The fire o' the lily gleams low in the mold."

She was not sure of the poet's meaning, she wrote. She could not think it a mere poetic figure, for even poetic license could not picture fire in a lily. She knew that "lily" was an ancient name for the needle of the compass. *Vide*, a quotation found in the dictionary, "The lily veers to the north." Could it mean the sun's reflection on the magnetic needle, gleaming in the mold, or box, in which the latter was contained?

I was unable to throw much light on her perplexity. She knew the lily by sight. She explained to me, with great clearness, its sixfold growth. She understood its order and its botanical history, —but ah, the lily—she had never once beheld it! Its fire gleamed, but not for her.

Our new turning to nature is not without its falsities; we could hardly expect that it would be without them; but the turning itself implies a perception of truth. The new movement has given rise to a whole school of pseudo-science and silly sentimentality; to a great deal that is grotesque and foolish. Nevertheless, through it we have come to a more understanding sympathy with the creatures and the growths of nature.

At the very least, we are outgrowing that meanest of all human conceptions,—the idea that this universe was made purely and simply for man. We no longer believe that the lower creatures exist merely for our comfort and pleasure; that the sun, moon and stars shine solely to give us light; or that we are the unaccountable lords of creation, with no injunc-

tion laid upon us to love our lowliest neighbor as ourselves. We are coming, too, to a knowledge of that beauty in order which good old Marcus Aurelius saw and noted for us in the long ago. The world forgot it for a time, but the renewal of that knowledge is not the least part of the blessedness of a return to nature. Do you remember how he puts it: "Even the things that follow after the things which are produced according to nature contain something pleasing and attractive. The ears of corn bending down, and the lion's eyebrows, and the foam which flows from the mouth of wild boars, and many other thingsthough they are far from being beautiful if a man should examine them severally-still, because they are consequent upon the things which are formed by nature, help to adorn them, and they please the mind; so that if a man should have a feeling and deeper insight with respect to the things which are produced in the universe, there is hardly any of those which follow by way of consequence which will not seem to him to be in a manner disposed so as to give pleasure."

ADELINE KNAPP.

#### Siesta.

Noon-haze on the ridges,—a droning bee,— The chaparral's incense borne to me On warm air, drifting drowsily,

From brown hills, gray in distance;
And faint re-echoed from bush and tree,
The locust's shrill insistence;
A hawk in the wide blue circling free,
And, soft as the stir of a far-heard sea,
A crooning of pine-boughs, dreamily:
This is the sweet of existence.

RALPH ERWIN GIBBS.

From Songs of Content. A volume of verse. Published under the auspices of the English Club and the Literary Magazines of the University of California and edited with an Introduction by Prof. Charles Mills Gayley.

### A Little Trip to Utopia — IV.

ND so it is all through our school," my friend continued. "We try to do things thoroughly, and try to do them in the way that seems to us wise, whether it happens to be the usual way or not. We especially aim at the simple way, the natural. For example, when it comes to later stages of training in English, we refuse to let our children, either here or

during their college years, work by 'periods,' rounding up all writers, good, bad, or indifferent, who fall within certain chronological limits. We think it far better to ask ourselves which of the great books are most saturated with beauty, and embody best the ideals of the race. Then these we take pains to have our young folk read, under the most competent possible guidance, just exactly as in earlier years they read 'Lochinvar,' and 'Poor Susan,' and 'Dinas Vawr.' The time that would be spent over 'periods,' and 'movements,' and 'influences,' and 'schools,' and metres, and dates, is given to knowing, through this simple process of repeated intelligent hearing and reading, Shakespeare, and Milton, and Chaucer, and Tennyson, and Emerson. The child that at eight is at home in the Blue Poetry Book, at twenty knows, almost by heart, all the great poetry of our language, and much of the noblest prose. Formal knowledge of periods and ages and other mere matters of fact will come, if vital and desirable, later, of itself.

"In a word, we try to make sure of the essentials, letting the accidentals and artificialities of scholarship, the pedantry that overlies it all, entirely go. And it's just the same with our teaching of other things too, - history, for example. Do you know of anything more dreary than the vivid story of America's settlement and growth as told-mistoldin the text-books that we used to grind through in our high school days? Well, that also we do differently. We begin by letting the children go down to Palo Alto and find out how the town came to be there, and the University. Then to Santa Clara and its mission, and to Mission San Jose, and finally up to San Francisco, where they spy out such traces as remain of the earlier days, and then from the hills and from Tamalpais look down and reconstruct the story, on the living map of land and sea that lies below them. By that time the game is won. They fairly tingle with eagerness, the dullest and the brightest alike, to learn all about California and about the streams of migration that have peopled it so variously. The Santa Fe trail and its story are a stirring epic to them, and the great railroads, too, that belt the continent; as they were to Stevenson's alert imagination. Gradually they work back, eastward; and back up the stream of time; until they have traced the great romance to its source, in the unrest of Puritanism and of Elizabethan days. And

then they review it all, in its 'proper' chronological order; and hive something, not jejune facts, but realities, realities on which forever after the events of their daily lives and the columns of the newspaper and the books they read are a commentary of fascinating interest.

"So much for the way we teach. We also select in our own way,select subjects that are not dreamed of, usually, in educational philosophy. We have, for example, alongside our library of books, a library of photographs, the best we can get, of all the world's great works of art,paintings, buildings, marbles, coins, vases, medals, gems,-everything through which men have succeeded in conveying to others glimpses of the beauty that has been revealed to them. And these are used constantly. The story goes on for years, told little by little, day after day,the story of the search for 'the gleam.' Eye and mind are little by little trained to see the wonderful beauty that life and nature always are

revealing to those who can discern.

"On this subject, if any, this subject of beauty and its educational value, we are fanatical, and will go very far. For example, -do you see that grove of horse-chestnuts on that next fold of the mountain? I planted it, years ago, because of the fact that once, very far away, I received from a similar grove one of the greatest and most enduring pleasures of my life, the clearest revelation I ever had of the beauty of this physical world and the delight that is the sure result of living in intimate acquaintance with it. When I was a student in Germany I turned my back one day on Leipsic and lectures, and took train, and with no particular plan went down to the little city of Gera, a few hours to the south. It proved a lucky chance. The town was nothing. I can scarcely recall a single detail of it. But there's a little castle close by, the residence of the princely line that has ruled this diminutive realm, Heinrich succeeding Heinrich, for a thousand years. It is out in a tiny park. I walked there. The day was golden, and silent. As I moved up the broad, solitary avenue the great horse-chestnut trees on either side sent their yellow leaves whirling down through the air to deepen the thick carpet below, and occasionally a nut fell, too, with a rustle and thud. I turned aside, leaving the castle unvisited; and sat all the afternoon at the foot of a big bole, utterly contented, steeping myself in the soft autumn color and fragrance and warmth. It was a day of days. In memory of it I have that grove over there. Once in a while, in the fall, it does for others, probably, what that immemorial grove at Gera did for me.

"Many laugh at us for these various things that we do here. But we are happy. And we are training our children to be happy, too, and serene, and full of noble resources, as well as able and willing to do their part of the world's work. 'My mind to me a kingdom is,' they, each one of them, will be able to say."

H. W. R.

## The Circle Complete.

The Evolution of the Artists' Conception of the Madonna.

URING the past sixteen centuries a simple little story has been unfolding itself which, possibly, connotes more convincingly a collateral advance in the growth of religious tolerance, civic progress, national ideals, than all the volumes written thereon.

This little story might be called an evolution of the Madonna in art, which designation in itself suggests to the thoughtful something of the breadth and scope of its field. In a few words we can trace the main steps that register the different phases of this story and follow it from its first circumferential point until the circle is complete.

Until the fourth century of the Christian era we find in our scant authority the features of the Virgin had never been depicted. This, however, is debatable ground, but we have St. Augustine's Annals written at that period, which say, "We do not know what was the countenance of the Holy Virgin, devotion seems to have been too closely centered in the Divine Son to turn aside to the earthly mother." And as an example, rather than proof, of this statement, the earliest known representations of the Madonna, found in the Catacombs of S. Calixto, Rome, present her as a mere accessory figure to the Child. The more fully to accomplish this end she is veiled, the highest effort of the artist being to infuse into a figure thus draped as much grace and dignity as lay within his power.

Two centuries later, when art, for its didactic value, claims a revival in the Christian church, and scenes from the life of Christ are being made familiar to the faithful, the "mere accessory" is still only a veiled figure. A mosaic in the church of S. Apollinare Nuovo, in all probability executed about the middle of the sixth century, shows the Madonna a matron of middle age, still veiled, but now the veil is encircled by a nimbus. The earthly mother has begun to share something of the nature of the Divine Son.

The next century marks a great stride in advance, the greatest stride of all. Although it is only in a side chapel of the baptistry of the Lateran, a quiet little nook, one can imagine, where a woman might steal in unnoticed, the Virgin, not Christ, is painted as a central figure. The altar apsis heretofore reserved for the most sacred subjects, usually the figure of Christ, sometimes the symbol of the Holy Ghost, is, as early as the seventh century, dedicated to the Virgin. Here the artist, whose name is lost, has portrayed this woman representative of all humanity unveiled, erect, with arms outstretched to the struggling world below—this

unknown artist-dreamer having caught a foreshadowing of the dignity the new religion is to confer upon womanhood. The pontificate of Gregory the Great was in this century ended, the barbarians had at last been driven from Italy's borders, patriotism and religious fervor ran high in the hearts of the people, and the ideals of the Christian religion had already made their indelible stamp upon customs and laws.

It is not until the ninth century the next innovation is seen. During the pontificate of Nicholas the First a composition was finished in the church of S. Francesca Romana which, while if not the very first, was one of the earliest instances of the Virgin being depicted with a crown upon her head instead of the veil. This innovation is significant as the first foreshadowing of the splendid coronations we are to see in later centuries.

With the close of the ninth century, Italy, the birthplace of Christian art, was torn by internal strifes and northern invasions. The minds of the people were perforce given to sterner interests, and when at last a semblance of peace was restored, literature and art were slow to revive from the deep wounds they had received. Thus it is nearly three hundred years before the next step in advance is taken. This time (1139-1153)

the Virgin is first seen throned in juxtaposition with Christ.

The thirteenth century saw a power and supremacy of the church hitherto unknown. The greatest religious enthusiasm pervaded the country, and Art and Religion clasped hands and reached outward and upward to broader fields. From this time onward the artists' theme covers such a wide range of sacred subjects, the evolution has ceased to be a gradual progress, and every scene in the life of the Virgin has become a familiar subject. In the Baroncelli Chapel in Santa Croce, Florence, two entire walls are covered with frescoes representing scenes from the life of the Virgin - The Meeting of Joachim and Anna, The Birth of the Virgin, The Dedication and Marriage, The Annunciation, The Salutation, The Angel Appearing to the Shepherds, The Adoration of the Magi. And again in the Chapel del Sacro Cingolo, in the Cathedral of Prato, are represented the legends of her life.

The subject of the Coronation of the Virgin, in its diversified treatment, is in itself a worthy study: the Virgin enthroned, bearing in her arms the Holy Child, the Virgin enthroned alone, with adoring hosts at her feet, the Virgin enthroned with Christ, and the Virgin receiving the crown at the hands of Christ-all with the most regal splendor of background, whether of classic architecture, landscape or figures. Every scene in the life of the Virgin has been painted over and over, the dolorous

scenes and the joyful scenes, from the Spozalito to the Pietà.

But it remained for the present century to complete the circle. Dagnan-Bouveret, in his Madonna of the Workshop, finishes the story of the world's progress and the corresponding dignity of woman as a complete entity. In this great picture the Virgin looks serenely upon the Child nestling in her lap, her face shining with the holy light of motherhood; but the head and much of the body of the Child are lost in the folds of her mantle, leaving the Virgin in reality the only figure in the picture. Thus, note the anthesis, the highest effort of the artist concerning the Child seems to have been "to infuse into a figure thus draped as much grace and dignity as lay within his power."

MARGUERITE STABLER.

## An April Morning in Piedmont.

Slow to the wanton sun's desire
The vestal-bosomed buds unfold,
Till poppies flaunt a silken fire,
And buttercups a glassy gold.

How gently fare the cloudy flocks
To pastures girdled by the sea!
The lizards twitch along the rocks,
And subtle odors lure the bee.

There broods a peace upon the hills,

Too vast for morning winds to break,

Tho' murmurs throng the broken rills,

And voices of the woodland wake,

Till half I turn to hear again

The flutes of Arcady at dawn,

And rout of hurrying nymphs that feign

To dread the kisses of the faun.

GEORGE STERLING.

#### Arabic Literature.

HERE is something compelling in the unfamiliar and the strange. Unknown lands arouse the spirit of the explorer in every one of us. And unknown peoples are ever calling one to visit them, or, short of that, to read and dream about them. The Potter made the vessel curious, and curiosity is ever struggling with the instinct of self-preservation for the control of the brief bit of time which is at the disposal of mortals. There is a strange exaltation of the spirit which comes from entering the great mosque at Cordova, or seeing the caravan come in from the desert, or hearing the Faithful called to prayer long ere the day breaks in a

Muslim city. It is the search for a measure of this same exaltation that prompts us to give ear to the history and the literature of this people so romantic because so lacking in the common places of familiar ways.

While the Arabs were still a wild and unconstructive people, whose chief occupations were incessant tribal warfare and an annual pilgrimage to Mecca to drink from the well of Zem-Zem and make the seven circuits of the Kaaba where no less than three hundred and sixty idols were housed, their one art was poetry, of remarkable elegance and variety of meter. Their more enlightened descendants looked back upon this period with contempt and referred to it as the "days of ignorance." For the Prophet came, the revelation was made, and Islam became a nation. Syria was annexed, Persia fell. Egypt was taken, and in the year 675 the Muslim general, Okba, spurred his horse into the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, off the coast of Morocco, and raising his hands to heaven, exclaimed: "Almighty Lord! but for this sea I would have gone into remoter regions,

spreading the glory of thy name and smiting thine enemies."

In the year 711 Gebel-al-Tarik crossed the straits which have ever since borne his name, at the head of 7,000 fierce Berbers, and in less than two years the victorious Saracen army camped in the shadow of the Pyrenees. Within eighty years after the death of the Prophet the empire which he founded had expanded far beyond the limits of Rome in the days of her greatness, and the rule of the Ommeyade Caliph at Damascus extended from India to the Pyrenees. The Capitol was moved from Damascus to Bagdad, and a separate government was established at Cordova. Bagdad fell in the year 1258, and a Muslim government existed in Spain for 777 years, or until 1492. These were the places and this the period of greatest literary brilliancy. But Arabic literature did not stop there; it continued on to our own time, and after thirteen centuries of life is still green and flourishing, and, like Islam itself, will endure for many an age to come.

The heart of Muslim literature is the Qur'ân or revealed religious book. The first revelation which Mohammed received contained the injunction: "Read! for thy Lord is the most generous, who has taught the use of the pen,—has taught man what he did not know." A nation whose religion began with a command to read could hardly have slighted learning or letters. The Qur'ân existed at first in scattered fragments written upon "palm leaves, skins, blade-bones and the hearts of men." It is not only the source of authority in religion, but in all matters of life as well. Next to it in authority was the unwritten law or the traditional sayings of the Prophet, which were carefully passed from age to age, as they aided in interpreting the Qur'ân and supplied large portions of the ceremonial law.

The central factor in Arabic literature, then, is the Qur'ân. It must be regarded as one of the first-class books of the world, for it was the operative constitution of the life of a great people. It was written in rhymed prose, which therefore became the standard form of composition for all Arabic authors, and inasmuch as it was delivered by word of mouth and treasured up in the memory when first announced by the Prophet, it was conceived that all forms of literatute should be susceptible of the same mnemonic treatment, a fact which resulted in an immense growth of didactic literature whose chief merit consisted in the fact that it was easily

memorized.

The Arabs claim as their own that portion of their learning which pertains to their own language, to their literature and to their religion; the other branches they learned from the people whom they conquered, and called the ancient sciences. Among the Arabic sciences were the traditions, jurisprudence grammar, Alcoranic readings, literature, etc. Among the ancient sciences were medicine, philosophy, astronomy, mathematics, etc. No sooner had the Caliphs located in Bagdad than they began to translate the wisdom books of five literatures—the Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Persian and Indian—into Arabic. Schools flourished, and Bagdad became the capital city of the world's culture. Egypt and Spain witnessed a great revival of learning.

Wisdom, poetry and music were liberally patronized by almost every court in the Muslim world. Teaching was common, and not to possess some knowledge of letters was as rare among the Muslims as it was exceptional among the Christians. Scholars wandered from Spain through North Africa and Egypt to the schools of Arabia, and scholars from

Arabia were not uncommon in the schools of Spain.

There is no work in English which describes this vast literary activity of an alien people so well as the one before us.\* It is a brief encyclopedia of the subject, and will serve as a very profitable introduction to it.

Ennest Carroll Moore.

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Arabic Literature," by Clement Huart, in the Literatures of the World Series, New York. D. Appleton & Co.

#### The Garden.

[The concluding paper in the series on "The Simple Home."]

HE garden is the touch of nature which mediates between the seclusion of the home and the publicity of the street. It is nature controlled by art. In this assembling of trees, shrubbery, vines and flowers about the home, in this massing of greensward or beds of bloom, man is conjuring the beauties of nature into being at his very doorstep, and compelling them to refresh his soul with an ever-changing pageantry of life

and color.

Unfortunately in this workaday world the possibility of the householder to be also a gardener is regulated by severe necessity. As men crowd together, the value of land increases, and so it is that in the heart of a large city only an enlightened public sentiment makes practicable the setting apart of areas where all may enjoy the redeeming grace of foliage and flowers. In proportion to the scattering of men is the extension of the garden possible, until the limit is reached in the lodge amid the wilderness, where the overpowering presence of nature makes the intrusion of an artificial garden an impertinence. In the village, then, the oppor-

tunities of the garden seem to be greatest.

But even the city home need not be wholly without the purifying influence of plants and flowers. Where houses are most congested and there is no land about the walls, one may resort to potted plants, and the streets may be decorated with palms or small trees in tubs or big terracotta pots. Vines may be planted in long wooden boxes, or, better still, in cement troughs against the sides of the house. If one objects to growing flowers in the rooms, little balconies or railed-in brackets may be built outside the windows for holding rows of potted plants. Hanging baskets containing vines or ferns are most effective on porches, while boxes of earth may stand upon upper balconies from which vines may grow and trail over the outer walls. A movement for the decoration, with geraniums and other plants and vines, of the residence district of the poor, would, I firmly believe, yield immediate returns in the advancement of culture.

Another expedient in the absence of land about the home is the roof garden. If this were sheltered from the prevailing wind with a wall or a screen of glass, it would give the urbanite a miniature park where he could enjoy fresh air in seclusion.

But these devices are all makeshifts for the unfortunate ones who must live in the heart of a city. When a home is built in the town or country the matter of a garden must be taken into consideration. Indeed this should be studied even before the house is located on the land. Modern town lots are commonly cut up in long narrow strips so that by putting the house in the midst of a lot there will be a front and a back yard. This conventional arrangement has its advantages, although as a rule an unnecessary amount of space is wasted on the back yard, the chief utility of which seems to be to afford room for the garbage barrel and for drying clothes. If a hint is taken from the compact method of clothesdrying practiced by the Chinese at their laundries, the land so often set apart for this purpose can be greatly restricted, thus correspondingly enlarging the garden. Two alternatives then remain—to place the house far back on the lot and have the garden all at the front, or to bring the house forward and have a small open plot in front and a retired garden in the rear.

Upon hillsides, if the streets are laid out in a rational manner to conform with the contour of the land, winding naturally up the slopes, the lots will of necessity be cut into all sorts of irregular shapes. This gives endless latitude in the placing of the houses upon the lots, so that unconventional groups of buildings may be set upon the landscape in the most picturesque fashion. But even when the lots are of the usual rectangular shape, much ingenuity may be exercised in the location of the house with reference to the garden. I have in mind one small corner lot with a stream winding through it, shaded by venerable live-oaks. By putting the rear of the house on the property line of the side street, the front was close to the bank of the stream, and was approached by a simple brick bridge which led to the broad veranda about the entrance. This unusual location gave the effect of a large front garden, and made the stream the principal feature. A more conventional arrangement would have relegated this charming little watercourse to the back yard.

Whenever an entire block of homes can be studied in one plan, much more can be accomplished than by the customary method of each man for himself, regardless of the interests of his neighbors. For example, if the houses must be crowded together on lots of fifty-feet width, the garden space could be made to yield the utmost privacy by some such arrangement as the following: Suppose the houses to be set two or three feet back from the property line, leaving just room enough to plant vines and bright flowers along the front. If, then, a brick fire wall were erected on each fifty-foot division line, the houses could be built touching one another, and thus completely filling the block, save for the margin of flowers. By planning each house on three sides of a hollow square, with long, narrow rooms in wings extending lengthwise on the lots, each home would have an inner court, completely sheltered from neighbors, and with ample space behind it for a back yard. Or this scheme might be reversed,

by facing the hollow square to the street, in which case the court might be sheltered by a hedge or low wall. According to the former plan, the long front wall would perhaps appear somewhat monotonous, but it could be diversified by having generous passageways opening directly through the houses into the courts, and by the judicious use of open timber work and carving, if the houses be of wood, or of ornamented terra-cotta, if of brick. The continuous line of varied bloom next the sidewalk, with shade trees on the street, would relieve this scheme of any stiffness. I mention these devices merely to show that many interesting garden effects might be obtained by the exercise of more thought in the placing of the house, and especially by studying a group of structures in connection with their surrounding land.

Now, as to the garden itself: In the matter of architecture, it appears that two leading types are in vogue in California, a northern and a southern, differentiated by an extreme or slight roof pitch. In considering the garden, two pronounced types are again encountered—the natural and formal—each of which is subject to two modes of treatment according to the character of vegetation used, whether this be predominated.

nantly indigenous or predominantly exotic.

By a natural garden I understand one that simulates, as nearly as may be, the charm of the wilderness, tamed and diversified for convenience and accessibility. A treatment of this sort demands very considerable stretches of land to produce a successful result. The English parks are probably the finest examples of this type, which can hardly be successfully applied to town lots not over a hundred feet in width at most. In a district where the lots are happily laid out on a somewhat more generous plan, and especially where nature has not been already despoiled of all her charms, this form of garden may be developed to best advantage. If situated in the California Coast region, within the redwood belt, nothing could give greater sense of peace and charm than a grove of these noble trees, varied with live-oaks, and with other native trees and shrubs growing in their shade, such as madroña and manzanita, sweet-scented shrub, wild currant, redbud and azalea, with wild flowers peering from the leafy covert - the hound's tongue, baby-blue-eyes, shooting-star, fritillaria, eschscholtzia, and a host of others. About such a garden as this there is a purer sentiment, a more refined love of nature undefiled, than can be obtained by more artificial means; but such a garden needs room. Big trees, and especially such native evergreens as the redwood and live-oak, take an unexpected amount of space, and if crowded together make the surroundings too dark and gloomy. On the California Coast, as pointed out in the architectural essays, there is need of all the sunlight that heaven bestows. Then, too, many people build their homes on the hillsides to enjoy the view. If numbers of large trees are set out about their homes,

the outlook is soon obliterated, and the charm of far sweeps of bay and purple ranges is lost. It may be suggested that there are plenty of smaller native trees and shrubs that can be used, which will be adapted to a restricted plot of ground. Practically it will be found, it seems to me, that a garden thus limited to indigenous plants will prove rather dull in color and lacking in character. Without the woodsy effect of light and shadow, or the brilliance of cultivated flowers, the little patch of green

will be apt to seem rather commonplace.

This brings me to the second treatment of the natural type of garden—the introduction of exotic plants into the scheme. The Coast of California, as far north as the San Francisco Bay region, and the interior valleys for a hundred miles and more farther to the northward, have a climate of such temperateness that an extraordinary variety of exotics will thrive which, in less favored regions, would only live under glass. Bamboo, palms, dracenas, magnolias, oranges, bananas, and innumerable other fragrant or showy plants of New Zealand and Australia, of Africa, South America and the Indies, grow with the hardihood of natives. Among the trees most commonly introduced are such as the eucalypti, acacias, pittosporums, grevilias, and araucarias, but the number of successfully growing exotics is bewildering. Flowers which in colder climates must be carefully tended in pots, grow here like rank weeds, while vines that in more rugged localities develop a few timid sprays, shoot up here like Jack's beanstalk. An entire house may be embowered in a single rose vine. Geranium hedges may grow to a height of eight feet or more. It is a common sight to see hundreds of feet of stone wall so packed with the pink blossoms of the ivy-geranium that it appears like a continuous mass of bloom. The calla sends up its broad leaves and white cups as high as a man's head. The lemon verbena grows into a tree.

In the old-fashioned California gardens, advantage was taken of this prodigal growth, but without much study of arrangement. They were natural gardens of exotics, with curved paths, violet bordered, winding through the shrubbery. Often there was great incongruity in the assembling of plant forms, and the charm lay in the individual plants rather

than in the ensemble.

Over against the natural garden, whether of indigenous or exotic plants, may be set by way of contrast, the formal garden. The Italians are masters of this type of garden architecture, and it is to them that Californians may well turn for inspiration. A formal garden is one arranged according to an architectural plan, with terraces, pools, fountains and watercourses, out-of-door rooms, and some suggestions of architectural or sculptural adornment. It would be possible to design a formal garden exclusively or mainly of indigenous plants, but this would unnecessarily cramp the artist in his work. By having a choice of all the tem-

perate plants of the world, the landscape gardener is given limitless power of expression in his art. It is, of course, a prime essential to consider the effects of massing and grouping, the juxtaposition of plants that seem to belong together, and a due regard for harmony in color scheme.

Another type which may be studied by the Californians to great advantage is the Japanese garden. Conventional to a degree with which the Western mind cannot be expected to sympathize, it is, nevertheless, a miniature copy of nature made with that consummate esthetic taste characteristic of the Japanese race. The garden as they conceive it must have its mimic mountains and lakes, its rivulets spanned by arching bridges, its special trees and stones, all prescribed and named according to certain stereotyped plans. But despite all this conservatism and conventionality, the details are free and graceful, with a completeness and subtlety of finish that makes the Western garden seem crude and commonplace by comparison. Their carved gates, patterned bamboo fences, stone lanterns, thatched summer-houses, and other ornamental accessories are original and graceful in every detail. Like the Italians, the Japanese make use of retired nooks and out-of-door rooms, while artificial watercourses are

features of their gardens.

My desire in calling especial attention to these two types of gardens developed by races as widely sundered as the Italian and the Japanese, is not that we in California should imitate either, or make a vulgar mixture of the two, but, rather, by a careful study of both, to select those features which can be best adapted to our life and landscape, so that a new and distinctive type of garden may be evolved here, based upon the best examples of foreign lands. As to the precise form which this new garden type of California should assume, it is perhaps premature to say, but one thing is vital, that at least a portion of the space should be sequestered from public view, forming a room walled in with growing things and yet giving free access to light and air. To accomplish this there must be hedges or vine-covered walls or trellises, with rustic benches and tables to make the garden habitable. If two or more of these bowers are planned, connected by sheltered paths, a center of interest for the development of the garden scheme will be at once available. My own preference for a garden for the simple home is a compromise between the natural and formal types -a compromise in which the carefully studied plan is concealed by a touch of careless grace that makes it appear as if nature had unconsciously made bowers and paths and sheltering hedges.

In the selection of plants there is one point which may be well kept in mind—to strive for a mass of bloom at all periods of the year. A little study of the seasons at which various species flower will enable one to have his garden a constant carnival of gay color. As the China lilies and snowdrops wane in midwinter, the iris puts forth its royal purple blossoms, followed by the tulips, the cannas, the geraniums and the roses (both of which latter are seldom entirely devoid of blossoms). In midsummer there are eschscholtzias, poppies, hollyhocks, sweet peas and marigolds, while chrysanthemums bloom in the autumn and early winter. These are but the slightest hints of the way in which a study of the floral procession of the seasons makes it possible to keep the garden aglow with color at all seasons of the year.

Let us, then, by all means, make the most of our gardens, studying them as an art, - the extension of architecture into the domain of life and light. Let us have gardens wherein we can assemble for play or where we may sit in seclusion at work; gardens that will exhilarate our souls by the harmony and glory of pure and brilliant color, that will nourish our fancy with suggestions of romance as we sit in the shadow of the palm and listen to the whisper of rustling bamboo; gardens that will bring nature to our homes and chasten our lives by contact with the purity of the great Earth Mother.

CHARLES KEELER.

### Consolatio.

So while our Mother spreads her gates apart For those who enter boundless life today, She cries "All hail!" to speed them on their way, "All hail!" and then-"Farewell!" And in the secret chambers of her heart There echoes low the same farewell and hail For those who in the life immortal dwell. She bids them forward go,-

Limitless lands explore,-

Calls sweetly to them: "Still my children, though I see your upturned faces here no more!" And unto us: "Be strong!

God's years are sure and long.

There is time enough and room enough for all The work and all the sorrow 'neath the sun;

Do well today: today is never done:

If one world fail, another answereth your call."

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

From "Consolatio," a Memorial Ode, read at the Annual Commencement of Stanford University, May 25, 1903.

### George Sterling's Poems.



POET of the first magnitude has risen. We cannot judge or criticize him by casual reading, nor get to the full depth of his meaning without a great deal of thought on our part, for this man is one of the great poets. What at first seems egotism is becoming modesty after reading this remarkable collection.

> I tremble with the splendid weight. To mine unworth 'tis given to know How dread the charge I undergo Who claim the holy Muse as mate.

Remiss the ministry they bear Who serve her with divided heart; She stands reluctant to impart Her strength to purpose, end or care.

With no "divided heart" does he follow his "unrelenting quest," and on no weak wing is his sustained flight into regions of immensity hitherto measured for us in meaningless millions of miles, and the trite words—myriad, eternity, &on. We are made to feel at once the immensity and the minuteness of our thinking souls, and made to grasp the finiteness of the expanse of the starlit heavens, and, more than all, the encircling vastness of God.

These splendid excursions of the poet are for the most part found in the title poem of the collection, "The Testimony of the Suns," in which the questions of Life and the Purpose of Life are asked of the great stars, which give no answer. The theme is black and without hope, and we are depressed by despair while traversing the spaces of the stars and learning their reality and magnitude by actual sight and contact.

But the resonant stanzas fill us with wonder; the rolling of the words,

massive and thunderous, is suggestive of the rotundity of Virgil.

The following disconnected stanzas serve to show the style and scope of the poem:

O armies of eternal night, How flame your guidons on the dark! Silent we turn from Time to hark What final Orders sway your might.

Deem we their enginery was not, Far in the dim, eternal past? Deem we eternity at last Will find their thunders unbegot?

### IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

Deem ye the Eternal Mind will change The throned infinity of law That never æon altered saw In all the Past's eternal range?

O dream not all the worlds fulfil! Unblest, unbidden, save of hope. Not for finality the scope And strength of that unaltered Will.

Shall Godhead dream a transient thing? Strives He for that which now He lacks? Shall Law's dominion melt as wax At touch of Hope's irradiant wing?

Are these the towers His hands have wrought? Dreams He the dream of end and plan Dear to the finity of man,
And shall mutation rule His thought?

On Law ye serve with kindred might, Atom and world that hold her ways; The firefly's mote, the comet's blaze, Are equal in her perfect sight.

Without beginning, aim or end; Supreme, incessant, unbegot; The systems change, but goal is not, Where the Infinities attend.

Deem ye their armaments confess A source of mutable desire? Think ye He mailed His thought in fire And called from night and nothingness

And armed for Time their high array?
Dream ye Infinity was bent
Upon a whim, a drama spent
Within an instant of His day?

Think ye He broke His dream indeed, And rent His deep with fearful Pow'rs, That Man inherit fadeless bow'rs? Since He desires, He knows a need.

Nay! stable His Infinity, Beyond mutation or desire. The visions pass. The worlds expire, Unfathomed still their mystery. Wouldst set the Crown upon thy brow? Wouldst still the Scorpion's heart of fire? Wouldst tread the arc of Rigel's gyre, Or greet the God his worlds avow?

How vast the gulfs of man's desire! Children of Change, we dream to share The battle-vigil of Altair, And watch great Fomalhaut expire.

Not alone in this principal work, but also in many of the shorter poems, are found many lines of compacted thought and stately sound, while in a short poem beginning:

Alone I watched one twilight-time A little cloud go by, Remote within the fairer clime Of sunset's gleaming sky.

So far, so bright, it drifted on O'er ocean's azure wall, I could but muse of glories gone, In days beyond recall—

there is a calmer and less daring effort, with a lighter music to suit the theme.

His mastery of words is unusual.

The mutter of the troubled drum -

surpasses Dryden in the fitting of the sound to the sense. And in the lines-

Enormous Shuttles of the dark That weave the Everlasting Dream-

the strength of the figure quite equals Coleridge's personification of the Ocean:

His great bright eye most silently Up to the Moon is cast.

This poem, "The Testimony of the Suns," is almost very great, and is the production of a poet of a high order, who unquestionably has better things to do. It is to be regretted that many stanzas are marred by the use of uncouth words, whose frequent repetitions throughout the book point to their being his "pet words." Nevertheless, we ought to forgive Mr. Sterling all his whimsical words and hard names in glad thankfulness for his many noble stanzas, so full of Miltonic grandeur, and for his earnest faith in the great God—a faith told with a majesty of expression reminding us of the Book of Job.

#### IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

His philosophy is, however, appalling rather than convincing, and omits that one all-important step in the evolution of the body of man from the nebula, which step is the breathing into him the breach of Life. This we do well to believe is the imparting to man the essence of God by which he is enabled to understand and control his fate.

The sense of the whole race has always been that that inner something which recognizes Itself is not a growth and is not a material thing, but is a Something with hopes and desires different from all material things,

and It does not obey natural laws.

We have a well founded natural expectation of future existence, in the testimony of our inner selves, for since that inner self recognizes outer material laws, and takes delight in warring against them and conquering them, so we rightly infer and reasonably expect that the law of dissolution will not prevail against It.

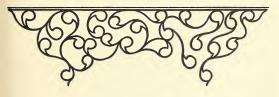
In "the Testimony of the Suns," the hopeless mystery of Life, from the entirely materialistic point of view, is clearly stated in lines of surpassing beauty and power, even though we take a happier view of it

than the closing stanzes:

So shall thy seed on worlds to be, At altars built to suns afar, Crave from the silence of the star Solution of thy mystery;

And crave unanswered, till, denied By cosmic gloom and stellar glare, The brains are dust that bore the pray'r, And dust the yearning lips that cried.

"The Testimony of the Suns, and Other Poems." By George Sterling. San Francisco.
W. E. Wood, 1903. \$1.25 net.



## The Japanese Honest Schoolboy.

"I have some materials to write, though poor in English."

"I think the Humanity of Japan is that of America, and the Truth of Japan is that of America, and, more, the Love of Japan is that of America. So we Japs feel all same with American people in the gladding, sorrowing, and so forth."

#### Bacon's Essay on Dispatch.

HIS morning I have read and considered the paragraph of Dispatch which you appointed for me. I cannot understand quite well about that. I think Mr. Bacon advises us: Every one who begins the start to any business, at first should settle the mind and select one profession, and march step by step for that target, without hurry and without affectation; then he will success the object. On the contrary, the one who wishes to do too many business at once, and is affected all day of his troubles, is like a hunter by Æsop, who had pursued two rabbits at once, and couldn't get no one. He shall fall down vainly with his fatigue, and without success in his business. The power of human kind is limited, so we must taste well and digest well, even in our business, just as in our diet, unless we shall invite disease and fall vainly.

MADAM: As I have only two hours for home-study, and must prepare for my lessons within that short time, so I am too much affected of my study. But I am settled on only one business in my mind, and willing of the advice of Mr. Bacon. \* \* \* I have neither the clear brain to study any deep science, nor have I the sound craft to carry potato-bugs, though I honor both; and also I am not abled to become the smart business man. I will be satisfied if I could master English and get to know somewhat of the state of the business world; then sometimes I will sing out from the corner of the garden to the favor of my Creator.

#### Advantages of a Business Training.

It is a most needful subject for investigating, the advantages of a business training. We understand at first that we must be sociable, one to another, and that human society and the better progressing of it consists totally on the right diligent deeds of us, the elements of which it is composed. We have no wing, so we cannot fly freely as bird; we have only two feet, so we cannot run fastly as quadruped animal; and also we have not fin, so we cannot swim smoothly as fish. Our bodies are wanting

furs to protect them from coldness; our stomachs are not so strong as to digest well raw substances. Therefore, we need cooking for eating, building for living, clothes for protecting coldness, cars for running quickly, balloon for flying, and ship for swimming easily; and as our knowledge and powers are limited, so we cannot arrange all these individually. Thereby the needness of human intercourse happens naturally there. For cooking, cook is needed; for building are needed carpenters, painters, plasterers, etc.; for making clothes is needed clothesmaker; for making machines is needed smith; and to governing our freedom and safety is needed law. Our living is very complicated, and we are made all to work in a given branch of business. And neither butcher can contemn grocer, nor can baker despise gardener, nor officer can laugh on merchant, because all our right and individual deeds are in the same circle of business, for there is no highness or lowness in business. The duties of us schoolboys are like to the President's official duties, as our eyes are in equal business with our ears, and our feet are not inferior in their duties to our hands. So I think we may define business "the systematical, right working." One who looks back, having the plough in his hands, is the foe of business and the disaster of human society.

Business is not only a particular occupation for a livelihood, but it is the most important machine for cultivating the mind of us. See, does not every vice come from idleness and negligence, which are anarchists in the business world? We should clearly recognize that business refers also intimately to morality, and it is our unavoidable duties that we take

some branch of business in this world.

Business is like to army in the system in which it is consisted, by several regiments which also are made up by several kinds of soldiers,infantry, pioneer, cavalry, artillery, and so forth. The army which has the strong power and the superior dignity, we know, is the one every soldier of which is dutiful in the profession of his own kind. As army cannot conquer the enemy unless it has trained well every soldier at beforehand, governing them by education in honor and strict martial law, just so we must prepare for our business, if we would hold human society from the hands of sultans and make it to progress into the so-called "Golden Age." We students who are training now for future business are the archers who will pull the strings of our bows like the full moon. Let our arrows go to the central point of every target. The improving of factories, and making more prosperous the commerce of the world, drawing off war, the enemy of peace in this world, these are our targets. Samuel Smiles said: "National progress is the sum of individual industry, energy and uprightness, as national decay is of individual idleness, selfishness, and vice." This is a good advice to us, for which I will do great applause, holding high my both hands into heaven.

His Plea for Earnestness in the Commercial School, and His Objections to a Proposed Pleasure Excursion.

At our assembly of today afternoon, I have heard again the various movements very important and very interesting from each representative about the topic of a summer recreation for our school. But those have been perceived by me just as disconnected crystals or petals scattering in the wind. Each of them has invincible energy and proper beauty; but in practicing them, there may be some troubles because they are wanting in union. Among them the speech of the old gentle-man from up-stair of his experiences for above eighty years has impressed the greatest sympathetical feeling into my brain, though I could not listen to that quite well, my ears being so troubled for my sorrow.

I believe you will remember that among your pupils is a poor fellow who is living by scraping kettles in kitchens, and whose heart is totally crushed by hardships of world, and whose vigor is vanished wholly so that he is hardly and lonely murmuring "Silent Land," notwithstanding his all comrades are singing bravely "Hail Columbia," and also whose

private hours are naught but his school attending.

Yet if you number even I as your humble pupil, and give me the right to narrate the ideas I honorably believe for myself, I will dare con-

vey to you my urgent proposition.

I wish as much as you desire the blessed fortune and the development of our school; and you know best of the ways to attain those. But I think our school must feed well on the special superiority, and must never imitate other inferior matters. Our school must be like the oak with its roots stretched deeply in all directions, and not as a house established on sand. Little gentle-men and small ladies of so-called High School go often on picnic with the purse given by the parents. That is very good; yes, indeed, right, because they are children. But I do not find the reason why we, the students of our school, must imitate such childish deeds necessarily. Where are our objects directed for? Must we play, doing same tricks as those? Do we not be the people who have determined to pursue business life from the bottom of our hearts?

Those who fight the war of peace are we; who lead the world to true civilization, and who sacrifice the bodies and the spirits honestly and directly for the natural human duties, are we. "Time is money," and "We must work," these should be the good maxims of us. Please let us be in the fact and cash of everything, and not use even one second of time or one cent of money in vain. Do never cry for "Golden Age" only with mouth; let us strive practically and firmly for that target, step by

step, with untired wings.

It may profit us more or less of our health to do picnic in open air,

but I believe the firmness of mind makes us far healthier. To play with butter-fly and to jump with flower may be the elegant deeds for poet or philosopher, but not for us business-people. Train runs; field appears; flower is red; grass is green; river flows; mountain stands high; clouds roll; wind blows;—that is all. How much are our net gains there? Will not our resources be exhausting? To sink by torpedo or to be crushed with gun, those do not make us fear; but the Liabilities are the dreadful hateable enemy of us. For this cause it was that I gave white vote.

Therefore, I wish sincerely to reform our program for that day as

follows, if you please:

9 to 12 A. M. Story-talking or the speech of any interesting matter. 12 to 1 P. M. Musics so exquisite as to wake up our vigor; and

then photographing the all-members.

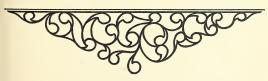
Note.—The cause that I have chiefly introduced music is to please our ears in order to keep the balance of our senses, because we are using the hands and eyes for daily lessons, as penmanship, typewriting, bookkeeping, shorthand, etc. An ancient sage said: "Ear is the gate to

knowledge."

If you accept the motion of this Cosmopolitan from the Far East and all comrades agree pleasantly with me, that will be very happy. Then through all the day everybody would enjoy equally and freely without being troubled either of the hours or of the weather, while you should get rid of anxiety that any accident might happen upon your numerous pupils. Last Saturday it rained as much as we could not go at all on picnic, which is the clear sign significated that the picnic is opposed to Nature. If there are some ones wish picnic very much, let them prolong a while till they graduate in their studies, and after then make it grandly in great scale either in Africa or Asia; there they would, I am sure, be profited a great deal.

John Sagara.

Note: - These papers have been selected by Thirza Petch Redfield from the many submitted in the usual course of school work.



## THE SIMPLE HOME

By CHARLES KEELER

A discussion of the architectural construction and furnishing of the home-building, including. The Spirit of the Home, The Garden, The Building of the Home, The Furnishing of the Home, Home Life.

The intention of the writer may best be shown by quoting the brief preface, as follows:

 $A^{\rm LL} \ \, the arts are modes of expressing the One Meels, but the ideal must be rooted in the soil of the real, the practical, the utilitation. Thus it happens that architecture, the most utilitation of the data, underlies all other expressions of the ideal and of all architecture, and movement toward a simple, a truer, a more vital art expression, is now taking place in California. It is a movement which involves painters and posts, composers and subjects, and only lacks to ordination to give it a significant influence upon modern life. One of the first steps in this movement, it seems to me, should be to involve more wided the thought of the simple home—or emphasize the goods of the simple life, to scatter broadest the faith is nimple beause.$ 

movement, it seems to me, should be to introduce more whely the chought of the simple home —
movement, it seems to me, should be to introduce more whely the chought of the simple home —
to emphasize the goupel of the simple life, to scatter broadcast the faith in simple beauty, to make
prevalent the conviction that we must five at before we can create it.

The following brief easys on the simple home are written from the standpoint of a layer
architecture, and are mainly intraded to present, as graphically and suggestively as such slight treatment enables, certain types of the simple home which may be infused with an att spirit. From
such homes, I forbily believe, will come not only the attists of the future, but the public, whose
who homes, I forbily believe, will come not only the attists of the future, but the public, whose

faith and support are essential to the permanence of art life in a community.

The volume is illustrated with ten photographs of typical "simple homes" or those that otherwise have a bearing on the text. Bound in canvas, paper label. Price, postpaid, 75 cents net.

Paul Elder and Company, Publishers, 238 Post Street, San Francisco

## PSYCHOLOGICAL YEAR BOOK

By JANET YOUNG

A volume of Quotations for every day in the year, showing that the power of thought and a right use of the will may attain good results, improve conditions and bring success.

The compiler states in an introductory note:

HESE quotations have been gathered from many writers—ancient and modern. Among authorities quoted are Goethe, Ruskin, Coleridge, Rembrandt, Balras, Among Emerson, Robert Browning, Robert Louis Stevenson, Phillip Gilbert Hamerton and Prentice Mulford. The utterances reveal the great underlying meaning of life—the development of the higher good. By searching diligently, consciously and effectively, these teachings may be applied to practical veryed-pain peeds.

The typography of the volume is distinctive—an agreeable departure from that of the conventional "year book." Bound in attractive flexible cover with an original illuminated design. Price, net, 50 cents. Also bound in flexible grained lambskin, extra, with fly-leaves of Japanese paper, boxed. Price, \$1.50 net.

Nore: The "grained lambskin" used in this binding will prove to be more durable than the "ooze" leather so prevalent, and more agreeable to the touch.

Paul Elder and Company, Publishers, 238 Post Street, San Francisco



AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE ART OF PRINTING AND OF THE ALLIED ARTS



By the soundness of its teachings and the example of its mechanical beauty, THE PRINTING ART bids fair to do more to raise the standard of American typographic taste than any other force now at work.—The Dial, Chicago.



THIS magazine is a new form of publication, illustrating by actual exhibits the present-day styles in printing and bookpages, illustration and design, together with important articles by
well-known men of letters and authoritative writers. It is not concerned with technical or trade matters, but artistic and productive
phases. It affords suggestion and specific information for publishers, printers, buyers of printing, and booklovers. Its typography is real, and will therefore endure. It was started in March,
1903. The first issue is out of print, but subscriptions can begin
with April (No. 2) as long as the early numbers remain in print.
Subscription price, \$5.00 per year; 50 cents per copy. Write for
pamphlet giving an outline of contents and expressions from those
who are now receiving it regularly, also our book premium offer.

## Special Offer to "Impressions" Subscribers

To introduce "The Printing Art" to readers of "Impressions" we will send free, as a premium, the January and February, 1904, issues on receipt of \$5.00 to pay for a year's subscription to begin with March, 1904 (Vol. III, No. 1). This will give you fourteen copies of the magazine for the price of twelve. Send on subscription at once if you desire to receive the benefit of this offer.

Address: The University Press, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

# THE GRIFFIN SERIES

OF HIGH CLASS NEW FICTION AT A LOW PRICE

#### The Westcotes

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. Illustrated by J. L. G. Ferris. 12mo. Cloth, gilt, \$1.00. "A delightful story, told in his usual felicitous style."—Chicago Jeurnal.

#### Kent Fort Manor

By William Henry Barcock, author of 
"The Tower of Wye." Illustrated by W. 
Sherman Potts, 12mo. Cloth, gilt, §1.00. 
The scene of Mr. Baboock's new novel is laid in the 
Chespack Bay, and acreni of the chief characters are 
former book, but the time is that of the Civil War. 
There is a curious psychological problem of inherited 
memory luredred in the plot which is sure to struct 
"An interenting narrative."—Pails Optimia, N.T.

#### A Victim of Conscience

By MILTON GOLDSMITH, author of "Rabbi and Priest," etc. Illustrated by Stephen J. Ferris. 12mo. Cloth, gilt, §1.00.
"Really a good story, and one which by its buoyant humor, its sustained and its admirable characterizations, is likely to enlist the interest of a large portion of the reading publish: "Philiadelphia Publish Publish Publish.

#### The Tu-Tze's Tower

By Louise Brits Edwards, author of "A Friend of Cara's," etc. Illustrated by John Sloam. 12mo. Cloth, gilt, §1.00. Henry Haynin, in the Boston Time, 2275: "A wonderfully interesting novel. It is indeed a great novel. It is Inhilling view of adventure and romance, it is full seldom equals." the style in one only beautiful but seldom equals."

#### The Archierey of Samara

A Russian novel, by HENRY ILIOWIZI, author of "The Weird Orient," "In the Pale," etc. Illustrated by Stephen J. Ferris. 12mo. Cloth, gilt, \$1.00.

This is a thrilling story of some very interesting phases of Russian life by one who knows his subject thoroughly, having been born and passed his carry years in the Russian province of which he writes. It will be found of absorbing interest and of much osciological value. The seene is laid in the district to which attention is now being called by the recent massers.

"Is told with such passion that, having once taken it up, one cannot fail to read it." Lautville Pest.

The New Companion to "Crankisms" and "Whimlets"

## **Brevities**

By L. DE V. MATTHEWMAN, author of "Crankisms." With 100 Illustrations by Clare Victor Dwiggins. Sq. 16mo. Illuminated Cover. Net, 80 cents. By mail, 88 cents.

Mr. Matthewman and Mr. Dwiggins both made enviable reputations by the unusual cleverness of their respective work in "Crankisms" published two years ago, and which has gained an increasing vogue.

# Japan and Her People

By Anna C. Hartshorne. Illustrated with 50 photogravures. 2 vols. Crown 8 vo. Cloth extra, gilt top, in cloth box, \$4.00 net. Three-quarters crushed morocco, gilt top, \$8.00 net. By mail, 40 cents additional.

Miss Hartshorne writes of Japan and the Japanese people from an intimate knowledge of her subject at first hand, having been a resident of the country and brought closely in touch with native life. The book will take rank as a thorough exposition of the Island Kingdom, and is written in a charming style.

HENRY T. COATES & CO. PUBLISHERS

# Without Prejudice

¶ Under this general heading The Reader Magazine has arranged with MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL to write a series of short essays on life and literature, to appear throughout the year.

¶ The April number of the magazine, which will be enlarged, will contain the first instalment.

¶ Several years ago the author of "Merely Mary Ann" wrote many brilliant sketches under this title—Without Prejudice—that afterwards, gathered into book form, attracted much attention. It is a phrase that so aptly represents Mr. Zangwill's attitude towards life that he is enthusiastic over this opportunity to write under it once again.

¶ In a recent letter he assures the publishers that "it shall be the play of a free mind on all subjects treated in a literary way." Readers who are acquainted with Mr. Zangwill's graceful and amusing gift of saying something that no one has ever said before will understand what he means when he says, "the play of a free mind."

> This series will begin in the April Number of THE READER MAGAZINE Price, twenty-five cents a copy, three dollars a year

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, U.S.A.

# The Hicks-Judd Company Printers and Bookbinders

Our specialty is fine bookbinding. We are direct importers of high-grade leathers, which, with artistic workmanship, enables us to produce perfect results in the bookbinding art. Samples and prices will be submitted upon application....



21-23 First Street, San Francisco
Telephone Main 1320

## A. Zellerbach & Sons

#### The Paper House

We are headquarters for Fancy Cover Papers. New lines constantly being received. Our latest is STRATFORD Deckle-Edge Parchment and ITALA Deckle-Edge Cover—beautiful time suitable for fine booklets, programs, folders, etc. Full and complete stock of all grades of paper. Our new catalogue will be issued about March frieenth.



416 to 426
Sansome Street, San Francisco
Paper used in this publication
supplied by us

## O. Kai & Company

1 1

Importers of Japanese Art Goods. Main office, Tokio, Japan. Established 1886. & & Telephone Black 3566.



3 1 6 Kearny Street San Francisco : : : California

## THE ASAHI

2 2

Japanese Embroidery and Drawn Work a Specialty. Beautiful Presents. Easy to send to your friends

by mail. & & & & &

2 2 4 Post Street San Francisco::: California A. C. McClurg & Co. announce the publication in February of an important new work by Irene Grosvenor Wheelock, on

# The Birds of California

The author and publishers have been engaged in the preparation of this work for two years. It is the result of an extensive and painstaking study of the birds of California and the adjacent regions, principally in their own haunts. It will supply to the student and the general reader accurate and much needed information. The author has personally visited and studied most of the species described, and her book is intended to be all that the most exacting student may require. All the species regularly found in this region, some 300, may be identified by means of the simple keys furnished, while an Appendix gives a list of the remaining species. There will be to beautiful full-page plates and 78 interesting text drawings by Bruce Horsfall. The Birds of California will be a compact volume 600 pages, bound serviceably in limp leather, suitable for carrying in the field.

Price, \$2.50 net

A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers, Chicago

# ANY SUBSCRIBER TO THE CRAFTSMAN

For Nineteen Hundred & Four, at the regular subscription price of Three Dollars, who has received no other premium, may, at his request, be enrolled in the membership of the

#### CRAFTSMAN HOMEBUILDERS CLUB

He will then be entitled to obtain COMPLETE PLANS and SPECIFICATIONS of any one of TWELVE HOUSES to be described and illustrated in the CRAFTSMAN HOUSE SERIES of 1904. An illustrated brochure, giving detailed information regarding the HOMEBULDERS CLUS and two copies of the MAGEZBRE will be sent to any address, upon receipt of twenty-five cents,

GUSTAV STICKLEY, 98 CRAFTSMAN BUILDING, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

AN ART WORK OF EXCEPTIONAL DISTINCTION AND AUTHORITY

By JOHN LA FARGE

## Great Masters

CONTAINING RARELY SYMPATHETIC CRITICAL BIOGRAPHIES OF MICHEL-ANGELO, RAPHAEL, REMBRANDT, RUBENS, VELASQUEZ, DURER AND HOKUSAI

Illustrated with sixty-seven fine full-page engravings

A BOOK which stands at the head of the art works of the year because of the pre-eminence of its author, and the beauty of its making. No one could be more fitted for the writing of such a book than Mr. La Farge. To a critical ability, which is nothing less than genius, he unites an almost inspired sympathy with the great masters of all ages and all countries. In this book he has presented the master painters with a true appreciation of the humanity in their lives and their works.

Net, \$5.00 ; Pestpaid, \$5.30.

Every connoisseur and every lover of the beautiful

-SAYS THE PITTSBURG GAZETTE-

will be enraptured by this handsome volume

# French and English Furniture

By ESTHER SINGLETON

Author of "The Furniture of Our Forefathers"

THIS sumptuously illustrated book tells you more about the different styles of furniture— Jacobean, Chippendale, Louis XV, etc.,—than any other book ever written. It tells it in pictures and text. There are 69 full-page illustrations with more than 500 separate items; 12 complete interiors, 200 pieces of furniture, innumerable details.

Net, \$5.00; Pertpaid, \$5.32.

The Fanciful and Amusing California Romance

The Reign of Queen Isyl
By GELETT BURGESS AND WILL IRWIN

Has Reached Its Second Edition

Publishers McClure, Phillips & Company New York

## Impression Broadsides

DITED by Paul Elder, designed by W. S. Wright. These are words of vigor and encouragement, beautiful expressions of uplifting thought. Printed in legible Old English text, sufficiently large to be easily read on the wall. Mr. Wright's designs are marked by exquisite care in detail and proporties.

Wright's designs are marked by exquisite care in detail and proportion in the lettering, with very pleasing freedom and originality expressed in the decorative schemes of the illuminated borders and initials.

Each Broadside, size 9½ x 7, with fly-leaf. Price, 15 cents net. Mounted on mat board. Price, 35

cents net; by mail, 40 cents. Framed in appropriate woods. Price, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

"Then Welcome Each Rebuff."

Robert Browning.

2 Inspiration. Tennyson.

Peace. Edward Rowland Sill.

4 Work, Life, Happiness. Hindu Maxim.

"Climb the Mountains." John Muir.

6 The Truth That Is Real. David Starr Jordan.

7 "Let Not Him That Seeketh Cease."

Sayings of Jesus.

8 Life, Edward Rowland Sill.

9 A Prayer for the Day's Help. R. L. S.

10 "The Best Things Are Nearest."

11 Work, Play, and Happiness. Gelett Burgess.

12 "O for a Booke and a Shadie Nooke."





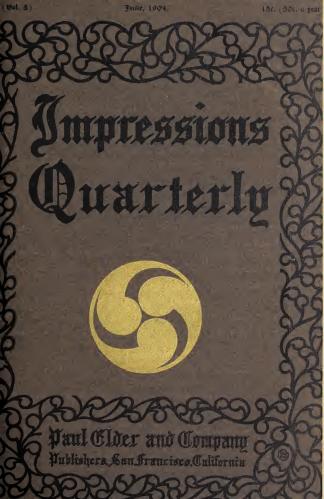
E insist upon excellence of execution in all of our work, and believe in the judgment of the public to thoroughly appreciate simplicity in decoration and the real usefulness of truthtelling illustrations as evidenced in all our books. Samples, suggestions and estimates upon application.



The Tomoye Press
144 Union Square Avenue, San Francisco
California







# Impressions Quarterly

birds magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and are: mublimed quarterly. Edited by Paul Elder.

the second of th

CANAL St. 1924, St PALL ELDER AND COMPANY

# Tune, 1904

#### Contents

| Mujorithes and Modern Denna -       | - by Grace Limithyn Julia |    |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|----|
| Natur and the Timmun Spirit Second, | pur.<br>15 Aleine Kupp    | 42 |
| Ina D. Coubrith                     | - by among French John    | 45 |
| The Gran Beautiful. (A Redew)       | J. Dora Anolla            | 49 |
| The Fire-Bringer. (A Beslew) -      | . by Ernest Segal Moore   | 35 |
| The Land of Liede Kale (A Reder)    | by Datable 35,172,        | 5* |
| The Simile Home                     |                           | 59 |

#### Frontispiece

Limb the Montalis - ty John and Brander harmed to H. R. Works

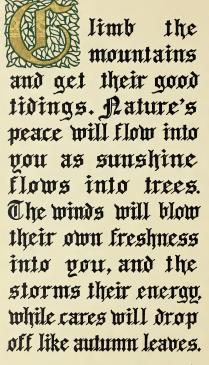
#### Bibliography

I have been de Andre Court for a first transfer for the Kele. The original for the first form of the f

a Lorenzy View (Σ (nb. 15) Main Augen. (n). In m. N. J. 1997; Herr Berth. H. Baston, 1907. In home by Pla & Co. \$1.50. (1917). (1917). At the months, \$5.50 m. (1917).

0 - 0 11 pm - 11 pm - 0 pm





John Muir



#### Marionettes and Modern Drama.

N THE catalogue of the old theatres of Venice of that seventeenth century, when the play, as we know it today, began to house itself in public places, we find, under the title of a new drama to be represented in the theatre of San Moïsè, a dedication reading thus:

"To the Genius of the Curious.

" Curious Sirs:-

"You who yearn to know the hidden secrets of Art and Nature, give courteous welcome to this work consecrated to your spirit and come to wonder at this prodigy of Art in narrow limits, and you will stand amazed at the glory of human wit that with mute gestures animates dumb wood, and, confused, you must declare that in small figures Art can do more than Nature.

"Your devoted servant,

"Good Humor."

The catalogue proceeds to tell us that this work, —"Damira Placata," put to music by Marc Antonio Ziani and dedicated to the curious, — was represented by figures of wonderful contrivance (in the Italian, fantocci, or Marionettes), and the music was therefore really executed by singers behind the scenes.

This theatre of San Moïsè was one of the oldest of Venice, built in the early years of 1600 by the noble family of Giustiniani, and it was here, in 1810, that the young Rossini's first opera was given, the success of

which made him "the idol of the gondoliers."

Today, hidden in a dark court and reached by the narrowest of stony ways, its lantern bears the illuminated title of "Teatro Minerva," and its well-seasoned stage receives again wandering companies of Marionettes.

Side by side with the entrance to the theatre is the stage entrance to the green room of the Marionettes. The calle is narrow, and the jutting copings of the old chimneys high above almost shut out the sky, until just past the swinging doors of the theatre it widens agreeably into the

cortile of an old palace with its abandoned coat of arms.

The stage entrance, by which we may fancy the immortal heroes of the puppet world, the fair damsels and gay prima donnas and resistless masks to slip in and out, enveloped in Venetian fog, turns abruptly up a long wooden stairway. We come out of the creaking obscurity of the stairs into a sort of loft into which the light pours gaily from two high windows, magnifying a group of actors hanging in mute, wide-eyed submission from the rafters; frivolous ballet dancers of fantastic operettas,

fierce villains and gentle heroines all at peace at last, survey us with the unfriendly glances of a fairy-land on which mortal folk have unwittingly intruded.

We murmur apologies for our stumbling entrance into this green room of romance, but a man of our own kind appearing from behind the properties, we take courage, seeing that the Marionettes are really only pigmies beside him, and lifting our eyes discover a network of wires and rafters and beams like the cobwebs of some giant brain, on which dangle romantic creatures of song and story, only waiting the sign of a human hand to play their parts before us:—

> "Il magazzino delle Marionette un' oscura Stamberga dove pendano a ferrei regolini Sospesi in alto, retti da un filo i burattini"—

(the store-room of the Marionettes, a dingy loft where, suspended from their high iron rafters, the puppets hang straight from their threads).

There they are, the creatures of imperishable genius, the traditional Italian masks, not dead effigies to handle carelessly, but the actual faults and virtues, petty failings and human weaknesses of a people, personified in that dramatic spirit which is the natural moral disposition of the Italians. Pantalone, the man of affairs, a jealous old merchant who would play the fair Ganymede, in his doublet of crimson and long black mantle, with scarlet hose worn alla Vineziano, and a mask the mere sight of which set the people laughing —

Un Vineziano vestito di sotto Che'l pareva un gambero cotto Viso lungo e naso grosso Un cortello aveva in dosso—

Arlecchino, ever hungry and in love, hero of innumerable adventures, bold as a lion—according to his own accounts—irresistible in his grotesque, vari-colored suit, black mask and slouch felt hat, carrying a wooden sword on the model of the knife used to beat the flax! Meneghino of Milan, with his lisping dialect and good-natured drollery; Pulcinella, worthy ancestor of our English Punch; fair Colombina, the betrothed of Florindo, immortal serving maid dear to Goldoni, whom Arlecchino calls, in his most endearing tones,

"Colomba, Colombina, Colombin, Colombeta, Ti ga una spago in testa mo siestu benedeta."

Here is their national comedy, and here the popular and profane spirit resists still as it resisted through the Renaissance the false current of translated arguments and lifeless personages stuffed with pedantic phrases. Here we might write the motto of the ancient academies of music:

### IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

For of all man's theatres, the theatre of the Marionettes lies nearest his heart, nearest that unspoiled childhood of Art and Nature, whose actors are of a world more luminous than this, the world of our longings and our dreams: "On est bien dans ce monde et on s'y repose de l'autre."

Who does not remember those creatures of our child life "before we put away childish things," how more real than the real world they filled up that vast place in our hearts that "grown up people" failed to reach, how in this rude semblance of wood and kid we saw inwardly a beauty and a grace not all the after joys could bring us, that sort of

material shrine that alone could solace us for our lost heaven!

So the Italian Marionettes are the only dolls left unspoiled to the world of today; nursed by the fancy of a child people, in their gaudy satins and tinsel gilt, their flaunting harlequin and lisping fool may still speak to us of the sunny mornings and early candle light of childhood. Like the fairies of "once upon a time" they have been miraculously preserved from generation to generation in their imperishable freshness for the eternal consolation of man's spirit. Much may be forgiven them, for they have diverted much—even while they have realized often only the beau ideal of human folly and human vice. In them as into the dolls of childhood the people have put their wisdom and applied their morals, even as Molière's "Tartuffe," masked in ridicule: "L'bypocrisie telle que je la veux peindre est ville et abominable, mais elle porte un masque et tout masque est susceptible de faire rire." The mighty comedy of Falstaff or the tragic buffoonery of Rigoletto can find no truer source than the masks of these same puppets.

Who says that the Italian genius stopped short of the development of national drama? Say rather it kept alive the only source of all drama, the national genius of the people, the traditions of the impromptu, "la commedia all' improvviso, alla Italiana," as it was ever called in France. Of such human stuff Goldoni and Verdi alike drew their truest inspiration. "Thus storms and implores, thus lauds and weeps and curses the

passion of their race."

As the child is given its doll inanimate, so Italian genius received the outward form of its wooden puppets from the source of all its art forms—ancient Greece. Aristotle himself tells of Marionettes, writing of those who when they would move and work real dolls of wood pull the thread corresponding to one of the members and that member obeys immediately, and the neck turns, the head bends, the eyes move, the hands lend themselves to every movement—in a word, the entire little person of wood seems alive and animated. And the Romans in their simulacra and oscilla continued to pull the strings of these dearest of human toys offering to Saturn or Bacchus their tiny images of mortality. When the pagan gods were fallen and the dramatic genius of the race

found expression in the Christian miracle plays, these immortal little creatures of wood grew in numbers and strength with the masks, and while the erudite world clung to their classic comedies, the national disposition of the people with truer sense was sounding the fresh depths of the Impromptu. Out of the delightful world of troubadours and tellers of fableaux, out of the ingenuous art of the Minnesinger and the Court Jester, grafted on the simplest forms of the Latin Mimi and Atellane—mimics and country buffoons—came this new Italian theatre, popular

and profane, the cantefable acted by the people.

On the stage of the Marionettes the dialects still play a part, living symbol of Italy's ancient divisions and of the lively differences in their characteristics. Against these old dialects, the spoken languages that still persist in spite of broken lances and united Italy, the crusade today is strong, led by that great army of the modern Latins whose vision is of a grande patria umana, and whose righteous ambition is to efface all past differences that have ever divided duchy from duchy, city from city. "Is it worth while," they cry, "that the good God omnipotent gives us eyes trained to see the whole of the world and its greatness, if we are obstinately to persist in a form of words, a turn of expression which becomes Arabic beyond the next bridge? Or is it worth one's while to have talent and to feel oneself an artist if what inspired our minds and is produced in fine and good art be destined for the four cats of one's native village?"

But we who do not suffer from any such manifold and characteristic expressions of art as find form in these dialects and distinctive masks, and have rather a need of such symbols, such warmth of color and glow of fancy as gladden the company of the Mascbere, let us live for a while with these imaginative beings of human faults and weaknesses, grace and jesting, in whom we shall find the reflection of all the human passions, toutes les passions iternelles. Let us for the nonce renounce steam and electricity, X-rays, and all we have invented and created, and let us indeed return to traveling in coaches, go to bed by the oil lamps and

make love dancing the minuet.

It is said that five hundred years ago a certain fair Neapolitan, Marionetta, skilled in song and recitation, had fallen from the good graces of the queen, Johanna II of Naples, and fled to France with her father. There they put up a rude theatre for wooden puppets. So clever were these miniature actors, and so full of new inventions in song and story, that the fair Marionetta and her father were declared magicians, and to escape being burned alive went back to Italy, leaving behind them the immortal name of their Marionettes.

If you happened to be in Venice on the feast day of the Epiphany, I would beg you to come with me to the Masque of the Magi. You

would find a crowd of the Venetian popolo at the door and a stamping of little wooden shoes in the pit; but being a stranger and an Americano, you would give a franc instead of a penny and take your place in a box, for boxes there are even there, in which you pose as a Signore, and have your sweetmeats handed up to you by the vender in the pit, and where you enjoy the seclusion of a chair and two wooden benches and the admiration of a hundred pair of soft Venetian eyes. There is a stringed orchestra, too, that plays, con motho sentimento, a pastoral of Mattei, and the curtain rises and you forget the harsh world of Progress and Reality, and you hear the voice of the people and watch their puppets picturing the tale of the Christ anew with a simplicity and a gentleness that all the great world's money can never buy! There is the guiding star in the sky and the three Magi, who refuse even the hospitality of Herod, for they say in chorus:

"Il nostro scopo è di veder questo neo-nato."

And there at last, before the Heart of the World, kneel peasants and masks, and wisdom and power, wise men and kings, while the shabby

orchestra plays a tender lullaby.

And afterwards, when the youthful audience have enjoyed their feast day entracte, of which a perfume of orange peel and sweet drinks comes up to your box, you will have a ballet and an old fairy tale of the masks, and a charming prima donna, a blue satin creature, who will touch you more than all the metropolitan stars, and will sing to you of "Gioie fugaci"; and you will yield at last to the rapture of it all, a rapture that is real, and you will know the secret of the Italian's passion for the stage. It is the glory of our kid dolls returned, the utter abandon to a fancy that does not fade. And when Faccanapa comes forward at the end of the play and bows, his three-cornered hat in hand and his characteristic and traditional queue plaintively curled up behind, and begs indulgence from his gentle audience,—"Vi chiedo perdona nobile audienza,"—we go back at last to our big world with strange regret.

Italian genius that loves life in its passion and its torments; Italian art with its accent of simplicity, its acute feeling, its immediate revelation, "its sense of the real and its distaste of the abstruse," found this spon-

taneous expression in the wooden puppets of the people.

It may seem a far cry from Masks and Marionettes and the Italian Commedia dell'arte to the modern drama and the Yeats's myth and the making and understanding of its steps of horn and ivory. You say the centuries and all that the world calls progress roll between. But I would read you an answer of the riddle out of words Mr. Yeats himself has written on the drama:

"The days of the drama are brief, and come but seldom. It has one

day when the emotions of cities still remember the emotions of sailors and husbandmen and shepherds and users of the spear and the bow; as the houses and furniture and earthen vessels of cities, before the coming of machinery, remember the rocks and the woods and the hillside; and it has another day now beginning, when thought and scholarships discover their desire. In the first day, it is the Art of the people, and in the second day, like the dramas acted of old times in the hidden places of temples, it is the preparation of a Priesthood."

Now we have seen there is still something left us of that earlier day in whose light and warmth we may do well to linger, even on the threshold of the hidden temple. Under the influence of its broad humanity of universal types, the oft-quoted sentence of Dumas that the true tragedy needs but two trestles, four boards, two actors and a passion, becomes suddenly intelligible; and the protest of Mr. Yeats against the base externality of the modern "theatre of commerce," that demands nothing of our imagination and only plays as an excitant on our jaded nerves, is

strangely apposite.

The late M. Larroumet, in one of his conferences at the Theatre of the Odeon, in Paris, once said: "You know, Mesdames et Messieurs, that among the eternal sentiments and emotions over which humanity becomes impassioned, laughs or weeps, there are certain ones that always

return to us at different epochs and varying intervals of time."

Many are the readers of the modern Celtic drama of Mr. Yeats who pretend to be confused by the spell of his symbolism, who would rather that he should "build in brick and mortar inside the covers of a book" than so yield us the living image of his imagination. They would rather not receive at first hand "the second sight of the mind," so jaded is their fancy, so dim the mirror of their dream faculty; they want an explanation of the visions. The age of Mechanisms and Critics is not sure of its foothold in that limitless land of the imagination; in spite of the marvels of its motor power, its joints limp and creak when it would follow the sweep of the fiery chariot into that "eternal world of the imagination where exist the eternal realities of everything which we see reflected in the vegetable glass of nature."

And yet it is still symbolism in another disguise that is really the art form of the Italian Masks. It is the universal permanent type behind the traditional conventionalized habit and gesture. The lively, fertile and facile imagination of the Italian actors of the Impromptu made this expression possible. Against that masquerade of archetypes the comedy

of manners stood out in high relief.

"In the theatre," say's a French critic, "nothing of the old order altogether dies, and nothing is really born altogether new; in other words, of every organism that decays, a part passes into a new body, and in every new body there is something of the ancient substance." Look, then, at the Italian Harlequin, whose origin is so remote as to seem part of the inmost fibre of man's romantic nature, and the study of whose symbol would be a liberal education in the humanities. Marmontel wrote of him that he was a mixture of ingenuousness, naïveté, wit, stupidity and grace; a sketch of a man, a great child with glimmerings of intelligence and reason indescribably commingled with awkwardness, with the comic and the piquant, whose role was that of a faithful, credulous, sometimes lovesick valet, and whose sorrow was as prompt and as charming as his joyousness. Now, the fable of this immortal creature of the old Italian Mimes is strangely like the fable of the symbolic fool of Mr. Yeats's "Hour-Glass." In spite of all the buffoonery of his play and the grossness of his manners, the Arlecchino of the Marionettes speaks yet the eternal wisdom of the child, the belief in the realities that are invisible. As Teigue tells the time of day by pulling the petals of a puff ball, so Arlecchino would satisfy his hunger of the body by snatching at the flies and comically plucking their wings. The wisdom and lore of the penniless fool has been fed by his very simplicity, so the Italian Mask puts his finger on the truth in the face of the arrogant sham virtues about him.

Twenty years ago in the Teatro Carignano of Turin, Eleonora Duse, whose heart is big with the truth of common human things, recited the parts of a company of Marionettes in an immortal little comedy called "II Filo"; and that without scene shifting, stage business, or even

the illusion of the puppets themselves!

"Io vi dirò le parle; voi fingerete il resto,"—as the Explanatory prologue reads,—I shall tell you the parts and you can pretend the rest.

Very lately, here in San Francisco, Miss Wycherly has opened "that trail into the undiscovered Edens of Beauty" offered by the latest Celtic genius, in a presentation of the "Hour-Glass" and the "Land of Heart's Desire." Are we or are we not to confirm Mr. Yeats's opinion of us, that "in San Francisco there is more delight in the arts, more creative fire of an artistic kind" than he had come on elsewhere? Let us not, at any rate, be afraid of the new disguise of symbolism, but remember, rather, that "there cannot be great art without the little limited life of the fable, which is always better the simpler it is, and the rich, far-wandering, manyimaged life of the half-seen world beyond it." It is only the universal stroy of the child's imagination so beautifully told by Robert Louis Stevenson:

"Mama, I have drawed a man; shall I draw his soul now?"

GRACE LLEWELLYN JONES.

# Nature and the Human Spirit.

Second Paper. Nature's Place in Culture.

HERE are certain affiliated superstitions, as that "reading maketh a full man"; that a college education necessarily makes for culture, and some other matters of such like, which, by dint of iteration, have come to seem parcel with the informing intelligence of humanity. So real, indeed, do these ideas seem to us, that we are not quite ready to accept anything as authoritative until we have become bookish over it. Just now we are being bookish to a degree over "all out-doors," and "Nature-study" is as near to becoming a fad as anything desirable can well be.

This is not really matter for deprecation. The thing, if any, to be deprecated is a matter of wistfulness, a sort of pseudo-sentimentality, which so many writers about Nature infuse into their books. Nature is neither wistful nor sentimental. She is comfortable, wholesome and tangible; though this is far from saying that she is not mysterious. She is full of mystery and of appeal to the imagination. What is it that the universe knows - and keeps secret - in August? The springtime is full of questionings and of confidences; the autumn is gracious and bountiful, inviting us to receive; but July and August are alert and aware, and

he who wanders afield then goes a-learning to great god Pan.

One of the finest ends which intimacy with Nature today serves us, is to keep alive the office and use of poetry, - or, at least, of that form of beauty which we call verse. There is a deep significance in the constancy of our modern poets to the charm and inspiration of out-of-doors. It may be true, as some contend, that the great poems are all written the great songs all sung; nevertheless, so long as the human spirit is moved upon by moods and emotions, we shall rejoice in the verse which celebrates for us the aspects of Nature. The moods and emotions which these awaken in us are too subtile and elusive for prose expression, too . complex and intangible for the painter. They demand the expression which verse alone can give, and so is kept alive the verse form, which, although it no longer serves the intellectual use of the age, is still dear to us, because it was the beginning of our intellectual expression.

We can forgive the novelist in whose books the world of Nature plays no part. We are learning that portraits are something more than desirable fruit on family trees; that they may even be as graphically delightful as landscapes, but we still insist that the poet shall love and sing the out-of-doors. We obey something finer than reason in thus insisting. We think of the poet as we think of the birds, and we feel it as something incongruous if his artistic habitat, at least, is not that of the birds. There are rhymesters who seek to live under a law not their own; who weary their muse, and us, with society verse, or who would sing us "the song of steam," forsooth. But the world is wiser than they, and denies them the poet's crown. It knows, though they may never learn, that theirs is but a backward fling of the sacred mead; that the divine

afflatus was but measured to them - never poured out.

Again, not the least of Nature's value to culture is the stimulus she affords to imagination. Our modern and so-called scientific methods tend to destroy this quality. It is a desperate pity that it should be so, for no faculty of the mind is more useful to enlarge the understanding and to keep us out of mischief. The out-of-doors leads us away from self and the pitiful aims which end therein, to ever-widening powers of intellectual hospitality and the appreciation of beauty. "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks?" Yes, yes, that is all true enough, but we shall do better when we cease to translate it into terms of the academy, and turn frankly to the chase of the great god Pan for sheer "pleasure of pursuing." It is terrible to think that we must consciously have good done to us every moment of the time. The fine mood of green wilds, the gentleness of stillness pervading forest depths, are potential good to the soul that feels them without ever knowing or caring what they are. They play their part in that culture of heart and spirit which is so much further-reaching than mere wisdom, however pure.

Still, justice is never perfectly served by hard-and-fast statements along any line. It would be as difficult to say that Nature plays a greater part than Art, in culture, as to say where Art begins or Nature ends. A college education will not hurt an intelligent person; nor can closest

association with Nature greatly help a purely bookish one.

I remember so well an encounter I had with one of the latter sort, in the deep woods. I was on a vacation journey from Somewhere to Elsewhere, and I came upon his camp in the redwoods. Such a gentle hermit he was, gray-haired, with a scholarly droop to his shoulders and a look of mild puzzlement on his fine old face. He was walking down an aisle of the woods, reading from a book, with two other volumes tucked under one arm. I drew rein to inquire concerning the way, and we fell into chat, he, meanwhile, keeping a wistful finger between the leaves he had been reading.

I saw that the open book was a work on certain aspects of philosophy. One of those under his arm I made out to be a book by an author of that school which calls itself "The New Thought." The reader noted my glance and plunged at once into the current of his own mental stream. field of philosophic speculation, and bristled with names, from Kant and Hegel to the unspeakable Drummond, Havelock Ellis and Ralph Waldo Trine. He talked until it became time for me to resume my journey, and I began tightening the saddle-girth preparatory to riding on.

"If we could only know," my chance acquaintance said, "instead of

merely speculating, concerning the future life.'

"Should our lives be very different, do you suppose?" I asked.

"That is not the real point!" he cried. "The real point is knowing the fact. There is the whole question, for instance, of the multiplicity of the ego." And in an instant he was far afield again.

He came back with a start as I gathered my reins.

"Are n't you afraid of getting lost?" he asked.

I thought for a moment of the maze through which he had wandered in his hour's discourse. Compared with it, the way before me seemed simple indeed, and I said so.

"To be sure," he assented. "But the spirit is free to wander. It is not cumbered with useless possessions to which it must return. It is owning things which we must get back to, that makes us afraid of get-

ting lost."

That is one way of looking at the matter; yet, after all, we must come back, sooner or later, to first principles, else we are footloose, indeed, in the barren valleys of speculation, whether we know it or not. Here is where Nature helps us, through her sanifying hold upon us, drawing us into the light, if we follow her, by the little thread of definiteness which runs through all her processes.

There is, after all, but little to say. We have gotten away from first principles, and must return to them if we would go forward sanely. When we shall have patiently followed the little thread back to earth, we shall learn the lessons Nature has to teach us. It is in her solitudes that we come to know our own variations of self, the knowledge which best fits us for social intercourse, and for the real end of culture—enlarged human happiness.

ADELINE KNAPP.



### Ina D. Coolbrith.

HEN the Overland Monthly was begun - the real, old Overland - there were three writers who contributed to it so often that they became known as the "Golden Gate Trinity." This trinity was composed of Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, affectionately known then and since as "Charley," and Ina D. Coolbrith.

Look over the old indexes and you will find all three names with great

regularity.

Ina Coolbrith was one of the mainstays. She, more than any other one person, had influence with Bret Harte; they were close friends and literary intimates. He greatly admired her work, and under his sunshine

her best poems were written.

Natures differ; some need warmth and light and sunshine, others do better under adversity. Miss Coolbrith belongs to the former class. She needed sunshine, and Bret Harte supplied it. Her poetry of those old days, though already often tinged with the mild and gentle pessimism of the Matthew Arnold type, was generally as bright and cheerful as the song of the robin or the wild, delirious caroling of the mocking-bird. Her "Blossom Time" has been quoted, perhaps, as much as any other similar poem in American literature:

> It's O my heart, my heart ! To be out in the sun and sing; To sing and shout in the fields about, In the balm and blossoming.

Sing loud, O bird in the tree, O bird, sing loud in the sky! And honey-bees blacken the clover beds-There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind, Laugh low with the wind at play; And the odorous call of the flowers all Entices my soul away.

For O but the world is fair, is fair, And O but the world is sweet! I will out in the gold of the blossoming mold And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love that my heart would speak I will fold in the lily's rim, That the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek, May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedge-row green, O thrush, O skylark, sing in the blue! Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear, And my soul shall sing with you.

No wonder that poems like this charmed and pleased, and that intelligent readers asked for more. One day one of the trinity said to Bret Harte, "Don't you think we three are giving them too much?" "Not a bit of it!" was his prompt reply. "I took the editorship of this magazine to give the people the best I could find, and until I get better I'll use what we three can give." And so he did, and there is joy and peace and delight in those old Overlands that it would take many a modern magazine to produce.

She loved and loves this fair California of ours, not the California of the cities, but the California of the hills, and free air, and flowers, and odors, and bees, and birds, and cloudless skies, and sunshine. In her "Longing" she voiced the desires of many a soul chained in body to routine work in the cities to be out in the open. There

The trees would talk with me; the flowers
Their hidden meanings each make known—
The olden love revived once more,
When man's and nature's heart were one.

And as the pardoned pair might come
Back to the Garden God first framed,
And hear Him call at evenfall,
And answer, "Here am I," unshamed,—

So I, from out these toils, wherein
The Eden-faith grown stained and dim,
Would walk, a child, through Nature's wild,
And hear His voice and answer Him.

"Back, back to Nature!" cries the poet. "Back, back to Nature!" cries the artist. "Back, back to Nature!" cries the scientist; all, all now have the same cry. Nature is not only our one great mother—she is our inspiration for good, our source of power, our nourisher that we may do that which our souls desire; and when Ina Coolbrith kept close to Nature, then her poems rang in many hearts, thrilled many souls to newer life and quickened many an aspiration for purer, better things. It is well to get away from city's frown into Nature's smile, and it is well to lazy and dream and listen and imagine once in a while. There is a great truth in the fact that power often comes from dreaming.

Though the city frown from her hill-tops brown,
And the weary toilers go up and down,
I will lie at rest in my leafy nest,
A careless dreamer, and that is best.

### IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

True, now and again it is good, better, best to lie out on the bosom of Mother Earth and dream and draw in power. Quit money-making, quit the desk, quit the counting-house, quit the chink of coin, quit the cutting off of coupons, quit the dull, dreary monotony of routine duty. Get out and be as free as a bird, as lazy as a frog, as happy as a puppy. Cast dignity to the devil and be a wild animal once again. Then, if you must come back to the work of the cities you will have a vim and energy and vigor you never felt before.

Hers was a practical philosophy; one I thoroughly believe in. Today is ours, let us live it; not in riotous feasting, but in calm, placid

enjoyments which are ours by right.

Tomorrow is too far away—
Why should we slight the joy complete,
The flower open at our feet?
For us, today, the robin sings,
His curved flight the swallow wings;
For us the happy moments stay—
Stay yet, nor leave us all too fleet!
For life is sweet and youth is sweet,
And love—ah! love is sweet today,
Tomorrow, who can say?

That is a true philosophy. Enjoy sunshine, song, flowers, honey and love today. Take in the sweets each day as you go along. Get into the habit of looking for them, expecting them. Make that the normal condition of your soul. Thus you gain strength for combating the evil day when it comes. But do not forget that the sweets are not the bread of life. Work is the bread that never palls, the conserver of health, of peace, of content; sweets are the luxuries that give zest to the daily toil. A life all of sweets is as a diet all of candy—surfeiting. Take all the sweets that are yours, but no more, and be sure and take all the work that is yours. The balance is then preserved, and health of body and mind ensue.

I might thus write in pages of Miss Coolbrith's work. She now lives in San Francisco, the honored librarian of the Bohemian Club. Work of all kinds falls to her share, and many a young fledgling finds in this motherly soul a place to try his wings. For she is essentially motherly, gentle, tender. When Joaquin Miller's little Indian daughter was brought to the city of the Golden Gate, and he had no home in which to shelter her, Miss Coolbrith at once opened her heart and home and for five years gave her a mother's care. When her sister died and left a son and daughter orphans, she took them and brought them up to adult estate. All through his poet life, Joaquin Miller has found in her a companion and stimulating helper. None more critical, few so kindly as she. Indeed, it is to her he owes his name "Joaquin". Miller's

first book was entitled "Joaquin Et Al." He sent a copy of it to the Overland Monthly for review, and it occasioned the only approach to a quarrel that ever arose between Miss Coolbrith and Bret Harte. Bret Harte saw only the crudenesses and irregularities of the new writer's work. She saw beyond into the poetic soul. He wished to "slay" the new aspirant; she wished to foster the spark of true poetry he had manifested. As usual, the woman had her way, and Bret Harte restrained his slashing pen and handed the booklet over to gentle "Charley" Stoddard for treatment.

Consequently, when, later, Joaquin Miller wrote to the editor whose magazine had contained so kindly a notice of his virgin effort, that he was coming to San Francisco on his way to London and would be thankful for an introduction to several of the San Francisco editors, Bret Harte found himself in an anomalous position. Naturally, his mind reverted to Miss Coolbrith.

So when he appeared in the city of the Golden Gate, he was immediately transferred from the critical attentions of Bret Harte to the tender mercies of the woman who has ever since been his severest critic and stanchest friend. She introduced him to the editors of the various papers who would be likely to help him, and in every way gave him the kindly assistance one bohemian is ever willing to accord to another. It was not long before the Oregonian began fully to appreciate the large heart of his new friend, and it was not unnatural that he should unburden himself to her of his hopes and aspirations and ambitions for his work in the future. In one of these conversations Miss Coolbrith said to him:

"But, Mr. Miller, how do you expect to climb the heights of Parnassus weighted down with such a name as yours? Better be Brown, or Jones, or Smith, than Cincinnatus Heine Miller! Can't you change it? Take something less ponderous and heavy - something Western, something musical. Why not assume the very name of your book, ' Joaquin ??"

"By Jove! I'll do it!" he exclaimed. And from that hour he became Joaquin Miller. It was not many days afterwards that he wrote a letter to Miss Coolbrith, and therein, for the first time, he wrote his new signa-

ture, which he has ever since retained.

In her quiet home, overlooking the city, Miss Coolbrith spends what spare time she has in writing, and now and again sweet verses still come from her pen. Near by is a twin-steepled church whose bells give the regular calls to prayer and praise. Often she sits there at the window, and whenever I see her thus I think of her sweet singing as the call of a beautiful soul to enlarged prayer and praise.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

### "The Gate Beautiful."

Being Principles and Methods in Vital Art Education.

By John Ward Stimson.

"If thou wouldst know the mystic song Chanted when the sphere was young....
"Its the chronicle of Art....
Onward and on, the Eternal Pan,
Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
Halteth never in one shape,
But forever doth escape,
Like waves of flame, into new forms."

F WE would "know the mystic song" whereof Emerson speaks, and see unrolled the "Chronicle of Art," we may, taking Genius, which holds the key to the Universe, as guide, enter through the "Gate Beautiful" into an ideal world, filled with the Spirit of Beauty, Wisdom and Light.

So many heartfelt expressions of appreciation for Professor Stimson's grand work have already appeared, written by those who can command beautiful words, that the present eulogy is only a humble tribute

laid beside the glowing gifts before the altar to Genius.

It is impossible in a limited space, without technical art knowledge, to give an idea of the scope of this greatest modern work on art. A few pregnant sentences, culled here and there throughout the volume, call attention to the grand theme it sets forth. The author says: "This book is intended not so much to enter and exhaust that boundless realm of Feeling that should be the personal possession of every spontaneous heart (in wholesome touch with God's own heart, or even in touch with the already rich treasures of poetic and artistic record), but it is rather an intellectual effort to enlighten the mind of the reader to the comprehension and glorious use of his own faculties and the artistic possibilities about him, and especially to put him in possession of the keys to true artistic and poetic investigation or composition."

Again the master says: "This mighty Life that breathes, pulsates and compels behind and within and between the static dust of matter, and that uses matter as its agent to convey its mystic movements, its beautiful meanings, does so by the peculiar arrangements and significances of the atoms of earth, just as a writer or draughtsman expresses his intents, feelings and conceptions of soul by arranging the atoms of ink or lead

into letters and pictures."

We are invited, then, to "take a brief but comprehensive glance into the beautiful Studio of the mighty Master-Builder, the celestial ArtistArtisan, who is never so busy that he will not condescend to the humblest, nor so sublime in his conceptions that he will not stoop to unfold them

to the meekest of his earthly children."

The Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., says: "In this interpretation of the beautiful order of the universe, the fecund mind of the writer fairly revels in the overflowing wealth of suggestion which opens to him on every hand, as the philosopher and poet blend in the study of science, and the artist beholds the vision which no man hath fully seen, or can see. . . . . Art is the interpreter of the essential being of all creation. Its visions are revelations."

In the third chapter, entitled "The Science of Beauty," which deals with the unity of religion, science and art, the author remarks: "Science in the strictest sense searches the Creator's truth, his law and authority in matter. Religion most properly prefers to manifest his love in vital example, self-sacrifice, practical charity. But Art, most like the gentle dove symbolic of his gracious spirit, emphasizes the attractiveness and tenderness of God; nestles to the lips of his sympathies; hovers in the aureole of his crown; heralds his coming glory and beauty in every opening lily or awakening rose. Spreading its pure wings over the dark waters of life, it seeks and finds our lost ideals, bears to us the poet's branch of hope, the talisman of immortality; or like the Æolian harp attuned by tightening cords (even of suffering and abnegation) renders us more sensitive to every whisper of the Spirit's voice or the passing touch

of the Divine finger!"

In the following chapter, "Unseen Hands," "some of the latest scientific truths most helpful and inspiring to the artist-spirit (in every form of art expression)" are condensed "from many searchlights and thus focused: Spirit is infinite and present in everything; mind and emotion are infinitely present in spirit; ideals are infinitely constructive in mind; atoms are but etheric points, (apparently) arrested for the measure and transmission of form concepts; beauty of form is the beauty of its inner ideals and of its organized ratios,-its contents of design for purpose and expression. Mathematical law shows no limit to multiplication, or division, and no limit to space, time, power, motion, or transmutation of form. Telescope and microscope practically find no limit to the multiplication of hosts above, or of subdivisions of life below us. The nearest star is yet so far that its light takes twenty years to reach us, though speeding 186,-000 miles per second. Yet in the smallest particle visible to the strongest microscope are more atoms than all stars visible to the strongest telescope!" In considering "these descending steps by which ideal forms in spirit become visible forms in substance," the Professor illustrates his observations by most fascinating and marvellous charts, spiral vibrations visualized and Eidophone pictures of voice-flowers, "showing that science

has caught the link between atomic vibration and beauty, and we will yet hear the celestial voices, the Song of songs, from every beautiful and animate thing, which God is holding in reserve for his human children."

From these experiments and discoveries of modern science the teacher deduces an art lesson: "The student must remember that he himself and the forms about him are not literally solid substances, but clusters of balanced atoms held in spiritual relations of space, etc., by spirit force; and he should spiritualize and idealize his canvas or paper to simulate to the vision these space relations. Its surface should not look flat and dead to him, but full of life and perspective."

Ever the great art teacher pleads for more vital art instruction. "We should not," he says, "murder the souls of the young by dead and ster-ilized methods, nor by copy-book systems of external unintelligent mimicry that degrades them to monkeys instead of raising them to men." In his art-educational work he "laid special stress on the application of art to industry, and under his splendid direction and oversight many hun-

dreds of young men were trained in successful careers."

It is in place here to note what a great manufacturer once said to Professor Stimson: "What we most need, in our sharp competition with world marts, is originality and creative taste to 'lay the good eggs,' for we have commonplace hens enough to sit on them afterwards." The author instances the "award of the new University of California buildings (after a world-competition under a world-commission) to a French archi-

tect developed by his nation's art encouragements."

In the next three chapters, "Spirit-Constructional," "Prime Forms" and "Form Series from Nature's Studio," we are shown how, on looking deeply into Beauty, we shall find with amazement that the minutest gem, daintiest bird or dazzling flower, alike with grandest oak, loveliest child or boundless orbit of wandering star, derive the glory of their forms from inner ratios fixed in geometric law." Speaking of this portion of the book, Joshua L. Chamberlain, for many years president of Bowdoin College, says: "This is a region of marvels. Look at the drawings before us; the waking motions of the formless mist of matter in spirals and volutes and tangents; the magnificence of the star crystals; the spiritual grace of the voice-flowers! And what marvellous relations must there be when the far attractions which form the beauty and perfection of the orbits of the worlds are determined according to the relations and ratios of squares and cubes of distance! To take in the scope of this great argument and demonstration is in the largest sense a liberal education."

An able critic in the Craftsman says of "The Gate Beautiful": "It is a notebook like Leonardo's, composed of sketch, explanation and detailed drawing, developed more fully than the Italian's, simply because

the world is older, science more perfect, and all knowledge less obscure.

Professor Stimson follows a progression of forms throughout the gamut of matter, studying with loving care snowflakes and crystals, seashells and fishes, seed-vessels and curiously marked insects, just as Leonardo is known to have done throughout his rich but solitary and

misjudged life."

Chapter VIII, "Æsthetic Expression by Art and Beauty" (faced by a marvellous circle chart, a "sort of bird's-eye view of the soul's outlook on beauty as it considers the horizon of constructive and expressional form") shows the "groping of the true art instinct" in man, and is a "broad, simple and concise survey of the historic art advance of humanity up to today, with the comprehensive foundations and animating elements that seemed to have compelled all natural or artistic construction."

Deeply interesting are the "spiritual correspondences," terrestrial and celestial. In the symbols of the square, the circle and the star, the

seer sounds the depths of cosmic mystery.

The first half of the book closes with "Nature's Idyll," a beautiful cosmic allegory, and "The Lily's Growth," a plea for more vital methods of art education in this country. The lesson of the lily is beautifully interpreted. "Look at any one of those resplendent blossoms. Are they not studiously planned to constant and consistent internal composition, full of character-every one upon its mystic geometric formula that it forever knows? What ellipses and ovals, and parabolas and hyperbolas! What concentrics, spirals, tangentials, radiates! Yet what unity, harmony, proportion, elegance! What balanced rhythm, symmetry and grace! . . . . Now, when we come to ask what fraction is this flowerworld of the museum of God — how the fairest of the flowers is but a step up from the gems that sparkle and crystallize in the mountain, to shells that roll and radiate in the foam, - up, up through chanting bird and leaping beast, to statuesque, artistic and constructive man, - what everlasting constancy we discover in the Soul of God to charm and delight us, to enchant and educate us, and always to achieve it by the same eternal elements and principles! . . . . Our educational methods should, therefore, take this vital lesson from Nature, and educate the souls of students in essential beauty."

The second part of the book consists of practical instructions in the technique of art. It embraces a system of methods which is the outgrowth of the principles laid down in the first part. Of the value of these lessons the Art Review, New York, says: "If our art students would understand Stimson's suggestions, it would hardly be necessary for them to go to Europe except for technique and sight-seeing. In principles Europe could not teach them any more than Stimson. The art

education of our country should be entrusted to his hands, and the future

generations would reap a wonderful harvest."

These lessons are illustrated by a marvellous series of charts, of inestimable value to students. "Form Reasoning" dwells upon the Mystery and Universality of Life. In "Form Generation" we are shown how, "from the 'shape'-less forms of chaotic dreams, nebulous fog, smoke, swaying bubbles that are but four-millionths of an inch thick (yet occupy space and are visible to sense), to the definite beauty of the Apollo Belvidere, we have the whole range of Formal Art." In "Form Experiment," innumerable art motives, derived from Nature or combined by geometric processes, are scientifically grouped, showing the pupil that "the Spirit of Ornament must dominate his use of every element, and that to get the best results in the decorative field, he must select out of Nature those elements which most conduce to his deliberate Ornamental Intent."

"Life Drawing" has been gradually led up to by the preceding lessons. "If," says the master, "one has quickened, in his imagination, the latent powers of Form Generation which geometry admits, and has understood the inner Constructive Life of abstract form, he will be ready to recognize the same Internal Life in all forms, and not try to draw them superficially." This series is illustrated by full-page vital studies from

the old masters.

Wonderfully fascinating are the pages here, devoted to color, light, perspective, etc., the analogy between tone and color is beautifully elucidated. We are shown how "the thirty-four octaves between color and

tone may become vocal."

In "Unseen Hands," which breathes the soul of harmony, are given reproductions of "three of Fantin-Latour's exquisite conceptions of form and color, as they rose in his brain to the strains of Wagner's 'Siegfried' and 'Rheingold,' or as Schumann's delicate inspirations became transmuted from sound to sight within the artist's spirit."

The last series of lessons, "Decorative Principles, Methods and

Adaptations," might serve as an encyclopedia of Design.

Vital and helpful as these lessons are, Professor Sūmson's Art lectures "make the subject more clear and vivid by viva voce explanations and his prompt response to inquiries in the audience, and because of the many side-lights thrown upon it by his personal work upon the blackboard." One of his reviewers calls him "a genius with a love of form amounting to a passion," and a lump of chalk in his wizard hand becomes a fairy wand. With it he conjures the elements of form, which unfold at his bidding, and so he marshals the procession of Life.

His lectures, which have been delivered in many leading cities and institutions, have of late delighted audiences in Southern California, where the Professor is taking an enforced change, and he may decide to remain

on the Coast should a suitable opening occur for public educational service. The rest has not been unfruitful, as his essays in *Mind*, and the *Arena* of which magazine he is an associate editor, testify. Many beautiful poems have appeared from time to time, and his friends are anxiously

awaiting a new edition.

Of "The Gate Beautiful," Joshua Chamberlain, who was intimately acquainted with Professor Stimson during some of his most strenuous years, when he was in charge of the Metropolitan Museum, afterwards founding the Institute for Artist-Artisans in New York and in Trenton, New Jersey, says: "This book is the outcome, the flower and fruit, or rather the refined essence, the transfiguration, of all the experiences of the author's life—vision, aspiration, study, toil, mastery, outgiving, sorrow, struggle, self-renunciation, overpassing faith. Tones of all these run through the book—the last the triumphant one—steadfast loyalty to truth." "This work is more than a book—it is a man's soul," said his brother poet, Edwin Markham; and Joaquin Miller affirms "John Ward Stimson has given us the greatest and best book outside of the Bible and Shakespeare."

In concluding his great work, the master calls upon his disciples to "put themselves in touch with the Divine on every side of its terrestrial expression, and in every beautiful life struggle or human aspiration. Become acquainted, as artists, with the works and life thoughts of your great precursors. . . . Be at peace with the Spirit of Beauty in your own nature and nation,"—that Spirit of whom Shelley sings:

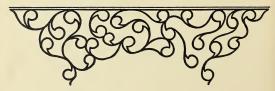
" Thy light alone-like mist o'er mountain driven,

Or music by the night wind sent Thro' strings of some still instrument,

Or moonlight on a midnight stream, — Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream."

Dora Amsden.

THE GATE BEAUTIFUL. By John Ward Stimson. Trenton, N. J., 1903: Albert Brandt. Illustrated 4to. Buckram, \$7.50 net; paper, \$3.50 net.



# "The Fire-Bringer."

HEN the gods who had already made two unsuccessful experiments in man making had formed a third or brazen race from ash trees, only to discover that they devoted their prodigious strength to deeds of violence, they sent a flood to destroy them, and all people except a few who fled to the high mountains perished utterly. Deucalion,

being forewarned by Prometheus of the anger of Zeus, built an ark and saved himself and his wife, Pyrrha. When the floods receded it rested upon the summit of Mount Parnassus, and there Deucalion raised an altar and prayed that the earth should be replenished with men. By the direction of Zeus they threw stones from the mountainside over their heads. The stones which Deucalion threw became men and the stones which Pyrrha threw became women. Thus out of the stones of the earth the fourth race of men grew.

The action of Mr. Moody's poem moves through that pre-Adamic darkness which shrouded the then raceless world. Pyrrha dreams of a lamp burning upon Zeus's altar, and wakes to ask, "Was it not here?"

To which Deucalion replies:

Some fire-sparks in the eyes
Of dull, bewildered beasts that came to gaze
And dully moved again into the mist.
They have forgot their natures, even as we,
And those who tremble yonder on the heights
For fear the ebbing deep should mount again,
Breathing this darkness have forgot ourselves,
Our natures and the motions of our souls.

And as they brood over the sunken earth—cast-off plaything of the gods, Deucalion recalls how—

Gods's doubtful voice
Out ot the wind of the oak was fair to hear,
Seeming to promise store of goodly men
And women, vessels for the flowing life
To enter and be spilled not. There was hope.
Prometheus said not nay.

After a dawnless night, when time itself seemed dead, drowned in the waste of waters, the friend, Prometheus, comes to tell the failure of his first attempt to relight the world, presaging naught but never-ending gloom. But out of the depths of dejection Pandora's voice rises from among the crouching figures of the stone men and the earth women in such a song of triumph as never yet rose from the midst of earth's despair:

Of wounds and sore defeat I made my battle stay; Wingéd sandals for my feet I wove of my delay: Of weariness and fear I made my shouting spear; Of loss and doubt and dread And swift oncoming doom, I made a helmet for my head And a floating plume. From the shutting mist of death. From the failure of the breath, I made a battle-horn to blow Across the vales of overthrow. O hearken, love, the battle-horn ! The triumph clear, the silver scorn ! O hearken where the echoes bring, Down the gray disastrous morn, Laughter and rallying!

As the renewed battle rages and the stars whisper together there comes over the earth:

A song of calling and of answering; Answer or watch-cry of all desperate lives, To God, and God to them calling or answering.

The stone men and the earth women slowly awake to life and march down to the valleys, singing:

We have heard the valleys groan
With one voice and manifold;
Stone is crying unto stone,
Mold is whispering unto mold,

And in the final triumph of comprehension Pandora sings:

I stood within the heart of God;
It seemed a place that I had known:
(I was blood-sister to the clod,
Blood-brother to the stone,)

I found my love and labor there,

My house, my raiment, meat and wine,
My ancient rage, my old despair,—
Yea, all things that were mine.

I saw the spring and summer pass,

The trees grow bare and winter come;
All was the same as once it was

Upon my hills at home,

These selections will indicate the subject of the poem and something of its ampleness of purpose. They do not reveal its stately strength

or its poetic unity. A foreword explains that it is the first member of a triology of which "The Masque of Judgment," already published, is the second member. It is the song of the earth born, a great song of creation, a philosophical poem, just as "The Masque of Judgment" is a philosophical poem. Indeed, to us, Mr. Moody seems the long-expected singer whose mission it is to render in poetical form the nobler insight into the purposes of the cosmos which our age has gained. The greatness of his theme, the masterfulness of treatment sustained throughout, the almost matchless beauty of the lyrical portions, combine to make a work which gets into the soul, as only the best poetry can.

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE.

THE FIRE-BRINGER. By William Vaughn Moody. 12mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1,10 net.

# \{\mathfrak{2}{2}}

#### "The Land of Little Rain."

"WISH I were like you," says one's friend, and flatters one sweetly.

"I should like to have written your book," says a writer, and pays one the profoundest compliment, conquering even that pervasive ego that naturally prefers "a poor thing, but mine

pervasive ego that naturally prefers "a poor thing, but mine own."

Mary Austin's book is such a book. Unfortunately there is no natural law at work to make more of its kind imperative. For it is a

book that grew, not one that was made out of a desire to say something

on paper.

Taking it at its simplest, this book is a series of so-called "sketches" concerning the looks, the likes and the imaginative and real history of a strip of California not yet subdued to convention and control, and still only a few metaphorical rods back from the "cutting edge of civilization," as Mrs. Austin defines the frontier.

Viewed in this way from the outside, one may well find the book unusual. It tells things—tells true interesting human things, about the plants, the animals and the people, and tells them with a luminous direct-

ness and sincerity which is in itself a distinction.

In a charming foreword as Stevensonian as it is unconscious, Mrs. Austin invites those who may so elect to "knock at the door of the brown house under the willow tree at the end of the village street," and as lovers of the land receive a lover's message.

Some of Mrs. Austin's readers will boldly assert that they have already had her message. They presume to have read deeper into her book and to have found behind its mere charm of style and imagery a somewhat rare personality, - a some one who has been and has done and is - the things of which she speaks with such a blessed reserve.

The Little Town of the Grape-Vines and the Basket-Maker do not rise out of a talent for making exquisite "copy" of some bit of picturesque life observed with a keen eye and set down by a clever pen; they come from one who has thought about what lies behind all phenomena,

All lands, geographical or imaginary, belong not to those who pay their taxes, but to those who own them by knowledge deep down and all over-their drift and strata, their fauna and flora, the record of their seasons, their sunset colors and their scant rains, and the hearts and minds of their people.

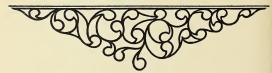
"The Land of Little Rain" belongs to Mary Austin. It is likely to be long and long before any dispute her territory, for she has lived her

And this is the reason why there will be no "spring announcement" of another just like it.

With almost any recent book in mind it will be found eloquent enough simply to say that the illustrations of Mr. Boyd Smith do really illustrate in the higher sense of the word, combining knowledge of the thing drawn with insight into the writer's meaning.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

THE LAND OF LITTLE RAIN. By Mary Austin. 8vo. Boston, 1903: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00 net.



# "The Simple Home."

HARLES KEELER, already known from his volumes of verse, and San Francisco and Thereabout, has just gathered together in book form a series of essays entitled The SIMPLE HOME. In his connection with the Hillside Club of Berkeley and in his lectures, Mr. Keeler has sought to influence home building and home surroundings, and bring more of the

spirit of art into every detail of daily life.

The preface, as the keynote to the essays which follow, states that architecture, being the most utilitarian of the arts, is the basis of other expressions of the ideal, and that an improvement in home-making should underlie reform in all the arts. The chief value of the little book lies in its practical suggestions, in its discussions of materials, their treatment and use—clinker brick, shingles and plaster for exteriors; wood and plaster variously treated with construction showing, for interiors. The texture and decoration of fabrics are given attention, the making of furniture, the framing of pictures, the general use of ornamentation, etc.

The chapter on gardens will be found helpful for the suburban home with flat or hilly environment, for the city home, the roof garden or the

tenement house.

The illustrations show the treatment of shingle and clinker brick in several picturesque homes, a glimpse of the real mission architecture as opposed to modern imitations, and two types of savage houses to exemplify certain principles concerning roof lines.

The whole aims to show how even the simplest surroundings can be

made artistic and full of meaning.

"All the arts are modes of expressing the One Ideal; but the ideal must be rooted in the soil of the real, the practical, the utilitarian. Thus it happens that architecture, the most utilitarian of the arts, underlies all other expressions of the ideal; and of all architecture, the designing of the home brings the artist into closest touch with the life of man. A movement toward a simpler, a truer, a more vital art expression, is now taking place in California. It is a movement which involves painters and poets, composers and sculptors, and only lacks coordination to give it a significant influence upon modern life. One of the first steps in this movement, it seems to me, should be to introduce more widely the thought of the simple home—to emphasize the gospel of the simple life, to scatter broadcast the faith in simple beauty, to make prevalent the conviction that we must live art before we can create it." — Extract from Preface.

THE SIMPLE HOME. By Charles Keeler. Illustrated with ten photographic reproductions. 55 pages. Size, 7x5. Canvas, paper label. Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco. 75 cents net.

# SCRIBNER'S SPRING FICTION

"A Captivating Novel of American Navy Life"

# PEACE AND THE VICES

By Anna A. Rogers Author of Sweethearts and Wives, 12mo., \$1.50

Army and Navy Journal:

Nows a thorough knowledge of service conditions, both official and social, much sympathy with the point of view of the navy officer and a close study of naval life, all giving reality to a story interesting in itself and full of the deeper emotions common to all human nature.

Army and Navy Register:

It is a story which will come home to the navy people on account of its faithful portraits of persons and its equily accurate account of service sentiment and conditions.

The press of all sections of the land praises it as a thoroughly readable story.

#### BRED IN THE BONE

# THE DESCENT OF MAN

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE

CONTENTS

Bred in the Bone Mammy Liddy's Recognition The Spectre in the Cart The Sheriff's Bluff The Christmas Peace

Long Hillside Old Jaben's Marital Expen Illustrated, \$1.50

A New Novel by FRANCES POWELL Author of

THE HOUSE ON THE HUDSON THE BY-WAYS

OF BRAITHE A very exciting story, full of romantic charm and alluring mystery 12mo., \$1.50

EDITH WHARTON

CONTENTS The Descent of Man The Dilettante The Quicksand The Reckoning

The Other Two The Mission of Jane The Lady's Maid's Bell A Venetian Night's Entertain

12mo., \$1.50

By IAMES B. CONNOLLY, Author of Out of GLOUCESTER

#### THE SEINERS

A spirited novel of the sea, his first long story, 12mo., \$1.50

By HAROLD STEELE MACKAYE

### THE PANCHRONICON

A story worthy of Stockton, highly ingenious, highly humorous. 12mo., \$1.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS 20 20 NEW YORK

# SCRIBNER'S SPRING BOOKS

The Great Natural History of the Present Generation

# THE AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY

By W. T. HORNADAY Director of the New York Zoological Park

227 Drawings by Beard, Rungius, Sawyer and others. 116 Photographs. 464 Pages. Size of book, 7 by 10 inches. 343 illustrations, picturing 375 animals, besides charts and maps.

Royal 8vo., \$3.50 net. (Carriage Extra.)

General Gordon's REMINISCENCES Seventh Edition New, \$2,00 pet, (Postage, 21 cents.)

Senator Hoar's AUTOBIOGRAPHY

# LETTERS FROM ENGLAND, 1846-1849

By Mrs. George Bancroft

With 24 full-page illustrations

Of uncommon interest,-New York Times. Remarkably attractive,-Chicago Journal,

SOME OF THE CHARACTERS: The Queen and Prince Albert; Lord Palmerston; Lord and Lady Hollands; Rogers, the Foor; Lord Foundatin; Sir Robert Feel; Lady Andaburon; Jim, ram Min. W., W. Norry; Marquis of Landsware; Duchess of Kent; Chevalier Bunsen; Milman and Stanley; Macaulay and Hallam; Charlotte Cudhman; Baron von Humbold; Thackeray.

Crown 8vo., \$1.50 net. (Postage, 16 cents.)

#### OVERTONES: A BOOK OF TEMPERAMENTS

By JAMES HUNEKER
Author of MEZZOTINTS OF MOD-ERN Music, etc. With Frontis-piece portrait of Richard Strauss. As he is master of the most forci-As he is master of the most forci-ble of English, and has an enormous amount of research and experience to back his views, a volume of essays from his pen is a very important mu-sico-literary event. — Louis C. Elson. 12mo., \$1.25 nct. (Postage, 12 cents.)

### MANKIND IN

THE MAKING By H. G. WELLS Author of ANTICIPATIONS, etc. A striking and unusual book, suggesting a new point of view in the consideration of human affairs. It has had a very marked success in England, A book which every one should read, -London Daily Telegraph, 12mo., \$1.50 net. ( Postage extra. )

# LITERARY LIVES

Each fully illustrated. \$1.00 net. ( Postage, 10 cents. ) MATTHEW ARNOLD By G. W. E. RUSSELL Notable for its reasonableness, the undisturbed poise of its judgment.

—N. T. Evening Mail.

#### CARDINAL NEWMAN By WILLIAM BARRY, D. D. Interesting from cover to cover, and written in English that Newman himself would not disown. -New York Sun.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS 20 NEW YORK

# The Hicks-Judd Company Printers and Bookbinders

Our specialty is fine bookbinding. We are direct importers of highgrade leathers, which, with artistic workmanship, enables us to produce perfect results in the bookbinding art. Samples and prices will be submitted upon application



21-23 First Street, San Francisco
Telephone Main 1320

# A. Zellerbach & Sons

# The Paper House

We are headquarters for Fancy Cover Papers. New lines constantly being received. Our latest is STRATFORD Deckle-Edge Partment and ITALIA Deckle-Edge Cover—beautiful tints suitable for fine booklets, programs, folders, etc. Full and complete stock of all grades of paper. Our new catalogue was issued last March



416 to 426
Sansome Street, San Francisco
Paper used in this publication
supplied by us

# O. Kai & Company



Importers of Japanese Art Goods. Main office, Tokio, Japan. Established 1886. : : : Telephone Black 3566



316 Kearny Street San Francisco: : California

# THE ASAHI

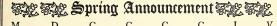


JAPANESE Embroidery and Drawn Work a Specialty. Beautiful Presents. Easy to send to your friends by mail



224 Post Street San Francisco : : California

# THE MOSHER BOOKS



\_\_\_\_

T

#### HOMEWARD: SONGS BY THE WAY

By A. E.

450 Copies on Van Gelder Hand-Made Paper, Old Style Boards Price, \$1.50 Net

II.

# THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL

By OSCAR WILDE

950 Copies on Van Gelder Hand-Made Paper, Old Style Boards Price, 50 Cents Net

III.

#### VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE

#### By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

OTHER ISSUES IN THE

- VEST POCKET SERIES

  I. FitzGerald's Rubaiyat.
- II. Sonnets from the Portuguese.
- III. Swinburne's Laus Veneris.

  IV. Aes Triplex and Other Essays.

  V. Nature Thoughts by Richard Jefferies.
- V. Nature Thoughts by Richard Jefferie
  VI. Aucassin and Nicolete, translated by
  Andrew Lang.

THE SERIES IS BOUND IN THE FOLLOWING STYLES

 Blue Paper Wrapper
 \$ .25 net

 Limp Cloth
 .40 net

 Flexible Leather, Gilt Top
 .75 net

 Japan Vellum Edition
 1.00 net

AHIS new edition of Homeward:
Songs by the Way, is based upon
the belief that Mr. Russell has
at last come in a measurable degree to his own. It is a fact that a very
large proportion of his choicest lyrics are
enshrined in this earliest volume. It is
now put forth in 10-point old-style Roman
type with original symbolic device in red
on title-page, repeated after colophon, and
in such beautifully proportioned small
quarto format it cannot fail of attracting
all who are interested in the finer lyrical
results of the Celtic revival.

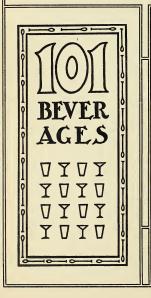
Of the same sombre genre as The City of Dreadful Night by another unhappy man of genius, The Ballad of Reading Gaol stands for all time as the latest and greatest of all Wilde's imaginative work. In The Lyric Garland Series this poem receives a dignified typographical treatment which its sinister beauty demands.

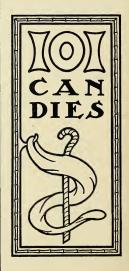
Issued uniform with our other volumes in the Vest Pocket Series, Stevenson's charming discourse on love, marriage, and the conduct of life, will unquestionably appeal to his admirers the world over. It is a book peculiarly adapted to reading, whatever one's mood or wherever one happens to be—whether at home or on vacation—in health or the search for it!

THOMAS B. MOSHER, PORTLAND, MAINE

A COMPLETE CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION TO PAUL ELDER & COMPANY, 238 Post Street, San Francisco, California who are the Selling Agents for California::::::::::

HE aim in the collection of the Chafino-Dish Recurs has been, within the necessary limitations, to cover as broad a field as possible and to capture as great a variety—from the breakfast eggs where the society girl gets her first taste for the art of cooking, and the college girl's dainty and hot luncheons, to the midnight suppers of the club man. Merely to read over the Salabs leaves a hungry sense, the appetite running the whole gamut of tingling emotions in anticipations. The Bruerage speak most eloquently of good cheer and sociability, cool shivers on hot days and comfortable mellow satisfaction around the hospitable hearth on cold days. One who has acquired the cunning in the gentle art of Carbor making is accomplished and always a most welcome guest. It is "easy enough when you know how," and the "101" tells you. Lath, paper, 50 cents art; carvas, \$1.00 net. \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* Compiled by May E. Southworth. Cover design by W. S. Wright



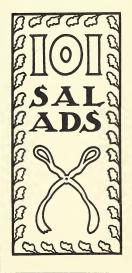


# The 101 Epicurean Thrills

The many who have experienced the gustatory joys of 101 Sandwiches will give a hearty reception to four additional volumes, affording them that multiple of the famous 101 Epicurean Thrills

Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco





McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO. NEW YORK FIVE NOVELS OF UNUSUAL RECENTERTAINMENT 20 20 PUBLISHERS OF GOOD BOOKS

# The Picaroons

By Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin

"This tandem of sparkling wits," as the Literary Digest calls them, have just pranced into view with a new fun-vehicle—"The Picaroons." It describes a group of waifs and strays gathered at Coffee John's, in San Francisco, who tell of their astonishing adventures in slang as up-to-date as it is ludicrous.

# The Reign of Queen Isyl

In this, the first Burgess-Irwin success, the *Philadelphia Ledger* finds "much wit and humor of a genuine quality. It is both a novel and a volume of short love stories, in which the standard of amusement is evenly maintained."

These two volumes cloth, uniform, Cheltenham type, on Cheltenham toned paper. Each, \$1.50.

# My Friend Prospero

A Charming Romance of Italy

By Henry Harland

Author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box"

A piece of pure romance, a fairy story of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" order; full of charm and gaiety, bright in touch, clever in invention. It is a novel of entertainment pure and simple

— a modern fairy tale of a very beguiling kind.— HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE. Frontispiece in tim. \$1.50.

# A Little Union Scout

Mr. Harris's first Civil War Novel

By 'foel Chandler Harris
Author of "Uncle Remus"

A romance of war times in which we meet a number of very pleasant people, and in which love is made to predominate. The book is very unlike anything Mr. Harris has written hitherto. The various love affairs are delightful. The reader is entertained to the end.
—New York Sun.

Illustrated in color. \$1.25.

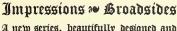
# The Silent Places

By the author of "The Blazed Trail"

Stewart Edward White

Full of the poetry of the wilderness. The fiction of it is delightful, and its descriptions of nature are impressive, while the art of it is not to be denied.—New York Sun.

Seven illustrations in color. \$1.50.



A new series, beautifully designed and colored. 20 W. S. Wright, Artist

Refer to Frontispiece

Each Broadside, size 9½ x 7, with fly-leaf. Price, 15 cents net. Mounted on mat board. Price, 35 cents net; by mail, 40 cents. Framed in appropriate woods. Price, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents. :

Published by Paul Elder and Company 238 Post Street, San Francisco, California



- I "Then Welcome Each Rebuff."

  Robert Browning,
- 2 Inspiration. Tennyson.
- 2 Peace. Edward Rowland Sill.
- 4 Work, Life, Happiness. Hindu Maxim.
- 5 "Climb the Mountains." John Muir.
- 6 The Truth That Is Real. David Starr Jordan.
- 7 "Let Not Him That Seeketh Cease."
  Sayings of Jesus.
- 8 Life. Edward Rowland Sill.
- 9 A Prayer for the Day's Help. R. L. S.
- 10 "The Best Things Are Nearest."
- II Work, Play, and Happiness. Gelett Burgess.
- 12 "O for a Booke and a Shadie Nooke."

# The Tomové Press produces advertising printing that conveys a pleasing impression and impels close inspection and consideration of its contents 144 Union Square Avenue, near Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

Impressions Quarterl Paul Elder and Company Publishers, Kan Francisco, Talifornia

## Impressions Quarterly

A little magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and art: published quarterly. Edited by Paul Elder.

A real rate of the first first

#### September, 1904

#### Contents

| Nature and the Human Spirit. Toled paper.<br>Nature the Teacher | by Adellier Keilel        | 51 |
|---|---------------------------|----|
| An Autobiography by Fleibert Spencer. (A Review)                | by Erneit Carr W Moore -  | 64 |
| The Ideal and the Real. (A Senger)                              | by H. A. R                | 67 |
| Му НіН  | by Donatha Merro          | £, |
| Punce and the Vices. (An Bany in Review) -                      | by Dora Amiden            | 69 |
| William Kerth. (An Appreciation)                                | by George What on James - | 74 |
| Solicity. (Find paper contesting "The Simple Hone"              |                           | 80 |
| The Ideal Figure. (A Sonnel)                                    | by H. A R                 | 91 |

#### Frontispiece

Upland Parrices, From a Painting by William Bills.

#### Bibliography

A Abrahoon say, By Prepart St. ser. I with d. Profe and will View. By Ains A R cen. (ama vol. Now. York. Chasses at 1985 a. \$100.



#### Nature and the Human Spirit.

Third Paper. Nature the Teacher.

GREAT many people, otherwise sensible, are nowadays urging us to return to Nature that we may learn how to live. From Walt Whitman, who adjures us to "observe the beasts," and the modern school of thinkers, who would have us find whole policies, economic and governmental, ready-made for us, by the beasts of the field, back to that

older philosopher who advised the sluggard to go to the ant and learn wisdom,— these counselors seem to believe that some definite, concrete

lesson remains, for our learning, in Nature's economy.

If their faith is justified at all, it is merely in the most general way. Close, logical reasoning, from their alleged analogies, would lead us, if at all, to startling conclusions. Indeed, the line of argument, as these teachers are wont to present it, might be characterized, for the most part, as a small boy once summed up the case of an uninviting byway: "That

road don't go nowhere, an' if it did there ain't anything there.'

Nature is both a niggard and a spendthrift. Her processes are above all else experimental. Use and vicissitude spur her to effort, and she responds to their demand, with much the same haphazard adaptation of means to end that we, ourselves, practise. That is a part of her comfortableness to us, and of her power to help. Beauty, and poetry, and delight, as we find them in Nature, are by-products, not really existing, indeed, save as human beings are able to perceive them. When we are able they become transmuted into the marvelous, by that curious and paradoxical spiritual exchange whereby the infinitesimally small may express the infinitely great. Nature's method of teaching is Socratic, and her precepts are usually of our own devising. We get little from her that we do not ourselves bring to her.

This truth is a good deal like evolution; it works up, and down, and sidewise, and its end is not always that which we might have considered most likely. I heard, once, of a man who, in the Sierras, pinned his visiting card to the bark of a redwood tree. On the card was the penciled information that he had been there, alone with his Maker. This was his way of unconsciously advertising the fact that he had come, empty-spirited, to Nature, and had not found her at home. Doubtless he carried

away as much as he brought; but stultification so crass could scarcely learn, even from the ants.

But the folk who would have us observe the beasts are not altogether wrong. We may, for instance, consider the ant, and be wise in avoidance of her ways, of her blindness induced by her own stupidity and greed of wealth, her round of ceaseless, senseless toil. The utter futility of her spirit-breaking industry, her rapacity, her insularity, her cruelty, her savage warfare to enslave others of her kind,—are all these a prophecy or a reminiscence of our own civilization?

Nature is a secret-keeper in midsummer. Then it is that she pours out to us her largess of benefaction, yet then we feel most keenly the presence of something tense and dramatic in her mood. It is not sufficiently ponderable to trouble, but it supplies the sense of mystery and aloofness which keeps alive the pleasure of pursuit. We think that we

shall learn the meaning of it all in the spring; but we never do.

Nevertheless, our schoolmistress is wise and helpful; most so, really, when we are least conscious of self, and of her, - least on the alert for that soul which, we try to persuade us, must underlie the whole. We feel that we must be fool ourselves about that. We think we go out to the woods and the fields and the wild things, that we may cultivate the simple life and become a part of it, and to this end we begin forthwith to humanize them all. We endow them with all our complexities and sentiencies; we give the birds and the beasts our own emotions and problems, and call the resulting conglomerate Nature-study - save the mark!

Try as we will, we cannot convert the natural world into a school of morals, or ethics, or even of religion. Neither can we deduce from it any logical defense for our own shortcomings in these essentials of good The birds and the beasts cannot be our exemplars; for we have gone further than they, and our return must be, not to them, but to first principles, which are, after all, within ourselves. There is really nothing for us in Nature's wisdom that we can knowingly wrest from her. All that the modern fadism of Nature-study pretends to find there we have read into her pages, out of our own consciousness. We do this because we feel that we must; because Calvin, and John Knox, and a whole lot of other worthies once got a tremendous grip upon us, and their souls still go marching on, to the confusion of ours. We cannot escape, for long at a time, from that old notion that we must always be getting good done to us, knowledgably, and with malice aforethought.

But wherefor, then, are we to study Nature, if we may not go to school to her, and learn lessons wherewith to point morals and adorn tales? Must we pass on, dull as Peter Bell? Nay, "the heathen in his blindness" were better than we, if we heed not the sermons in stones, nor read

those books which the poet declares are in the running brooks!

#### IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

Doubtless; but between the doltishness of Peter Bell and the ultrasentimentality and wistfulness which reads itself into every least leaf and twig, is room for a wide reach of sanity and sincerity in love for the fresh and beautiful things of outdoors. In Nature, as in art:

> If you get simple beauty, and naught else, You get about the best thing God invents: That's somewhat; and you'll find the soul you have missed, Within yourself, when you return Him thanks.

We must, indeed, con the page, and listen to the word, as best we may. To do this is good. It is our affectation that stultifies. It is our desire to translate all that we observe into terms of our own emotion, and of our precious culture, and then to come away and talk about it, that destroys honesty. It is desirable that even our exponents of Nature-study should read and hear, if they can, and if they have, afterwards, the grace and self-control to spare us their interpretations, when they make their reports of what they have heard and read.

As for the heathen in his blindness,—perhaps we have never had his case fairly put before us. Something of our Nature-study methods may at times get read into our attitude toward him. He may, or he may not, see beauty in the wood and stone to which he bows down; but some one has somewhere given us the point of view of a little child who heard for the first time of idols. It was explained to her how blind, indeed, are the heathen, who make images of clay and wood and pray to them.

"But God hears their prayers!" was her triumphant comment.



#### An Autobiography by Herbert Spencer.

ERBERT SPENCER was a philosopher who lived in a boarding-house. No other characterization tells his story so completely. His positive qualifications are summed up in the word "philosopher." The negative features of his character are most of them reflected in his choice of a home. He was the kind of man who could be contented in a boarding-house. "Rarely has Nature performed an odder or more

Dickens-like feat than when she deliberately designed or accidentally tumbled into the personality of Herbert Spencer," says Professor William James. "Greatness and smallness surely never lived so closely in one

skin together."

One might imagine from these statements that his Autobiography would be interesting reading, and in a sense it is. It is said that Huxley ranked it with the "Confessions of Rousseau." Regarding them as detailed analyses of their authors' past mental states, the comparison indeed holds, but Rousseau's mind was a fiery furnace of thoughts and feelings most of the time at white heat, and always bubbling and seething as no other human mind ever bubbled and seethed on paper before, while Spencer's mind was as undramatically regular and colorless as the life of the boarding-house which he inhabited. Surely no great man ever led so abstractly unhuman an existence. His emotional energy vented itself in two directions chiefly, -love of truth, which had a bearing upon the doctrine of evolution, and a degree of self-esteem like to none other in history so much as that of the ancient teacher of the art of persuasion, who "conversed with the citizens as a superior, with princes as in no respect inferior, and with the gods as an equal." Plato, in one place, wrote of truth as akin to proportion, and declared that a well-proportioned and gracious mind was the mark of a philosopher, but Herbert Spencer belonged rather to that other class of philosophers who are made more disproportioned and unnatural by study. One cannot read these volumes without at one moment being repelled by the hard, unsympathetic and emotionally barren nature of their author, and in the next strangely drawn by the singleness of purpose and the matchless persistence of the man.

First we have a detailed application of the doctrine of heredity to his one case. Then comes a very profitable account of his early life and education. Here are many passages which should console mothers whose sons are inclined to rebel against authority and to hate lesson-learning. "Perhaps the most marked moral trait, and that which ran through a variety of manifestations in boyhood and afterward, was the disregard of authority." "In repeating lessons I was habitually inefficient." The impres-

sion is current that Mr. Spencer was a self-educated man, but such was not the case. His father was a professional teacher, and took very great pains to train him carefully. From the domestic school he was sent away to be drilled by his uncle in geometry, Latin grammar and the Greek Testament. Mathematics was young Spencer's favorite study, and when his school days came to an end, at the early age of sixteen, he spent one year in teaching, and then because of his skill in mathematics he was employed as an engineer in constructing the pioneer railroads of England. This occupation he followed with marked success for nine years. Several inventions belong to this period. It came to an end because of a growing desire to write a book which began to take form in his mind. Next came several years spent as sub-editor of the Economist, during which his first book appeared. Thus, after more than one false start, at the mature age of thirty-seven, Mr. Spencer found his life work, and projected the scheme known as "The Synthetic Philosophy." This scheme was carried out almost in detail as originally planned, in spite of the fact that its author was "uncheered by popular sympathy," and that persistent ill-health limited him to but three hours a day of mental labor, and in spite of financial difficulties which would have overwhelmed any one but a devotee of science. After thirty-seven years of unparalleled persistency of purpose, in 1897 the last volume was issued. Six years after the completion of his great work, Mr. Spencer died, leaving his publishers free to print the Autobiography which, he tells us, was begun in 1875 and not completed until 1893.

Each reviewer must treat these volumes from his own standpoint. The churchman will attend chiefly to remarks on religion, the philosopher to the long-drawn-out absence of philosophy in them, the scientist to the evolution of the theory of evolution, and the literary man to the many references to the writers of the Victorian Age, most of whom Mr. Spencer knew, but few of whom seemed to him to have earned their reputations. In addition to brief but pointed characterizations of such literati as Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Thackeray, George Eliot and Victor Hugo, whom Mr. Spencer knew face to face, there is plenty of criticism of the most unconventional sort of painting, music and literature. Perhaps no better illustration of its somewhat erratic and therefore interesting character could be selected than the passage in which Mr. Spencer confesses his indifference to epic poetry: "My feeling was well shown when, some twenty years ago, I took up a translation of the 'Iliad' for the purpose of studying the superstitions of the early Greeks, and after reading some six books, felt what a task it would be to go on - felt that I would rather give a large sum than read to the end. Passing over its tedious enumeration of details of dresses and arms, of chariots and horses, of blows given and received, filling page after page, - saying nothing of the boyish practise

of repeating descriptive names, such as well-greaved Greeks, long-haired Acheans, horse-breaking Trojans, and so forth (epithets which, when not relevant to the issue, are injurious); passing over, too, the many absurdities, such as giving the genealogy of a horse while in the midst of a battle; and not objecting that the subject-matter appeals continually to brutal passions and the instincts of the savage, it suffices to say that to me the ceaseless repetition of battles and speeches is intolerable. Even did the ideas presented raise pleasurable feelings, a lack of sufficiently broad contrasts in matter and manner would repel me. The like holds of other epic poems-holds, too, when the themes are such as appeal to my sympathies. When reading Dante, for instance, I soon begin to want change in the mode of presentation and change in the quality of the substance, which is too continuously rich: a fabric full of beauties, but without beauty in outline - a gorgeous dress ill made up." Please note that this passage is not so much a confession of individual taste, as a generalization set forth to direct others. Catholic-mindedness is not one of the traits of its author. Independence of thought is good, very good, and Mr. Spencer is a notable instance of it. But in one's effort to be erect, he may fall backward, and independence of judgment carried to the extent of making the truth for oneself is sophistry, not science, even though the individual who attempts to make all things for himself be no less talented than Mr. Spencer. No man, much less an evolutionist, can afford to be so little interested in history and scholarship as he was. Careful scientists tell us that about one per cent of the "facts" "established" by painful research in laboratories may be expected to stand the tryout of time. Such a splendid disregard of the past and such a small amount of research as we have here can hardly lead to more permanent results.

In one respect the Autobiography is almost unforgivably unhuman. Its author was never "made sleepless by the suffering and sorrow of the poor." Indeed he does not seem to have given a moment's thought to them. And while most of his learned contemporaries were attending with might and main to the problem of Distribution, his prejudices led him to go back on his own favorite theory of Integration in order to combat the tide of Socialism which was beginning to run all about him.

But to turn to the other side of the shield. Mr. Spencer possessed that rarest of all combinations in a thinker, great speculative sweep, coupled with unusual analytical power. His contributions to philosophy were of a secondary order. But in the field of science his work is of vast significance. The separate and disconnected discoveries of his age he organized into a body of doctrine. He used the materials supplied him by other men, but gave them a significance and meaning which they had not before possessed. The principle of evolution he did not discover, but the range and application of that principle he did determine, and

through his championship of the doctrine he, much more than any other man, caused the whole world to think in the new way which it necessitated. He founded the science of sociology. In the "Principles of Biology" he not only supplied a "balance sheet of the facts of life," but for the first time exhibited life as an evolutionary process. In neurology, psychology and pathology he discovered fundamental principles. Through his "Essays on Education" he more than any one else revolutionized the educational practise of the world. The Persistence of Force, the Instability of the Homogeneous, the Survival of the Fittest, such and others like them are the profound principles which he contributed to the terminology of science. In one respect his efforts failed. He tried at the beginning to write the natural history of creation in terms of Force alone to make his mechanical formula cover Nature's living processes. But in the sixth edition of his "First Principles," revised by him in 1900, he admitted that he could no longer believe in the possibility of the transformation of motion into feeling, of force into sentience. And in the last edition of the "Principles of Biology," the admission is made that "life in its essence cannot be conceived in physico-chemical terms."

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

#### The Ideal and the Real.

We live in two worlds: one, the Clouded Real, The other, and the fairer, the Ideal.
The one we tread with weary feet, and slow; Wide o'er the other, on swift wings we go.
The one within the other lies—the sphere of sense
Of spirit orbing round the sphere of sense
As God environs His own evidence—
As the Unseen, all things that may appear,
Sometimes the splendours of the world without In waves of mystic beauty break about
And whelm the inner sphere, as when forth teem
The glowing visions of a painter's dream;
Or master hands the mighty strains prolong,
Or some sweet singer thrills the soul with song.
H. A. R.

#### My Hill.

S I climb the worn brown path—just a slip of damp earth between the fresh rainy green - the city falls away quickly. As I mount a foot it seems to fall a dizzy hundred.

It is the silent hour before the real dark. No lights as yet shine out from the tall buildings below me. All is a uniform flowing gray. Above, the sky-cloudy all day

until now-is palely appearing, and in the west shows a gloomy pink

behind swift-running fog.

The evening star appears set far back in the serene distance, while light, transparent mists cross it from moment to moment. Out of the huddled city rise the spires and towers. Here a pair of round mated steeples, beneath which one can imagine the dulled glass of a cathedral; there a tower, tall, light, sweet, and as religious as an old world campanile, though quite voiceless. Over toward the southward gleams the rich Gothic line of old Saint Mary's, standing out firmly among the softer shadows. Now night will not be delayed longer, and with its coming suddenly the large, rectangular masses break out into squares and bars of white light as if lit at once by one impulsive hand. Over the water the islands take on a duskier color, and float unanchored on the pale sea beneath.

One faint light on Alcatraz beams out slenderly, while the small boats hurry one by one, panting softly, to the home quays, out of the pursuing night.

My hill settles down solidly as if to wait on the morning. As I say good night to it, I find that one can endure many things if one has DOROTHEA MOORE. one's hill.



#### "Peace and the Vices."

An Essay in Review.

CONSIDERATION of the history of the modern novel brings out two facts: First, that the technic has been steadily improving, that the story is now told more directly, that character is now portrayed more carefully and elaborately, and that the artist is more self-respecting and takes his work more seriously; and, second, that the desire to

reproduce life with all its intricacies has increased with the ability to accomplish this. Serious novelists now seek for the interest of their narratives not in the accidents that befall the hero, nor in the external perils from which he chances to escape, but rather in the man himself, in his character with its balance of good and evil, in his struggle with his conscience, in his reaction against his heredity and environment."

These passages, quoted from one of Brander Matthews' illuminating essays, succinctly define the class of fiction to which the novel "Peace and the Vices" belongs, and the right of the author, Anna A. Rogers, to a place in the ranks of the serious novelists, a small but sturdy company in the vast army of story-tellers.

A novel of this type "demands for full enjoyment a certain amount of culture in the reader," therefore it will not appeal to the masses, who prefer the thrilling adventures of the romanticists, unconscious that the true romance is in the "heart of man, and not in the circus trappings of

pseudo-history."

Its success will rather be that success d'estime dearer by far to the author who writes not for gain, but whose guerdon is the knowledge that here and there some mind and heart echo her "voice," and for such, by some magic of association, she has power to revive scenes and memories, fancies and heart-stirrings, half-vanished like fading mists upon the mirror of the past.

The quotation selected for title has led to some misconception of the novelist's intention, and the meaning of Ruskin has been, perhaps, mis-construed. In "Time and Tide" he says: "To the compelling of sloth and the scourging of sin, the strong hand will have to address itself as long as this wretched little dusty and volcanic world breeds filth and spits fire," but his optimism in regard to actual warfare is shown in another passage: "The soldier's office at present is indeed supposed to be the defense of his country against other countries, but that is an office which (Utopian as you may think the saying) will soon now be extinct." Notwithstanding a certain ambiguity in his utterance, almost paradoxical, the only warfare that he really upholds is that which makes for true

knighthood, the Sir Galahad sans peur et sans reproche.

"Peace and the Vices" far from being a book in favor of war, as some superficial critics have contended, on the contrary shows the necessary evils attending its long preparation, which seems to demand fulfilment, and is, therefore, the strongest argument against war. The author's intention is to show "the deleterious effect upon some natures of the endless preparation and keying up of energies for the active use of which there must necessarily be long waits." "The naval officer," she says, "is like his ship —a highly complex fighting machine full of energies only kept free from rust by hard work. But the human soul among us needs more than readiness,—it needs exploitation, fulfilment." Therefore, with Lieutenant Fellowes, who had not "inherited the peace of mental and physical balance," his "suspended energies" were his fiercest foes, and the keynote of the story is "the battle against hereditary vice (that of drink), which he heroically fought, aided by Dora, his self-sacrificing wife."

In the pathos of the story, however, we lose sight of motive and technic and the consideration of the problem which perhaps the title emphasizes unduly. The book is vital because of the depth of feeling, and tender, understanding sympathy of the writer. "A single short, sharp retort from the harbor" (the ten o'clock gun, fired when the court convenes), set up an answering vibration in the heart of a listening woman on shore. She knew the dire import the sound conveyed to another woman, the wife, perchance, of an officer whose honor was at stake. The thought of his poignant humiliation and the wife's anguish of suspense

came to her on a wave of feeling, that reaches us as we read.

The climax is reached when Lieutenant Fellowes, at the demand of his brother officer, who suffers almost as acutely in this painful discharge of duty, hands over his sword; and we, too, with a sympathetic heartclutch, "listen in silence to the rattle of the belt-buckle against the

sword, growing fainter and fainter as the bearer walked away."

A lighter vein runs through the story of laughter and love, and the weight of the title need not alarm the reader who looks to fiction for recreation. The single-hearted devotion and sweetness of the wife are contrasted by the vivacity of her sister, a "rosebud set with little wilful thorns," the sweet seductive spoilt child of the South, petted and coaxed by "Mammy"—surely the greatest negress in fiction, whose "black arms had framed all her moods since she was born."

No setting could be more fitting for the culmination of a romance than the soft star-lit oriental night in the little harbor at Nagasaki, illuminated for the Bon Matsuri—most pathetic of Japanese festivals, in commemoration of the dear dead, whose souls in countless tiny craft,

cunningly prepared, drift back to their resting-place.

Again details of naval life are given with photographic accuracy. Anna Rogers' mental camera is always ready, and her snap shots tell. And the pitiless exactitude of the kodak is relieved by constant flashes of humor and sentiment. Tears and smiles follow in quick succession,

and perhaps epitomize naval life with its vicissitudes.

In common with some of our best writers of fiction today she has been charged with pedantry and obscurity of style. The exigencies of the short-story form, necessitating compression and condensation, meet the indictment, for the novelist usually serves an apprenticeship with the magazines, and however spontaneous his utterance, he works with a subconscious perception of allotted space, a premonitory sense of ultimate clippings and word-parings. In this respect the short story is almost as

exacting a vehicle as the poem.

A. C. Benson affirms of Tennyson that "the speeches both in 'The Princess' and 'Idylls' are some of the most obscure reading that it is possible to discover in modern poetry. . . . A strong desire for compression, for coagulating a clause into an epithet, for epigrammatic and proverbial touches, making the language like a labyrinth of sonorous walls, even when the thought to be expressed is neither abstruse nor complicated!" With the short-story writer the constant lopping off and tearing out of cherished sentences and ideas makes for "coagulation of phrase." Yet the prolixity of the "three-volumed" novelist to most of us nowadays is unbearable. The "sprawling invertebrate, the ordinary English novel" has had its day. Incessant clipping and counting of words tend to the survival of the fittest, and who grudges the wrestling with incoherent thought when at last expression fitly clothes it. To use language as a transparent veil, through which thought shines luminously, is the gift of genius. The French have inherited it, and aided by the delicate subtleties of their idiomatic tongue have given us the model for the short story.

In the whirl of modern life we owe a debt of gratitude to the authors of these tales,—the "Short Sixes" which illumine a few spare minutes so delightfully. It is invidious to select, but one of our latest story-writers, Edith Wharton, in "The Descent of Man" well sustains the standard

of Bret Harte and his successors.

How wonderful is the story of the unfortunate professor who barters his scientific birthright for a mess of pottage—a pseudo-scientific satire, a skit thrown off in mingled rage and hilarity, but which the commercial acumen of his publisher recognizes as pabulum that the public will seriously accept and devour voraciously! And so, under pecuniary pressure, the professor is tempted and falls, though "for some time he had been feeling his way along the edge of a discovery, balancing himself with professional skill on a plank of hypothesis flung across an abyss of

uncertainty," the conjecture "the result of years of patient gathering of facts." How much insight the terse sentence and apt metaphor convey! And the picture of the publisher who "looked as if he had been fattened on popular fiction, and his fat was full of optimistic creases"! To those who have waited with bated breath the decisive interview, how suggestive is this "when the card had finally drifted to his office on the languid tide of routine."

The use of metaphor by Anna Rogers is equally felicitous. In describing the temperament of Kent Fellowes, she says: "Fellowes had a temperament strung up for action, for the full testing of twenty years of theory,—a mind that looked off over wide spaces, beyond the minutiae of foreground that makes for sanity. He felt even under the padding of his daily paper the ribs of history, to be studied later by his children."

Literary impressionism is studied by the best writers today,—pen pictures in scant drapery of words. When Le Gallienne speaks of "a painted fungus of a woman in black satin, smilling with horrible cordiality," he leaves nothing to be imagined in the sum total of depravity. The future historian will have to learn the art of condensation. Neither Kipling nor Gilbert Parker claims to be teaching history, yet in a few terse phrases Kipling condenses the contents of a file of blue-books on England's administration of India, and Gilbert Parker throws a flash-light upon a newer sphere of her influence, in his Egyptian tales. Still less do they sermonize, but what a moral a few tense strokes convey! Here is

Gilbert Parker's description of a degraded British officer:

"Above the hook nose, once aristocratic, now vulture-like and shrunken like that of Rameses in his glass case at Ghizeh, was a tarboosh tilting forward over the eyes, nearly covering the forehead. The figure must have been very tall once, but it was stooped now. . . Hunted, haunted, ravaged and lost was the face, and the long gray moustache covering the chin almost seemed to cover an immeasurable depravity." And the lesson of the "lost one"! "Cheated twice at cards" and "paid the piper" (sunk from his fine estate to being the panderer) to "the egregious Pasha with his oily smile"! What a foil is this sleek salaaming functionary to the rugged honesty of the official Englishman, who demands his fallen countryman's presence at mess, in a phrase which unblushingly recognizes British bluntness: "He comes from where we get our bad manners, and he messes with us tonight"!

The "lost one's" degradation is an incisive lesson against gambling, and the anguished cry of Fellowes, "Trained for battle, and not even able to conquer myself," voices the curse of intemperance more forcibly than

many sermons.

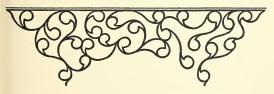
The strongest touch in "Peace and the Vices" is the suspended officer's vision of his ship in action when "the game of battle was fairly

on." "Another man had charge of his guns, cheered on or held in check his gun crews of eager men half-mad with excitement, only kept under by a discipline relaxed to suit the moment, and a cool, clear head that saw only essentials. And gun after gun thundered out over the water. The ship's routine went to the winds! The men roared when a shot told, and roared when one fell short, cursed, and stamped their feet, beating their great black hands together, frantic with the inevitable restraint of the ship's confining space, there being no outlet for energy like a dash of infantry or cavalry, up and on, following, ever onward! Oh! it was easy ashore, but here, tied down in a hole, the shot only could represent their courage, their fervor, their frenzy of energy. The aim was corrected in quiet voices by the divisional officers, and now and then: 'Steady, men, we can't afford to waste any shots!' And 'old Dennis' (Fellowes' gun captain) sings out, 'No fear!' And the men laugh. And Kent saw with burning eyes that incorrigible old drunkard come into his best estate, cool, stung to miracles of marksmanship. Every now and then he tested the firing battery of his own gun by placing the terminals on his tongue and closing the circuit, with the air of a Faraday in his laboratory, and then crying out: 'Ah, but we'll put the fear of God in their hearts this day!' And the crew about howled their approval. . . . Like one in a dream, Kent heard the rush of the ammunition rapidly 'whipped up' the shoots; the powder-men receiving it, knocking open the boxes with battle-axes, and when empty, throwing or kicking them overboard! . . . The splash of the enemy's return shots was lost in all that uproar, and only the first lieutenant in the conning tower gave them a thought, up somewhat above the deafening din below. .

And did Fellowes "stay scabbarded" in San Diego, when war was declared, war for which his whole lifetime had been a preparation? We will not anticipate the end, but leave the story in the hands of the reader.

DORA AMSDEN.





#### William Keith.

An Appreciation.

T'S no use trying to see him! He'll open his studio door just a crack, poke out his nose, look at you, and say he's too busy to see you. You've got to arrange beforehand or you'll never get

So spake a friend when I said I was going to see William Keith, the artist.

But I had a letter from a mutual friend and I felt I'd see him unless there was some reason that I myself could accept for keeping me out.

When he took my letter at the door he looked at me, threw the letter aside without looking at it and bid me "Come in!" But I wouldn't like to swear his manner was cordial. His mail had just come and so I marched into the front room to give him freedom to open and read his

But he did n't do it. He followed me.

"I've been fifteen or twenty years hoping and wishing to see you, but we've never happened to meet and I never felt like seizing the time to do it until today!" I began.

"Not much to look at now you do see me," he responded.

"Plenty!" I replied. "It's not size but quality; not the man's form but his work that is worth looking at."

"Well! when it comes to money, it's the size of the pile that

counts," he said, eyeing me with a droll smile.

"That may be so," said I, "but thank God there are some things that count for more than money. 'A man's a man for a' that,' even though he has no money."

"Yer're Scotch, too, are ye, mon?" he asked, with the first and only

accent I heard him use.

"Well!" I replied, "I'm Scotch enough to have one son Duncan

and another Douglas."

"I'm Scotch, too; my name shows it. Keith's all Scotch. Do you know Muir, John Muir? We've known each other for thirty-five years and we've been out together a great deal. He's Scotch and I'm Scotch, so we quarrel all the time."

"Do you know Mary Austin? She was here the other day. There's a fine woman for you. Have you read that little book of hers, "The Land of Little Rain"? I couldn't buy it in San Francisco so I got a copy from a friend of mine who had it. Here it is! It's a fine book, a glorious book. She's ahead of Muir in some things. She's a writer, she Muir knows a lot and can write beautifully, but as you read him

you're constantly thinking of Muir, and what a fine writer he is, and not so much of the things he describes. But Mary Austin writes, and you feel and see everything just as she sees it and never think of her at all."
"May it not be," I ventured to ask, "that the great charm of her

book is in her feminine sympathy?"

"Nothing weak in it," he ejaculated promptly. "It's strong and powerful. Take that chapter on Jimville. It equals anything Bret Harte ever wrote without any of his exaggeration. She's a fine little woman."

"Oh! don't misunderstand me," I interjected. "I'm not one who thinks that everything feminine is weak. In some respects woman is the most powerful thing on earth. By her affection she controls man, and thus is the most powerful of earth's forces."

"Yes, that's so," said the painter. She's powerful in many ways, in her patience, for example." Then in a moment he changed the subject by asking me abruptly to take a cigar, as he lit one for himself.

"No thanks! I have never yet learned to smoke."

"Well! that's strange, and you out in the desert and among the Indians so much. And you've lost a good deal. There's lots of pleasure in it."

"But if a man's happy anyhow what's the loss?" I asked.

"I don't know after all that you do lose anything. If you know nothing of it I suppose it's all right. But to go back to Muir. Do you know I believe that every human being has much of the animal world in him. Now Muir, for instance, is a combination of the bear and the squirrel. Ever see him? Remember him? It's there sure enough if you look well at him.

"Know Ernest Thompson Seton? He's a combination of his own

Lobo and the gipsy. He's a wolf and a gipsy.

"And Lummis! He's a bulldog. Yes! surely you can see it in Tenacious to good or evil, you can't get him to break loose. If he's your friend, he's faithful unto death and beyond, and if he's your

enemy he'd bite through an inch board to get at you.

"By the way, did you read that thing of his on John Burroughs after John had attacked Thompson Seton and Long? That was clever. By George, he just played with him as a cat does a mouse, so that Burroughs' best friends couldn't have helped laughing. It was great and I think Seton and Long had the best of it. Burroughs knows only the animals of semi-civilization; he knows nothing of the real wild animal as those fellows do."

Then I said something about making a few notes on him and his

work and he snapped me up in a moment.

"Pooh! Write about me and my affairs? Not a bit of it. I don't believe in it. I wouldn't give you a cent a bushel for such stuff. What right has any one to pry into my private affairs, or know anything about me! This autographical stuff had better never be written. Look at that young cub of Browning publishing the private letters, the love letters of his father and mother! Disgusting. And there was ——! That book about him. Better never have been written. It was all right, perhaps, for private distribution among the relatives and nearest friends, but the little personalities, the little self-conceits only do harm where outsiders read them."

"But don't you think, Mr. Keith, that the world should know

something about a man's work?"

"Not a bit of it. Why should they? This all comes of men taking themselves and their work too seriously. My work's my fin. Fun! all fun. I want fun so I work and get my fun in it. Lots of it!"

"May it not be," I asked, "that you do take your work seriously, but you love it and so get your pleasure, or, as you put it, your fun out of it?" "No! it's not work at all. It's all fun and fun all the time. I don't

"No! it's not work at all. It's all tun and tun all the time. I don't mean to say I always work in just the same way. I often have an idea that I want to express and can't and then I go home way down, down,

down in the dumps. But still as a rule it's all fun.

"Time was when I took everything seriously. I was about twenty-five years old and I agonized about things—fretted and fumed and sweated and stewed and all about nothing. God knows I thought it was serious enough, and I did an awful amount of digging and slaving and hard working, but that stewing and fretting was all nonsense, all nothing and less than nothing. So I've quit long ago, and I take life as it comes and enjoy it all. I make fun out of it all. And I paint pictures for the sheer fun of it!"

"But," I asked, "do you like to work here in your studio better

than out in the mountains and the forests you love so well?"

"No! No! Certainly not! But a fellow can't sell pictures when people who want to buy them can't find him. He's got to be on hand, or they go and buy elsewhere, and I've got to keep the family pot boiling."

Then, just as a burst of sunlight will shoot through a cloud, and

lighten up some dark place like a flash, he burst out in his jolly way:

"By George! I'm a business man as well as an artist—a good business man, too. If I were to go and shut myself off from the world I couldn't sell my pictures and I've got to do that to make my living. Shakespeare was a good business man; so am I. Me and Shakespeare. Isn't that a combination? Both alike, you see."

Then with a sudden glance at me he started off: "My | what should we be without the saving grace of humor?" And the merry man laughed at his own fun, and his eyes danced and sparkled with glee at the audacity

of his comparison.

By and by I showed him some pen and ink sketches of an artist friend of mine, an almost untutored boy who loves the desert with a passionate devotion and who for fourteen years has been studying it, enduring all kinds of hardship that he might properly picture it to the world. I showed Keith some of the earlier of his sketches in pen and ink, and asked him if he would kindly send a few words of advice and teaching to him through me.

Instantly he was actively alert. He went over all the sketches I had brought with the most painstaking care and then after strongly commending some of them, saying that the work displayed great artistic

merit and power, he said:

"You tell him from me that he should try the power of simple lines, firm, strong, simple lines, none of these piddling, fiddling little wavy things that are neither lines nor dots nor anything else. Let him get some of Remington's pictures, or this chap's"—picking up a recently issued book with pen and ink sketches on the margin—"and study them. He has the ideas, but doesn't yet know how to express them. It's like an author struggling for expression, or a poet trying to say a thing he only half know."

"Then," said I, in a chaffing manner, "you'd have him take his work seriously?" and I nervously laughed at my temerity, especially when he turned upon me with a frown on his face, his eyes flashing fire as he blurted out: "Why yes! by George, he'll have to dig same as we've all had to do. He's got to learn how to use his material; how to express himself."

Some one had told me he was much interested in Indian baskets, so

I asked him the direct question.

"Yes sir! I'm interested in Indian baskets; of course I am. I once had 150 of them down here. You know John Stanley of Santa Rosa? He's lived there 35 years. He was a born collector. He sold his own collection to Mrs. Hearst. He got mine for me. There were some fine ones, some perfect beauties. But bless m'life, I could never keep them. The girls would come and fall in love with this one and that one and for the life of me I couldn't help giving them away. So one day my wife came down here and counted 'em up and found only 65. By George, in twenty-five minutes they were all packed up, and now she has 'em under her own eye over at home. There's one, a feather basket, a perfect beauty. It's a poem in color. But, do you know, I enjoy some of the simpler weaves better than the highly finished baskets. There's really more to them, greater originality in the shapes and designs, greater interest."

Then he referred to one of my own books about The Grand Canyon and exclaimed:

"The Grand Canyon? My, that's where I want to go some day.

I want to try to paint that Canyon. Don't know whether I can do it,

but I'd like to try.

"Moran? No! No! I don't like his way of doing it. I shouldn't do it that way. I'd give it a hazy, glimmering, tremulous effect and not a mass of color shaped into massive solid blocks like bricks in a house. It's a poem, that Canyon is, and must be painted as such, not like a brown stone front. Moran made a beautiful picture, but paintings of the Canyon vary according to the artist as much as the descriptions by different writers you quote in your book. And that poetic, suggestive way is the way I think I should paint it."

Not far away from where we stood was a beautiful Japanese bowl, of bronze, three feet high and three feet across. Suddenly he pointed to it

and asked:

"D' ye see that? That's my latest treasure. Listen!" And he picked up a leather-covered striker with which he hit the bowl a proper clip on the edge. "Listen to that! Ever hear anything like it in your life? Fine, isn't it? I can see pictures in that." And surely one might see anything in it. The sound scaled the heights to the clouds and descended to the foundations of things. As I lay on the carpet with my ear to the edge I could hear the boom of the deepest thunder, the roar of the sea, and the voices of the flowers, the birds and the stars. Only those who have listened to the boom of a massive bell close by could understand what this boom was like. Yet it was the boom of the bell etherealized; there was the power of it with an added gentleness, as of a powerful man standing in his strength with the spirit of a maiden or young child by his side. Imagine man and maiden in one, each as distinct as the other, as clear, as real, as vivid. So in the sound of the bowl. Keith's eyes lit up and moistened and one could see his whole soul was aroused as the sounds rolled and echoed and rerolled and reechoed throughout and over the room.

"Look at this!" he said, as he took a key and then a knife and held them to the edge of the bowl that I might see the vibrations, for each article was made to dance a speedy measure as it touched the palpitating rim of the sounding mass. "Is n't it wonderful? Now I want to paint! That thing always makes me see pictures and hear songs. It reminds me of Tuolunne Meadows, up in the Sierras. I've heard every sound of Nature there. Songs in the night, brass bands, orchestras, polkas, oratorios, sweet symphonies, crashing choruses, everything, even bagpipes. And I could recognize distinct songs, distant strains of music; of course not the whole piece, but enough to know it certainly. That's where

music comes from. Everything has its origin in Nature."

"But," said I, "don't you know, Mr. Keith, that Haweis and many others say there is no music, as we understand the term, in Nature?"

"Pooh! Nonsense! Music? Why Nature's full of it, but a man's ears and soul, more his soul than his ears, must be attuned to it. Everything comes to its own. Most people get so far away from Nature that they can't understand. They don't recognize her voice even if she does speak to them."

And that's the fact!

So Keith is a poet as well as an artist. But he is more than these. He is a man, full of noble sentiment, full of helpful, kindly feeling.

One great secret of his power is that his work is all and always kindly. Like the beautiful Nature he so loves to picture, his work is kind, generous, helpful. As I sit and write, larks and mocking-birds pouring out their floods of melody all around me, soft and odor-laden breezes blowing my paper to and fro, a dainty little ladybird wondering what kind of a tree my leg is, as it wanders up and down, I see how kindly Nature is. When I was last here rock debris, old bricks, junk and "culch" of all kinds strewed the earth near by. Now the rains have come, grass and beautiful alfileria, and a score of varieties of wild flowers have kindly covered up the trash so that nothing but beauty is to be seen. By and by the debris will disappear, or be buried, but in the meantime Nature hides it for us until that disappearance or change is complete. Man should so treat his fellows. When a poor fellow is covered over with the trash of materialism and old bricks of carelessness, the debris of dishonor, the junk of falseness, the mud of meanness and the muck of sensuality, why turn the searchlight upon him, why hold him up and descant upon the mire that covers him, but, thank God, is not him, so that other muck-covered mortals laugh and sneer and scoff at him until he learns to hate humanity? What good does it do? Is hatred beneficial? Is loss of faith in sympathy and human helpfulness good? Is there a beneficence in feeling that "no man careth for my soul"?

I trow not!

A true test of greatness is that it is helpful. No man of any age was ever truly great who was not helpful who did not put his hands under his fellows and lift them up, who did not sympathize with them in their weakness, sorrows and even their sins, in order to lead them to strength, joy and purity. The great man is he whose life and work wash away the mud and muck from other men; who help remove the junk and trash and place sweetness, purity and beauty in their place.

Keith does this,—does it unconsciously, does it unknowingly, and so the most effectively. Hence his power. He paints nothing unkind, nothing cruel, nothing hurtful, nothing vindictive. He will live, therefore, for his kindliness. His paintings have writ for him in the Book of Life even as the recording angel did for Abou-ben-Adhem that "he loved

his fellow men."

#### Society.

S HAPPENS with most precious things in this world, the sacred relationship of human beings which we name "society" has become conventionalized with advancing civilization. It has become with certain superficial people a forced, unnatural intercourse, crystallized and codified until every atom of spontaneous freedom is lost. Puppets

until every atom of spontaneous freedom is lost. Puppers and marionettes have more of the vital spark than some of these creatures of custom, to whom the dictates of ever-changing fashion are the law and the gospel, to whom propriety is the highest right and expediency the excuse for heartless selfishness. Ah, these maidens too absorbed with night suppers and cotilions and the latest styles in dress to really know what the natural life means! And these matrons who spend their mornings in bridge whist and their afternoons in formal calls and teas while the real family life is stifled in external show, and the children, if any there be, are left to the tender mercies of ignorant servants! And these youths, plunged all too early in the scramble for gain, who find their recreation in the inane gossip of a social club or in the empty frivolities of the ball-room! If all this be society, heaven deliver us from the scourge!

What we need today is to get some perspective on social life, and this we can only gain by retreating occasionally, and viewing our fellows from the vantage-ground of solitude. In nature all is so balanced, so sane, so serene. There may be moments of storm and frenzy, but how quickly are their marks effaced by the wizardry of green leaves or sifted snow! As the day moves on from the first gray hint of dawn to the last quiver of the afterglow of evening, as the year moves on from the timid verdure that heralds the spring to the leaves of gold and brown that whirl through the gray gusty days of November, step by step, moving impalpably, waxing and waning without haste or reticence, so also advances the life in solitude. The clamor of the daily press with its enticing budget of murder, arson and suicide, of horse-races and prize-fighting, does not penetrate our solitude. The restless hum and clatter of the city, the dark dull crowds of hurrying men, the clanging bells, tooting whistles, smoke and grime and grit are forgotten. Instead, there is a rustle of wind in the greenery, a sparkle of sun on the swift-flowing stream, foot patters of wild things on the forest floor, and bird voices rising sweetly out of the woodland coverts. Here a man may measure himself and his fellows by the standard of the storm-weathered pine tree or the granite-browed mountain. He may gossip of the late arrivals among the wild flowers, or the growing brood in yonder nest. And the great Earth Mother (she from whom we sprang and into whose arms we must ere long return for rest), will give him strength and wisdom never vouchsafed to the pent-up city herd.

What a wonderful thing is perspective for giving the true value and proportion of things! Look back to our own great-grandparents of the Revolutionary period, for instance. Perchance the snuffers were broken and the candles flickered so that grandfather had to go to bed without reading his customary text. No doubt it seemed very serious and annoving to him at the moment, but I dare say he got safely into heaven despite the omission, especially if he preserved his usual serene temper. daily incidents of the past which loomed so large to those who were in their midst are from our point of view like the mountains on the earth as seen by the men in the moon - wrinkles or mole-hills at most!

So likewise from this vantage-ground of the wild-wood, or of the

long voyage at sea when an innumerous procession of prancing waves press upon us with incoherent clamor of the busy world afar - from the vantage-ground of any solitude, in fact, where we are close to the great primal forces of nature, we may gain a perspective upon society, and see the interplay of light and shadow in true values. And from this aspect what are the really precious things in society? How the importance of parade and show and ostentation dwindles! How trifling are the vanities and vexations of the social whirl! From the parade of the cradle to the pomp of the coffin, bridal veils and widows' weeds, Easter bonnets and debts paid off in Christmas barter, all the mock sincerity of etiquette covering over our vices and follies with a prescribed formula of propriety! Ah, the cure for such stuff and affectation is a course of treatment by old Mother Nature herself! And then we may look back out of the vista of solitude and find in society one precious thing looming large in the multiplexity of trifles - human kindness! Call it what you will, unselfishness, sacrifice, devotion, love, it matters not. It is the still small voice of the God within each one of us, whispering to the brute: forget not your neighbor, gain that you may give, live that you may love!

And in this perspective, peering out of the solitude upon the struggling mass of humanity, one other idea stands out - that of the family as the social unit, surrounded by the sheltering walls of the home. Among savage men the bounds of the family are often ill defined, and one of the supreme marks of culture is an intensification of family life. The lover may dream of dwelling apart from all the world with the one being he

adores, as in Keats's sonnet on Solitude, which concludes:

Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind, Whose words are images of thoughts refin'd, Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be Almost the highest bliss of humankind When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee. But the solitude is happily interrupted by the presence of children, and then at last there is a family—that mysterious blood bond which links man and wife by the sacred token of dependent spirits! As the clothes are to the man, so is the home to the family—covering its nakedness and shielding it from the external world. No communistic scheme of life is adequate to the full realization of the family. We have passed the communistic stage of the coral polyp and the hive—Plato to the contrary notwithstanding—and the hotel and apartment-house are poor makeshifts for a home.

A group of homes constitutes a village or town, and likewise a group of families in their interrelation and interdependence forms society. The lover and his lass, even enriched with the blessing of children, are not sufficient unto themselves. Humanity is so rich, so many-sided, so vast, that we cannot afford to narrow our horizon by the bounds of the family. It is the friction of many minds that makes the fire of the intellect. It is the throbbing of many hearts in unison that makes the great pulse-beat of humanity. The human soul grows in proportion to the expanse of its sympathies. In defiance of the law of the conservation of energy, the more it gives out in love, the more it increases the store.

We have but to think of our fundamental debt to collective man to make us speak with reverence of society. Language and law, art and science, all in fact that makes for the spiritual side of humanity, has been developed by social intercourse. Without it the lonely spirit would literally shrivel to nothingness. Who could write the story of a Robinson Crusoe baby that had not learned to talk? Even Romulus and Remus had the companionship of a wolf, which saved them from the madness of

complete social ostracism.

May we not, then, think of these vainglorious gewgaws which shallow people mistake for the marks of social distinction, as so many unworthy excrescences which mar the beauty and symmetry of true society? Fashionable calls and chattering teas, ushers and pall-bearers, décolleté dresses and swallow-tail coats, with all the attendant airs that mask the man, how they retard social intercourse and obscure the essentials of life!

It is the firm grip, the upright carriage, the steady eye, the responsive smile—these things and their kindred that speak for social distinction. And above all it is the little acts of thoughtfulness, the evidences of catholic sympathies, the tokens of an unselfish and loving nature that

mark the true aristocrat in human society.

Social cliques and smart sets may bask in the sun of their own conceit, flattering one another with an affectation of superiority which they do not possess, but the real society, that which never loses touch with the simple things of humanity, that which has the perspective of solitude, that which is composed of big hearts and generous minds, that society of the

unheralded elect is the leaven in the human dough which saves the mass

from becoming hopelessly hard and sodden.

Society manners are like the mold which collects upon leather and obscures the material so we may not tell whether it be of poor or fine quality. Society needs no manners apart from the truly human manner which springs from an innate sense of brotherhood. Just a hand-clasp, a sparkle of the eye, a curve of the lips, a kind word —any token in fine which even a dog may read — is enough of a freemason sign to admit one to the inner circles of good society — and once within the pale, what a world of joy is revealed! With such simple talismans we may find an open sesame to the heart of man, and lo, when we have entered, what is our wonder to behold that we stand in the hallowed presence of God!

#### The Ideal Future.

Not yet hath dawned the bright effulgent morn,
The threshold golden of the age Ideal,
Though mighty spirits or great wings upborne
Discern the darkness drifting from the Real.
The night wears slowly to the waited day;
The world wheels slowly to its crowning time;
And slowly Truth moves on her stately way,
And slowly Nature rears the race sublime,
But not a hope shall fail. The rule of love
Shall sway the love of rule and be at last
The Universal law, as heaven above
Shall earth from wrong be free, and all her past—
Its shapes of shame and selfishness—but seem
The phantom terrors of a distant dream.

#### San Francisco Fall Announcements



OSEMITE LEGENDS. A rendering of the Indian Legends, six in number, that enrich the associations of Yosemite Valley, has been made by Miss Bertha H. Smith. The myths are told in a style refreshingly simple and in harmony with the standards of the Indian character. Miss Smith has happily retained the original Indian names,

the titles being Yo-sem-i-te, Po-ho-no, Hum-moo, Py-we-ack, Tu-tock-ah-nu-

lah and Tis-sa-ack, and Kom-po-pai-ses.

The volume is made notable by a series of thirteen full-page illustrations, beautifully printed in color tones, together with a series of marginal, text, and end-paper decorations, also printed in two colors, from designs by Miss Florence Lundborg. Miss Lundborg's illustrations, the result of a long season's work, while illustrative of the text, also interpret the grandeur of the valley with a strength that entirely removes them from the type of landmark sketches.

The conception and execution of the volume are sufficiently distinctive to insure its interest to all lovers of the Yosemite and to earn for it a prominent place among the holiday books of the year. Bound in buckram, with cover design by Miss Lundborg stamped in three colors.

Price. \$2.00 net: postage, 10 cents.



MENTAL PLAND PASTURES. A series of out-of-door essays by Miss Adeline Knapp. These essays, so far as they are localized, deal with the beautiful things of spring and summer in California. They are permeated, however, with a philosophy which is universal; their readings are from the broad page which nature spreads open for us everywhere, that who will may learn its message of beauty and of rejoicing. The

essavist savs:

"All the things of nature are for man's use and joy; but perhaps they serve their highest use when he returns God thanks for their beauty."

The edition is notable in this list as being an attempt on the part of the publishers to produce a volume conforming to the highest standards of book making. A reproduction in photogravure of a painting by William Keith, printed on imperial Japan vellum, serves as the The decorations, sufficiently reserved in character and quantity, are by Mr. H. M. Sickal. The type composition, by Mr. J. H. Nash, is an example of faithful care in spacing and proportion, while the presswork by the Tomoyé Press is gratefully even in color-tone and impression. The type is an old-style face, heavy but legible, the initials and decorations being rubricated throughout, a matter of some difficulty in view of the uneven edge of the hand made paper used in the book. The binding is half-leather, gilt top and uncut edges, a delicate and harmonious color tone being preserved in the various details. The edition



# Impressions Quarterly

A little magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and art: published quarterly. Edited by Paul Elder.

Annual subscription, from first number of current volume only, 50 cents. As a convenience to subscribers, the publishers will assume that a continuance of the subscription is desired, under notified by the subscribere descentions at the expiration of subscription. Rates for selectment may be had by application at the business office, 3.38 Fort Street. Entered at the Potentiar San Françisco, as second-class matter. Paul Elder and Company, Publishers.

Copyright, 1904, by PAUL BLDER AND COMPANY

### December, 1904

| "Hamlet," in Berkeley by Themas R. Bacon -                                       | - | 85 |
|--|---|----|
| The Colden Gate (Verse) by Howard V. Suther and                                  |   | y  |
| Business Morality by Harris Weinstock -  |   | 91 |
| Work. (Second Paper) by Charles Ketter   |   | 94 |
| To Stevenson. (Verse) by Chartes Keeler -  |   | 9  |
| Names and the Human Spirit. (Fourth paper -                                      |   |    |
| Nature and the Human Spirit. (Fourth paper—  The Final Use)  - by Adelline Knapp |   | 9  |
| Ginceppe Cadenasso. (An Appreciation) by Hugh Gorden Maxwell                     |   |    |
| Tohn Muir (An Anpreciation) by George W Marson James                             | т |    |
| December Sharts (Verse) by Marguerite Stabler -                                  | - |    |
| Unland Pastures. (A Review) by Dorothea Moore                                    |   | 10 |

#### Frontispiece

El Capitan, Yosemite Valley, From a Photograph by W. E. Danintulle.
The Stevenson Fellowship, Little from M. I., C. C. Mataafa, High Class
of Sama (reverse of frontispice)

#### Supplement

Giuseppe Cadenasso, From a Photograph by W. E. Dass notile

#### Bibliography

UPLAND PARTURES. By Adeline Knapp. Photogravure from insiese after painting by William Keith. Limited autograph edition on and-made paper, half leather, boxed. San Francisco. Paul gider and Company. Price, \$3,00 pet.

THE BUILDING CAREE IN ITS PUBLIC RELATION. B. Albert Shaw, Pb. D. First volume in the series 'The Monais of Trade,' "spinted from the lessure delivered at the University of California, on the Barat Weinstock foundation. Buckeram, San Francisco, Paul Elder and Company, \$1:00 net.



#### "Hamlet" in Berkeley.

Norz — "Hamlet" wa given in its entirety, as neatly as possible according to the quarto of 160q, the first suthorized edition), in the University Theater at Berkeley, by Mr. Ben Greet and his company of players. The company modestly disclaimed any attempt to give new readings or interpretations, and implicitly asked to be judged by their success in giving the tragedy as it was originally given. All criticism of realists should have for its basis the intention of the players.

MUST begin with the confession that I am not in that judicial frame of mind which ought to characterize the critic. The performance of "Hamlet" by Mr. Ben Greet's company of players has given me a prejudice. I have never in my life so much enjoyed any dramatic performance; and my life is already rather long, and I have seen a great many dramatic performances.

I had long ago given up trying to see "Hamlet." I had never really seen the play, though I had tried most industriously. But "Hamlet" had never been given during nearly three hundred years, until it was given at Berkeley on Saturday, October the 1st, of this year of grace. The monologue which is ordinarily given as "Hamlet" is so entirely lacking in dramatic quality that I had reached the conclusion that "Hamlet" is a very poor play, although a very interesting pamphlet. So I stopped trying to see it and contented myself with reading it somewhat sedulously. It is, perhaps, the loftiest single work of human genius, and I had a suspicion that there was a dramatic quality in it somewhere,

though I had never detected it on the stage.

"Hamlet" really is a good play, when you can get it. The performance in Berkeley proved this. While it is not so great dramatically as some of his plays, there is probably none that better illustrates Shakspere's absolute mastery of stage effect in all its details. This is lost sight of when the play is reduced to the ordinary acting edition, and when the stage is cumbered by scenery. The play was not written for scenery. Had it been, the sure instinct of Shakspere would have made it different. The entire absence of scenery helps the play immensely, and not only helps us to understand how the play was first given, but shows us something more of that superlative gift of the author which turned obstacles into aids and made all things possible. The Shaksperean absence of stage "properties" and accommodations was happily and amusingly illustrated. Doubtless, when "Hamlet" was first played, the grave of Ophelia was represented by a trap-door or by tearing up a couple of planks in the

flooring of the stage. Neither of these expedients was possible on the hard concrete floor of the Berkeley Theater, so the grave was dug on the dais, which in other scenes served for the thrones of the King and Queen. ("The throne of Denmark was a chair.") This seemed odd to many who saw it, but an Elizabethan or Jacobean audience would have regarded it with perfect gravity, so entirely did they depend on what was said and done, so little had they learned to depend upon "staging".

The absence of scenery and the paucity of properties made it possible to give the play without vexatious pauses between the scenes, but even so it was too long. That is the one valid criticism to be made on "Hamlet" as a drama. It took nearly all day—morning and afternoon. It was not that the audience grew weary, but the actors did. The titlerole has many more lines than any other, unless some tales concerning the Chinese drama be true, and the strain told visibly on the actor and his

memory toward the end.

The performance, as a whole, met with astonishingly unanimous approval. There were some, of course, who thought that some things should have been done differently, but their opinions are, for the most part, negligible. There was surely no one in that great audience that did not come away with the belief that the role of Ophelia was better played than it had ever been played before. The grace and truth of the playing were such that it could hardly be called playing. This was Ophelia. So fair, so fond, so real, so essentially innocent! There is here nothing to say. My recollection of how Shakspere played the ghost is rather dim, but I doubt whether he did it better than did he who played it at

Berkeley.

Of course, there is division of opinion about the interpretation of the role of Hamlet by Mr. Greet. There are few questions about which men of intelligence are so widely divided as the question how Hamlet ought to be played. This is inevitable. The creation of Hamlet was the finest achievement of human intelligence, and it is left to less perfect human intelligence to interpret it. There is a certain audacity in trying to interpret it at all upon the stage, though there have been many persons who have not felt any tremors in trying to interpret it in the safe asylum of their closets. Every one knows that it means something, but people differ about what it means, as they do about all things of profound significance. I have been interested in hearing, and even overhearing, what people had to say about Mr. Greet's interpretation. Persons who have age enough, and some who have not, institute a comparison with the interpretation of Booth. Edwin Booth's Hamlet has become the test and touchstone of all attempts in this country to set "Hamlet" upon the stage. This is right; and yet a comparison of Mr. Greet's doings with those of Mr. Booth is utterly wrong, and does great injustice to two

really great actors. Booth's Hamlet was the most extraordinary intellectual feat that I ever saw, and I saw it many times. It was a thoughtful and earnest psychological study, expressed with an eloquence and dramatic power which no man can hope to equal. It was, moreover, reënforced by the strength of tradition, which is more powerful upon the stage than elsewhere. Mr. Greet wisely, I think, threw tradition to the winds, and played Hamlet as freely as Burbage did. The result was that he showed us the most human Hamlet that has appeared to me. As a psychological study, it was not much of a success; as a representation of a very human man in Hamlet's case, it was immeasurably successful.

Mr. Greet did very well to let alone the vexed question of whether Hamlet was really insane. It is a singular and very futile question, but it has employed, and sometimes exhausted, the powers of learned men. I suppose that it was first started when Hamlet first appeared upon the stage. We recognize the insanity of a great many people, and we know a very few people whom we recognize as perfectly sane. But most of us belong to a third class, who are not insane enough to shut up in asylums, but who are not sane enough to be perfectly trusted. This class cannot be restrained, because they are in the majority, and to this class Hamlet undoubtedly belonged. That he was pretty near the boundary which separates these from the insane cannot be doubted, but whether he transcended it is a purely academic question. It has been much debated by literary critics who are not well qualified to judge the matter. If the question was whether Hamlet should be sent to an asylum, a commission de lunatico would not call for the evidence of literary critics, but that of expert alienists. Fortunately, no such practical question is presented, for the reason that Hamlet is dead, - more completely dead than any one else-having been killed many thousand times by the poisoned sword of Laertes. But the critics cannot let the question alone; the wise actor will leave it to them, as Mr. Greet does.

Mr. Greet shows himself equally wise in not trying to solve the moral problem involved, nor to let such question intrude to the detriment of the dramatic effect. Whether Hamlet was right in his intention to kill the King, there being no other penalty possible; whether he was right in contemplating suicide as a way out of his dilemma, these are questions which the actor need not try to solve, and which he may well leave with the critics and the audience. What he has to do is to show that Hamlet thought he ought to kill the King, and how, through paltering with his own thoughts, the purpose faded away, to be fulfilled at last, not through fixed intent, but in a mad burst of desperation. This Mr. Greet did well. He did it with splendid success. That is why I liked Mr. Greet's

Hamlet.

The question which I have heard most discussed in the matter is how the soliloquies, which make so large a part of the play, ought to be spoken. There are some persons who have the habit of talking to themselves. Most of us have sometimes overheard them. Commonly, they speak in a conversational tone; rarely are they oratorical. But the soliloquy on the stage is different from this. It is a dramatic device for the purpose of letting the audience know what the person is thinking about. How the words should be spoken is a perfectly legitimate subject for discussion and for difference of opinion, but I am sure the right way is not the way of rant, to which even Booth descended in the soliloquies of Hamlet on one occasion when I saw him. If Mr. Greet erred in taking the conversational tone in the soliloquies, it was certainly an error on the right side.

It is a curious fact, and worth mention, that Shakspere's most popular play is not one of those which depends for its main interest upon what is called "dramatic effect." The interest of "Hamlet" is mainly the accurate delineation of the decay of the individual will, a process so dramatically set forth that it adds the final item to Shakspere's title to

supreme fame.

A word ought to be added about the place and the people. The beneficence of Mr. Hearst in building the Greek theater for the University of California has been fully justified by its results. Its beauty would be its own excuse for being, if it had no other; but its constant use shows that it meets "a felt want." The Greeks really knew some things. They did not know so much of the theory of acoustics as Helmholtz taught the world, but they knew how to build a theater where all could hear and see. And they knew how to do it in such manner as to delight the eye and make us glad that we have sight, which modern architecture sometimes makes us sorry for. The audience was large and good; that it was more than usually intelligent was shown by the fact that it remained seated all through the last scene, and through the carrying off of the dead bodies, and only slowly dispersed to the booming of great guns, in accordance with the final rubric of the play, which says: "Exeunt marching; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off." How closely the audience was in sympathy with the actors was amusingly illustrated, when Hamlet pointed upward, and asked Polonius, "Do you see that cloud?" Half the people on the benches turned around to see that cloud, which never existed except in the brains of Shakspere and of those who have learned of him. I have never seen a finer token of the power of a good actor.

I must add another word about the work that Mr. Greet and his company are doing. There has been talk for the last few centuries about "elevating the stage." Nothing ever came of it. Mr. Greet never said anything about "elevating the stage," so far as I know. He just went in and did it, and he has been most ably and heartily supported by his

company. He has taken the only way. He is giving us the very best there is, - the best in historical interest and in literary art. He is doing it well. Whether he conceived his intention to elevate the stage from artistic or moral motives, I do not know,-probably from a mixture of both. But he had the sense to know that you cannot improve the stage morally except by making it the finest vehicle of art.

When I had written thus far, and had sent the copy to the editor of IMPRESSIONS, I had seen only one press notice of the performance of "Hamlet" in Berkeley. It was fair-minded, if not very intelligent. I have since seen others which were both fair-minded and intelligent, and some which were neither. A good many of them seem to have been written by young persons who knew nothing about Shakspere, and whose notions of the drama were derived from the vaudeville stage. may be mistaken. Possibly the writers are old persons, in which case there is no hope. Assuming that they are young, and still teachable, I wish to call their attention to a passage in the works of the greatest of all satirists. When Christiana and her children, with the damsel who was called Mercy, had left the City of Destruction on their pilgrimage, they soon came to the house of the Interpreter. This instructive gentleman showed them the same sights which he had showed to Christiana some time before.

This done, and after these things had been somewhat digested by Christiana and her company, the Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also One over his head, and a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered to give him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks and the dust of the floor. .

Then said Christiana: "Oh! deliver me from this muck-rake!" "That prayer," said the Interpreter, "has lain by until it is almost rusty. . . . Straws, and sticks, and dust, with most, are the great things now looked after." With that Mercy and Christiana wept, and said: "It is, alas! too true!"

The advantage which a prophet has over the rest of us is that his word is good for all time. John Bunyan would doubtless be startled to find his words applied to a matter of theatrical criticism. But they do apply. I only wish to suggest to my young friends (if they really are young), that the Interpreter's house stands hard by the road to the Celestial City, "wherein dwelleth righteousness," and wherein "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

THOMAS R. BACON.

#### The Golden Gate.

Gate of the World! O'er which forever sound The mighty anthems of imperial winds, In visions I behold thee, stretched between Wide wastes of sea, beneath wide wastes of stars! What years of years, what awful dreams of time Hast thou lain watching, while about thy bars The unpolluted waves surged to and fro And thundered their sublime obedience! What gloom hast thou seen shattered, when across The new-born earth first trembled, like a hymn, The quivering light, that grew, and grew, and grew, Till tiny blooms beheld it, and the dove-God's gentle dove - first cooed its note of peace!

Gate of the West! Through which pass, eager-eyed, The fevered peoples of two hemispheres, Searching for that which no one finds who seeks Along the lonely highways of the world: Whose portals open outwards to the land Where Buddha dreams in bronze solemnity, And bells still chime, though cannons roar, and roar, And wake the people from their ivory sleep! Could we but see, we children of a day, Born in the mist that swallows us so soon, Could we but see what destiny awaits The Sons that follow after-happy heirs Of Homeland, Westland, California!

Gate of my Soul! I bend my head in prayer Hearing the Voice that speaks in wind and wave Forever and forever. We may pass -As pass the restless flowers of the dunes, Weed and spent foam, flung blossoms of the sea,-And yet be subtly conscious. We shall hear The wild bird singing, and the patient low Of cattle in our meadows. And, as surge With rhythm as of music through yon Gate The constant tides, so we, when all is done, Shall rise towards perfection - sure, most sure, That all is well where Love and loved ones wait, And all be well with what we leave behind.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

### Business Morality.

The Barbara Weinstock Lectureship at the University of California.

E FOE, in writing in 1725, on the English tradesman, mentions, among other manœuvers of retailers, the false lights which they introduced into their shops for the purpose of giving delusive appearance to their goods. He comments on the "shop rhetorick," the "flux of falsehoods" which tradesmen habitually uttered to their customers, and quotes their defense as being that they could not live without lying. He says, too, that there was scarce a shopkeeper who had not a bag of spurious or debased coin, from which he gave change whenever he could, and that

men, even the most honest, triumphed in their skill in getting rid of bad

money.

Coming down to a much later period and taking Herbert Spencer as an authority, who wrote his admirable essay on the "Morals of Trade," some forty years ago, we find the following picture given by him of the "Morals of Trade" at that time. He says: "On the average, men who deal in bales and tons differ but little in morality from men who deal in yards and pounds. After making all allowances, we fear that the state of things is very bad. On all sides we have found the result of long personal experience to be the conviction that trade is essentially corrupt. The uniform testimony of competent judges is, that success is incompatible with strict integrity. To live in the commercial world, it appears necessary to adopt its ethical code; neither exceeding nor falling short of it; neither being less honest nor more honest; those who sink below its standard are expelled; while those who rise above it are either pulled down to it or ruined. As, in self-defense, the civilized man becomes savage among savages; so it seems that in self-defense the scrupulous trader is obliged to become as little scrupulous as his competitors. It has been said that the law of the animal creation is, 'eat and be eaten,' and of our trading community it may be similarly said that the law is, 'cheat and be cheated.' Men in different occupations and in different places-men naturally conscientious, who manifestly chafed under the degradations they submitted to, have one and all expressed to us the sad belief, that it is impossible to carry on trade with strict rectitude. Their concurrent opinion, independently given by each, is, that the scrupulously honest man must go to the wall."

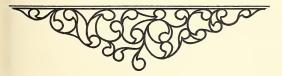
One need not go very far, even today, to find men who are past masters in all the tricks in trade, and who can discount the shrewdest trader who lived in the days of De Foe or in the time in which Spencer wrote his essay on "The Morals of Trade." If trafficking were free from corruption and lying; from deception and fraud, there would be no need for lectureships on trade morals. We are still living in an age when too many think with Herbert Spencer in his day, that the law of trade is, "cheat and be cheated," and are faithful practitioners of this law. All that can be said of the present is, that the trend of commercialism is toward a higher and better way, and that while there are those who still believe that the scrupulously honest man in trade must go to the wall, there is a steadily growing number who, from experience and observation, have found that, aside from the principle involved, it is becoming more and more profitable, purely as a matter of commercial policy, to be square in business.

Commercial integrity and high character are more and more becoming valuable business assets, and day by day are commanding higher rec-

ognition and greater commercial rewards.

It is not always easy to analyze cause and effect, and to determine which is the cause and which is the effect. One is not sure in saying that higher commercial integrity has led to the existing great concentration in trade; or that the great trade concentration that has been and is still going on has led to higher commercial integrity. One thing, however, may safely be stated: if trade frauds and trade corruptions were as prevalent now as in the time of De Foe, or in the early days of Spencer, no gigantic commercial enterprises, such as are common today, could endure. The petty shopkeeper of forty, or one hundred, or two hundred years ago, who, as a rule, personally stood behind his every transaction, might cheat and lie and swindle and get on, despite it all; but what would become of the captain of trade who employs thousands to buy and to sell for him, and who should train them to lie and cheat and to defraud customers? His great commercial structure, like Jonah's Gourd, would rise in a night and perish in a night. The very vastness of trade of the present day compels the employer to be honest and straightforward and, in self-protection, to surround himself only with those who likewise are honest and straightforward. The premium formerly paid to the man employed in buying and selling, for his cleverness in overreaching the other fellow, is now paid to him who by clean, honest, straightforward methods wins the confidence and the good-will of those from whom he buys or to whom he sells. As business enterprises continue to grow in magnitude and as owners will more and more find themselves obliged to depend upon others; sometimes tens, sometimes hundreds and often thousands who are to be entrusted with the money or the wares of their employers, the premium upon commercial honesty and truthfulness will continue to grow larger, and the chances for the thief, the cheat and the liar in trade to get on will grow more and more slender; so that, in time, the law of self-preservation will compel men in business, whatever may be their inclinations, to speak the truth and to deal fairly one with another. These virtues practiced at first, merely as a matter of policy, will, in due time, become habit; and habit sooner or later crystallizes into principle. Thus, hope is in the air and there is a better and cleaner day in store for all destined to spend their lives in commercial pursuits. The thing to do at this hour is to accelerate the movement and to bring this hoped-for day as near to our own as possible. The California University lectureship on the morals of trade is a small effort in that direction. Being the first lectureship of the kind ever established, it is, in the nature of things, experimental. The good to follow therefrom is, as yet, an unknown quantity; much depends upon the selection of lecturers and upon the publicity given to their utterances. The first lecturer chosen by the University, Dr. Albert Shaw, was a happy selection. The lecturer possesses that rare combination of requisites, a broad experience as a man of affairs, a high character, and a rare degree of culture and scholarship. His address, listened to by thousands of collegians and others, was a powerful plea for character and high standards in business life, and made a marked impression upon his hearers. His forthcoming book, now in print and soon to be published, which will give in a permanent form the ideas set forth in his remarkable University lecture, is likely to have a far-reaching influence and is destined to do its fullest share in hastening the day when honesty and fair dealing in business life will be a thing so common and universal as to lead the world to wonder that trade conditions could ever have been otherwise.

HARRIS WEINSTOCK.



### Work.

AN, the creator, proves his divinity by accomplished work, The idler is lower than the beast. He is the social vampire sucking the life-blood of sleeping humanity. He is a wood-tick or a water-leech upon the body politic, growing fat by what he has not earned. It matters not whether he be poor or rich, the idler is always a parasite. Whether

he wears the rags of a tramp or the trappings of a gentleman, he needs to be sent packing off to a treadmill to rid society of his encumbrance. Perhaps the most dangerous of all idlers are those of the gentler sex. We forgive them if they but show us their lily-white hands of indolence. But there is woman's work to be done in the world as well as man's, and the adage about the devil finding work for idle hands applies to those that knit and knead as well as to those that hew and delve.

We either stagnate or progress, and work is the touchstone of progress. Hans Andersen has said that we cannot all be noblemen, for there must be some to do the work. That is the old-fashioned and out-worn view adapted to a land where prince is set off in contrast to peasant. Rather let us perceive that we can only prove ourselves noblemen by the doing of noble work. Birth and rank count for little in these democratic days, but we may not plume ourselves overmuch on our superiority when all the world is divided into two classes-those who have gold and those who want it.

But our man of wealth today is a worker. A self-imposed burden of affairs is upon him. Like the barons of old, he lives in his castle armed cap-a-pie, ready to stake comfort, life, and, alas! all too frequently honor, for the sake of his treasure. His foot is ever in the stirrup, his lance in rest, his retainers within hail, for on every hand lurks the foe ready to spoil him of his horde. By day he is foraging afield for more plunder; by night he is plotting new campaigns. Even such work as this is better than idleness; the great point to perceive is that it is far from the highest forms of toil. Self-aggrandizement is not the task set for man by the Master.

It is well to recognize at the outset that there are degrees of worth in work. The motive behind the toil refines or degrades it. The mother who washes clothes that her boy may get an education is more divinely employed than the singer, however sweet her voice, who sings for the emoluments and adulation bestowed by a fickle public. This brings us to the real test of the worker. Is he toiling for self or for others? If for self, he will surely clutch at the gold and find in his hand but dust; if for others, the gift of Midas will be his without its curse. The only form of toil that is worthy a true soul is service. Bring up your child to understand that the end of life and the joy of being can be realized only in service and you need have no fear of that boy's or girl's future.

How this thought of service glorifies all work! It lightens the labor of the plowman to know that he is helping to put bread in the mouths of the hungry multitude as well as to feed himself; the carpenter hammers with a freer swing when he thinks that he is building a shelter for a fellow man; the shipwright knocks away the blocks at the launching with a lighter heart, realizing that through his strong arms has been built a craft to wait upon the nations and bear their produce from shore to shore. Aye, even the banker, growing rich perchance from the interest on his loans, may be a servant of the people, lending of his thrift and prudence and sagacity that business may prosper, that bargains may be consumated and that men may have a safe and ready medium of exchange. From the odium of the usurer and money-lender of old, he may, by his integrity, his conservative sagacity, his judgment of men and affairs, dignify his calling to one of true service to humanity, and rejoice in his contribution to human well-being.

As a life of service implies that a man is to give the best that is in him of work for the benefit of his fellows, it also implies that he shall not accept of others more than they may spare. The taskmaster who demands more than he gives, the employer who breaks the backs of his hirelings on the wheel of toil, the slave-owner, even though masking under a more proper name, who cracks the whip of industry over his human chattels as he drives them to their task,—all these unholy mortals who reap what they have not sown, or who are sowing the sweat and blood of human sacrifice, will surely reap in time the whirlwind of disaster which they have so well earned. The American Civil War was an allegory of such human relations, and out of the wreck and ruin of the conflict rises one of the oppressed, Booker Washington, to preach to his basichted kingmen the greenel of work.

benighted kinsmen the gospel of work.

We have but to read of the horrors of the collieries a generation ago to realize to what depths of depravity men may fall when they have unhampered power in ordering the work of their fellows. And the man

with the hoe is not a myth but a terrible reality:—

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground, The emptiness of ages in his face, And on his back the burden of the world. Who made him dead to rapture and despir, A thing that grieves not and that never hopes. Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?"

Out of this injustice has grown two hostile federations—labor and capital. The hand laborers are pitted against those who employ them. And in this opposition of the unions and the trusts comes the menace to modern social institutions. How all these clouds would vanish if the thought of work could be transmuted to the ideal of service!

There is a certain shallow type of mind that cannot dissociate labor from physical toil. Such a mind cannot understand that to let the head save the heels does not necessarily imply idleness. Though the captain of a ship may not pull at the ropes, yet no one doubts that he works his passage. And the man who sits at a desk computing the displacement of a cruiser may work harder than he who rivets the steel plates of the vessel's side.

In estimating work we are apt to think only of its extent, and not of its quality and intensity. The Irish hod-carrier was not so far wrong when he wrote back to his friend at home that America was a great country because you don't have to work. "All you need to do," he said, "is to carry bricks from a pile in the street to a man in the building, and the other fellow does all the work." How many of us think we are working when we are only carrying bricks for some one else to work with!

The measure of worth of work is its power to raise the standard of living. The man who sweeps streets or the maid who sweeps floors is helping to make life purer and cleaner; but the man or woman who brushes the cobwebs and dust from the brain so that we may think more clearly is doing a more lasting service to brother man. The man who builds of stones or of words, of colors or of sounds, forms of beauty to satisfy men's souls, is doing a still higher service to his fellows. And the man who by his sacrifice of the joy of life for the love of those about him makes of himself a living example of service to all the world, is performing the supreme work for the advancement of his race. Thus we have the ascending types of spiritual workers, in the philosopher and scientist from Plato to Darwin; in the artist, from Phidias to Tennyson, from Angelo to Beethoven; and in the messiahs, Chrishna, Buddha, Christ.

O delvers around the base of these three peaks of life, be not afraid to cast your eyes now and again at the summit! If imitation is the sincrest flattery, the redoing of the work of the masters is the highest praise. Not in slavish imitation, but in re-creation does the craving of the spirit for expression find satisfaction. And re-creation is ever fresh and new, however old the theme.

Work, then, but not blindly, wilfully, selfishly. Work in the spirit of praise, to express what is best within you for the service of others. So men have worked; so you can work if you will. Let the work be what you are best able to do, or what fortune has thrust upon you, be it to

labor with scythe and pruning-hook or with brush and pen; only do that work in the light of the masters. Methinks one can wash dishes better with a snatch of a Schubert melody on her lips than by the mere dogged use of soap and water; and the carpenter would build better houses if the vision of the Parthenon were in his sight; and the merchant would make better bargains if the life of Christ were in his heart-better for him and

better for the world.

The world's work is ever to be done anew-not the building of railroads and steamships, that men may be whisked about with their goods in the scramble for gold; not the making of dynamos to light men upon their night revels, - not these incidental accomplishments in so far as they make for bustle and activity in the outer man, but these triumphs of engineering only in so far as they lead to a closer communion of souls, a larger conception of brotherhood. The real world's work we hear far too little about in these strenuous days—the work of advancing men on that illimitable road of the ideal. The need of the hour is a nicer discrimination of the worth of work, a greater emphasis on the work that is for love rather than for gold, a higher valuation of the immaterial returns, a greater readiness to serve God by serving the sons of God - our brothers.

CHARLES KEELER.

### To Stevenson.

Wanderer o'er life's inhospitable seas,

With galleon sails to waft thee unto lands Of old romance, where jocund fancy stands,

Luring sad hearts to youth, where tropic trees Rustle before the trade-wind's welcome breeze,

And warm blue waves roll up on coral strands, Or, on the reef, with clapping of white hands;

Teller of tales the world afar to please, Thy caravel sailed forth o'er chartless waves, But, ere it left, a mighty far-off cry

Reached o'er the sea,—the tardy world's acclaim:

Hail and farewell to him who fearless braves The unrestoring deep with spirit high, Bequeathing kindliness, more prized than fame.

CHARLES KEELER.

### Nature and the Human Spirit.

Fourth Paper -The Final Use.

NQUESTIONABLY, the human race never made a greater, or a meaner, mistake, than when it conceived of this universe as created solely for the race's use and furtherance. It is true that man is the highest order in that part of the universe which we know best. He is "the finest thing made," as some one has called him; but when this is granted there yet remains much which our supremest self-satisfaction cannot in reason concede.

Nevertheless, we are indigenous on this earth. It is our natural environment, and our essential humanity has no more to fear, in it, than the birds, or the trees, need fear. We have bent its elements and its powers to our service, and we shall doubtless, sometime, learn that Nature's con-

summate office to us is to conserve our happiness.

There are many, among the more serious-minded, and such as John Knox would have approved, who deny that the human spirit was formed, primarily, for happiness. Ultimately, perhaps, if we groan and sweat and bear our fardels with due conspicuousness in this life, and learn good from steady contemplation of ungood, we may wrest happiness to ourselves. In regard to this life, however, Teufelsdröckh finds many to assent (how intelligently is not in this place to be said) to his dictum: "There is in man a higher than love of happiness. He can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness." Like many a similar utterance, this one has a pleasing resonance; but it is merely another of the great Carlyle's brilliant and ingenious methods of begging a question.

We have, as well, various Emersonian dicta of the same purport, but, possibly, even Emerson did not always see that which lay in his direct line of vision. His was the emancipation of the mind, rather than of the spirit, and his witty retort about doing without the world demon-

strates him of all men least able to do so.

If the human spirit was not formed for present happiness, it certainly has, in its purest manifestations, a remarkable capacity for it. We see this daily, in the evident and spontaneous happiness of normal young things, even of the lower orders. Blessedness is the next best thing, perhaps, if we come short of the other. It is a quiescent thing at most, however. It testifies to our capacity for reconciling ourselves; but happiness is the spirit's cooperation in the scheme of things. Ruskin has been called a licensed scold, and he won the characterization; but we may forgive him much for one plain truth which he set down: "Whatever we are doing, be sure we are not pleasing Him, if we are not happy."

The power which Nature holds, to produce and foster within us the good delights of life, is a wonderful part of her great helpfulness to us. She induces good moods by the pure happiness which she awakens in us. It is no devised scheme in her mighty drama that does this. It may be today's sunlight sifting down through leafy trees; or it may be the sunjent of spart ages loosed in flame as we sit glowing beside the fire while Euroclydon rages without; or it may be "the small rain on the tender herb, the showers upon the green grass," that brings us our moment of pure joy and quickens the spirit to deeper recipiency of good. It may even be none of these, but some wholly intangible mood of the woods that translates the joy of living into terms of our instant's need, and makes us happy without our being especially aware of it.

This is, after all, the real hold which Nature keeps upon her lovers. Their real enjoyment is an inward recognition, too indefinite to be caught in any cobweb of words—too real to feel the need for expression. She

meets their need. Nothing else is necessary.

The case may be both more and less complicated with those whose love of Nature seems to consist so largely in looking the part. These go out in squads, to accessible fields and cañons, to commune with Nature. They climb convenient mountains in companies, to gain an outlook, vociferating the air, the while, to "bring back their Bonnie," but these forthfarings are, after all, better than none at all. There is in them nothing which actually debars the respect of the self-respecting, and the people who seek Nature thus are on the whole better than those who write pseudo-science about her for the people who do not visit her at all. They are on the road to better comprehension, whither one may heartily hope for them speedy arrival. But for the others there is no such hope. They are headed the other way, and they gain—what they gain.

It is to the activities of the pseudo-scientific writers about Nature, and to her interpreters, so-called, that we owe a part of the sentimental personality and emotionality with which we have endowed her. The rest is due to our own folly and insincerity, to our unwillingness not at least to seem to see. The old drama enacts itself daily, and multiformly, of the king who had no clothes on. Nature is not emotional; she is not sentimental. She is merely the Nature of things, when all is said and done. All the rest is ourselves. Neither is really superior to the other. Her moral complexities are of our own conceiving. "The painful riddle of the earth" is of our own propounding. This is why our own problems grow so much less complex in the wide reaches of outdoors. They assume their right proportions and leave space wherein things simple and sincere may enter.

If the nature of things could but be rightly insisted upon, and sincerely understood, we should all be so much nearer that simple life which we think we yearn for. The wistfulness of spirit which is sending us back to Nature may be useful in helping us to learn this; but Nature herself cannot teach us that which is not really potential in our own sincerity. The demon of self-deception comes not out by the eating of health-foods, or even by living in the woods, or on mountain-tops. A sincere man can live the simple life as well in a palace as in a tree—albeit it may be presumed that an insincere man stands a better chance in the tree than in the palace, to be stripped of his superfoliation.

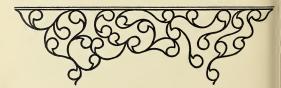
We need, every one of us, to look well to our own sincerity in the approach to Nature. So much of fad and rubbish has gotten into the grain of us that we are in a fair way to get hurt, if we are not careful, by the conceptions which we rear. The sentimentality of much of the literary viewpoint almost tempts one, at times, into sympathy with that other way of thinking, unconsciously summed up by a hunter in a single exclamation: "It's a glorious day! Let's go out and kill something!" The literary viewpoint, indeed, has made it almost impossible for us to go out into the wild in simplicity of heart, letting both it and our souls alone, to find, or ignore each other, as they can.

The literary viewpoint will have this to answer for. It is a serious thing to make fools of the beasts—to turn field and forest and stream into sources of literary loot. Some day these will all demand a settlement with us, and in that time our remaining honesty may shrink from the conviction that we have made poorer use of our natural environ-

ment than have, for instance, the apes or the fishes.

But it is, on the whole, a good thing that we are finding a way back to all outdoors, and the life which can mediate between us and the insanity of our unspeakable civilization. In the happy ministration of Nature we shall gather strength to withstand that, and to answer as well as to hear, the old stoic's query: "Who is he that shall hinder thee from being good and simple?"

ADELINE KNAPP.



### Giuseppe Cadenasso.

MONG the local landscape painters who have become known in San Francisco in the last few years is Giuseppe Cadenasso, working along in a quiet way, and producing meritorious work that well entitles him to the recognition he now enjoys from both the public and critics. His art is purely Californian. He began his career in San Francisco and has lived here continuously. Isolation, no doubt, has its drawbacks, but it also has its advantages. On the whole, it makes for individuality and an

also has its advantages. On the whole, it makes for individuality and an independent strength of character. Cadenasso has touched a personal

note, and his work is always consistent.

He does not see the landscape in the popular and pictorial way; he is as much influenced by the poetic inward thought as by the outward aspect of Nature. The landscape is to him, not a piece of scenery to be catalogued and represented by so many square feet of paint, but is, rather, a fleeting mood of Nature that the artist has fixed in his mind, and which he strives to clothe in colors and crystallize in a visible form on canvas.

It is the minor moods of Nature that appeal to him most strongly for expression, and in the portrayal of which he is the most successful. As he does his best work and finds his most poetic inspiration in the misty dawn, with its citron sky and silvery haze, and in the vague shadows of the purple twilight that soften and fill the landscape with a deep, suggestive mystery, the conclusion is obvious that he would do wisely to confine himself largely to these subjects. The painting of the landscape under varying lights and conditions is accompanied by so many difficulties that no man can possibly hope to master them all in a single lifetime, and an artist is wise to specialize on some particular phase or mood of Nature, with which he is in sympathy.

When Cadenasso began painting dawn and twilight effects and the dull storm-blown sky, with its lowering clouds that threaten the sombre landscape lying half-wrapped in shadow, he found the road that led to the natural expression of his temperament; and when he deals with these subjects his work is characterized by sentiment and feeling and a poetic qual-

ity that lifts it above the merely acceptable in art.

There is at times a lack of firmness and solidity in his work, due no doubt to his effort to give us the delicate, poetic essence of the landscape, rather than its prosaic reality. This is, perhaps, after all, one of the elements of the charm of his painting, and there is always the saving clause, that, though he paints in a broad way, with sometimes an exaggeration of indistinctness, he never shocks or offends with anything approaching the monstrosities of the so-called modern impressionistic school. His range

of color is not extensive, and his best work is in unobtrusive colors—rich soft browns, greens, and silvery grays—that are no doubt the best medium for the expression of the dreamy and poetic moods of Nature

that inspire the best creations of his brush.

The early dawn appeals strongly to him, and he has been particularly happy in his handling of the delicate pearl-gray light that suffuses the morning landscape—the shimmering foliage of the spectral eucalyptus against the pale, tender sky; the rising mists, that half-obscure the meadow and veil the dim vistas that stretch away into the mysterious shadows of the silvery distance; the crystal pool, whose glassy surface reflects the soft morning light and the tracery of the foliage; the fresh, velvety green of the crisp dew-showered grass; the cool, mellow atmosphere, that bathes the whole with a radiant but indistinct light that is full of the power and charm of suggestion. He renders well, too, the dreamy hush of purple twilight, when Nature sinks to peaceful rest, and field and forest are wrapped in that wonderful and elusive mystery that painters who lack the gift of poetry and sentiment strive in vain to portrav.

Cadenasso does not see Nature as it is visible to the casual observer, for the reason that only the artist with poetry in his soul seeks out and is moved and inspired by Nature's tender and dreamy moments of placid sweetness. His aim is to make others see and feel as he does all the wonderful inexhaustible wealth of beauty of a phase of the California

landscape that is commonly neglected by other painters.

George Inness was the first painter to reveal to us the real poetic beauty of the California woods and fields. He gave them an interpretation that local artists had not previously dreamed of, and in doing so, he demonstrated as well that there may be truth and character in a purely

poetic conception of a commonplace landscape.

Among the numerous transcriptions of the California landscape that have come from Cadenasso's brush is one he very rightly named "Under Shadows." It is well composed, and the light and shade are effectively handled. The tone is a soft, dull, yet luminous brown, of a deep, rich quality. A vaporous sky of a pellucid golden tone holds the warm, fading light of the departed sun, and melts into the intangible shadows that steal upon the distant meadow and trees. There is plenty of room for the imagination, and in it one feels the stillness and calm hush of the gathering gloom of twilight and the soft breath of a dying day on the evening air. It is a deep thought, full of sentiment and feeling, and of the musing spirit of reverie that leads one where—

The soft breath of evening is sighing,
And through the dim woodland there floats,
Now rising, and melting, and dying,
The sound of the whippoorwill's notes.

### IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

The night, with its shadows, is stealing O'er the forest, and meadow, and hills, And reverie's dream is revealing
The pages that memory fills.

Cadenasso's rendering of the eucalyptus tree is original and poetic. In the picture he entitles "Strangers," he has transformed the scraggy eucalyptus into a thing of real beauty, and at the same time has preserved its natural character. The picture is one of idyllic beauty and charm, full of the glamour of the misty yet luminous silvery haze of early dawn that shrouds the dim, phantom-like forms of the eucalyptus. It is a vision—an ethereal thing of dreams—in which he has caught the hour, and the ideal spirit of the dim radiance of moist, dewy, fresh dawn, in a way that calls for high praise.

Some very interesting pastels have come from Cadenasso's easel also. Pastel is one of the most difficult mediums, and while almost all artists attempt it at some stage of their careers, very few have the temperament, the lightness and delicacy of touch, the deft manual dexterity essential in the production of the genuine qualities of pastel work. Cadenasso's pastels are notable for charm of quiet, simple, clean color, their finesse and apparent ease of execution that shows a good command of technic, with-

out making an unwarranted display of it.

His best pastel, and, incidentally, one of the best things he has ever produced, is "Sunrise on the Marsh." A vast expanse of gray-green marsh stretches away and is lost in the distant horizon, where it meets the rolling mass of red-gold clouds of a stormy sunrise sky, that reflects the first rays of the coming light of day. There is no detail, no attempt at a realistic portrayal. It is handled in the broadest and simplest way. Yet here is the very essence of the spirit of wild, wierd loneliness of the marsh; the smell of the dank, salty air; the feeling of atmosphere, of distance and immensity, of primeval solitude and silence, broken only by the sound of whispering rushes and the whistling wings of hurrying wild fowl high overhead.

Another ideal rendering of eucalyptus trees is "Springtime." Soft, diaphanous, full of the tender sentiment of budding flowers and happiness, and the radiant charm of new life that bursts forth at the magic touch of spring—a thing for dancing fawns and nymphs and the echoing

notes of Oberon's horn. It has-

The ecstasy of Spring's new life, that laughs to azure skies, And fills the tangled copse and field with blooms whose odors rise Like richly laden perfume of the roses of Attar, Or breath of Persian incense from the garden of Omar.

At one time Cadenasso was attracted to Mt. Tamalpais as a source of inspiration, and he has produced some very pleasing canvases of that grand, rugged old sentinel of the Golden Gate. Whatever else he may have missed, he has given us, in a poetic way, a full sense of its grandeur and towering height, and has made it the subject of some very pleasing color motifs.

No matter what the faults of any work of art may be, we accept the good the artist has to offer us, if it bears the touch of the appointed in art and is earnestly done and in good faith. In our gratitude at the skilful transforming of the commonplace and uninteresting things of earth to the beautiful and sublime, we forget and overlook the unavoidable human imperfections that accompany them. It might be well to add that the charm and power of art are not in the subject; they are born in the poetry and romance of the artist's inmost soul, and the ugliest tree, the stone by the roadside, or the most ordinary of human acts or duties, takes on a new and deeper significance, and opens to the unseeing eye beauties and mysteries unsuspected, when clothed with the emotional and poetic thought of the creative artist.

Cadenasso's art is serious, and however short it may fall at times of expressing his ideal, he is always sincere, and he beautifies and invests with the charm of poetry many subjects that in Nature seem quite devoid

of these qualities.

Personally he is a decidedly interesting man. Those who know him best like him most. If you were to see him some time, alone, not knowing who he was, and some one were to ask how he impressed you, you would answer immediately that he must be a poet, artist or musician. There is in his appearance and manner the indefinable yet unmistakable something that betrays the artistic and poetic—the evident abstraction that shows the influence of some absorbing pursuit.

Should you, one day, knock at the door of his studio, there would confront you a rather tall, well-built man, with a great shock of hair. Usually he is pretty much smeared with paint, and looks as though he must have been born with the palette and brushes he holds in his hand—they seem so much a natural part of him. He is always glad to see you, or, at any rate, if he is not you will never know it, for he will make you

think you were just the person he wanted to see most.

Beneath the grave courtesy with which he will receive you is all the whimsical, fun-loving nature of an overgrown boy. The ready, hearty laugh, and the keen appreciation of a new joke, are evidence that the poetry of his painting is not the outcome of any morbid, unhealthy condition of either his mind or his nerves. He is a Bohemian to the core, and a philosopher as well—just the figure and make-up of a man who would fit well in the atmosphere and surroundings of the old Latin Quarter of Paris.

As you look about his workshop of a studio you will see that he is

### IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

no idler. He spends no time waiting for genius to burn. A part of his artistic creed is industry and infinite study and pains. If genius declines to be good to him and turn on the light, as happens at times, then so

much the worse for genius, that's all.

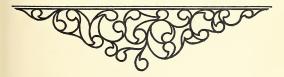
If you are pretty well acquainted with him, and care to listen, why, as the sits industriously painting at some tender symphony in gray, or green, he will sing for you, with all the dramatic fervor of the Italian temperament, a bit of "La Boheme," or "Pagliacci," or perhaps "Faust." If it be a twilight, he may hum the "Abendlied" of Schumann. For Cadenasso is musical as well as artistic, and the melody of the song from within perhaps inspires and helps to create the harmonies of color on his canvas.

He has no fad but painting, and is like Alma-Tadema, who, when some one asked him what his favorite amusement was, promptly replied,

"Painting."

If you ask him for his views on art, he will tell you that art should be always dignified. It should be free from the demoralizing taint of mercenary commercialism; that in his own work he aims at an interpretation of Nature that shall always be beautiful; that shall reveal to men the poetry and sweetness of life that is commonly passed by and overlooked in the eager and hurried pursuit of material things; that, technically, he tries for the quality and feeling of textures and surfaces in a broad way, without a labored application of unnecessary detail; and that for subjects and inspiration he is attracted to and inspired by the deep, enfolding mysteries of the unexplored.

Hugh Gordon Maxwell.



### John Muir.

An Appreciation.

HAVE before me as I write a large number of John Muir's letters, written to his "literary mother," Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, which reveal him, perhaps, far better than he knows himself. Here is his mental, spiritual, literary and scientific history recorded by himself unconsciously. He wrote in the mountains, in the Yosemite, in Hetch Hetchy, walking from the railway up to his old friend Delaney's, where he was "welcomed in the good old uncivilized way not

to be misunderstood"!

Think of the real soul-joy in Nature a man must feel to write as he then wrote: "I slept at Turlock, and next morning faced the Sierra and set out through the sand afoot. The freedom I felt was exhilarating, and the burning heat and thirst and faintness could not make it less. Before I had walked ten miles I was wearied and footsore; but it was real, earnest work, and I liked it. Any kind of simple, natural destruction is preferable to the numb, dumb apathetic deaths of a town."

Nine-tenths of the people of the world are more alive to the beauty and sparkle of a diamond than to the beauty and sparkle of a dewdrop; yet the latter so far surpasses the former that there is no real comparison, and the early riser may see millions of them hanging like pendants on the cobwebs and snugly resting in the hiding-places of the leaves.

It was a happy day for him when he met Mrs. Carr, then living in Wisconsin. When her husband removed to California she prevailed upon John Muir to come and pay them a visit. He went up into the Yosemite and was at once captivated. It became his love, the adored of his soul, and though since he has explored mountains and rivers and glaciers of Alaska, his first love has never lost her entrancing charm for him, and her witching power over him. And what a joy such a witchery is! To be enamored; to be lost in a sincere and lasting affection; to be absorbed in it, so that in that love the soul itself, the real man, is content! This has been John Muir's experience with the Yosemite Valley and its tributary country. For, to him, all the high Sierras are tributary to Yosemite.

But how was he to live here and yet worship at the shrine of his devotion? While man does not live by bread alone - nothing, indeed, is more true-it is equally true that as yet not even the most spiritual has learned to live without bread, and John needed bread; so he hired himself out as a sheep-herder. Like Moses of old, to gain his ends he was willing to become a tender of sheep. Blessed occupation! honored of leaders of men of all ages and peoples! Moses, David, are only types. In the solitudes, with the gentle and trusting sheep, deep souls commune with Nature, with God. He speaks in silences, as he never speaks in cities. Deserts bring forth men, whether they be the deserts of sand or deserts of mountainous rock, and John Muir is one of the prophets who heard the Great Voice out of the Silence, and has come back to speak of

its messages to men.

Mrs. Carr was another of his inspirations. Few, even of those who knew her, have ever estimated the value this noble and godly woman has been to the great State of Gold. She "mothered" John Muir, and more than he. She led him into the noble paths of life, and then kept him there. She was his guiding star. His most beautiful things were penned to her—the simple outpourings of a soul in love with Nature—and with a reverent love for a woman who had wisdom enough to receive his love and use it for his own uplifting and the good of the world. And hers was no namby-pamby, soft-spoken affection. It was the deep, earnest feeling of a deeply in earnest woman, and at times she spoke to him of duty—stern, unpleasant, hateful even—with tones as powerful as the roar of his great cataracts of Yosemite, and as persistent as the dash and thrash of the waters in the rapids of Merced. He could not escape; he was compelled to hear; and he did hear.

Would to God there were more women of sense and ability and poetry and power who would courageously "mother" young men, other than their own sons, into a fuller, richer life. We may beat about the bush all we will, but there is a spiritual potency in the love of a good, elderly woman for a young man that will stimulate him to his highest and best endeavors. Such was the relationship between these two, and John Muir is what he is today, largely owing to the earlier impulses given to

his soul by this highly intellectual and deeply spiritual woman.

How many years Muir spent in the Yosemite I don't know,—nor do I care very much. I know that he wandered all over the high Sierras, often with no other food than a bag of oatmeal (Scotchman that he was), and this gave him food. Pine boughs offered him a bed, and for a bedroom he had one of the Divine Architect's building. Walls of towering mountains, sculptured and buttressed by Time and Nature, a ceiling 'painted in real' by the Divine Artist, with stars, planets, nebulæ and star-dust as the motif. Room to breathe? Aye, room for body and mind and soul. For who could sleep out in such a bedroom and not learn things that the "cribb'd, cabin'd, confin'd" mortals of city houses never even dream of!

Hardships? Certainly! And what of them? Are we not men? Children and gingerbread make-believes of men cry at hardships, but men! real men! men of soul as well as body, men made in God's own image, bare their heads to the storm and bid it come on; taunt the

tornado or tempest, even while seemingly overcome with it, and defy the stormiest sea that ever rushed and roared. John Muir, like every sturdy man of soul, loved his hardships; sat in the rain chatting with a Douglas squirrel, or watched an ouzel with the water trickling down his spine. He slept in a snow-storm, or suffered the scorching heat with an empty canteen alike with equanimity and self-poise. His book on "The Mountains of California" gives a few glimpses of him at such times, but to understand, one must read between the lines. Some day I'll write a story, telling of what he was able to accomplish in the saving of a man's life, simply because of his training in this great field of Sierra hardship. It is a story to make one's heart beat fast, and to fill it with rejoicing that there are such men of kindly heart still raised amongst us.

So, John Muir, I hail you, a king-heart among men, a poet, a lover of Nature, a true interpreter, and an incentive to your fellows to higher,

nobler, better living - higher, nobler, better thinking.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

### December Shasta.

Deep in the cañon, deep upon the height, The purple shadows like wan wraiths arise, Where, in the opaline December light, Old Shasta towers against the evening skies.

And in the deepening shadows of the wood Arise the stately ranks of mist-grown pine, Like ghostly monks in gown and cowled hood, Like monks that watch around a sacred shrine.

While down the wailing winds a far, faint cry Shrills like lost souls of ages dead and dim, Crashing crescendo to a plaintive cry, All Nature choiring in a requiem hymn.

And with the falling of the winter night,
The stars stand out like tapers 'round his head,
O'er Shasta cold and still beneath their light,
The light of tapers o'er the sheeted dead.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

### "Upland Pastures."

ETWEEN a book so richly bound as to be properly read with all one's jewels and laces on, and one whose content is so enthralling that one takes it to one's meals and gets it untidy,

there ought to be a just and comfortable mean.

Such an one, for example, is "Upland Pastures," all soft and splendid in springlike green and gold without, and with its pure, clean letter-press within, fitted for the gradual and orderly among grasses, cresses and water-weeds and other details of God's green caravansary.

The mornings of the round year upon the Berkeley hills with that large outlook to be had for the mere turn of the eye, and moving waters ready at the mere lowering of a shoulder, ought truly to have some story worth the telling, some secret worth spying for, some philosophy of the "high inexpressible skies."

Perhaps this is the reason that this book bears plain implications of having come to be naturally and to have little resemblance to the product

of the obvious notebook's kindly intentions toward Nature.

The signs and tokens of Nature's face are here seen and known and noted as one sees and notes the face of a human friend - because one loves it and cares very much about it. And this has affected in its way the kind of thing that has been seen and noted and cared for.

There is one chapter - if the graceful divisions are to be so called which might serve as a model in matters of greater emprise. It only has to do with a bit of colloquial weed about the sources of a slender spring,

but it has its relation to the universe clearly shown.

And, after all, it is not enough to have the scouring-weed under foot and the hawk overhead to express the joy of earth and sky. We are deeply and decently gregarious, and we want the human people in the picture.

One likes the poppy and the bee the better because the school boy was curious as to their relations; and the potter who in spite of all classic tradition did not "hate all potters"; and the homely country lovers lagging half uncouthly across the eucalyptus shadows of the dusty roadway.

To those who find life outside walls always the best widener of horizons, these upland wanderings will taste like home. For with this generous abounding outdoors one has to do so little to be taught so much scarcely more than to submit to one good wetting or to endure one honest hunger. The great sweet Mother snatches even at such opportunities and makes us hers.

If it is still the primary business of a book to please, it is also a primary business to be pleased with simplicity and truth. It is one of the best possible ways to get "a bloomin' soul." DOROTHEA MOORE.

## Home Folk, Art Folk, Little Folk, All, will find something new in

# The Craftsman

for December

The most beautifully illustrated and ablest magazine devoted to American Ideals of Art and the Home. An unusually interesting number, profusely illustrated, and containing articles covering a wide range of topics, including the following:

Art: Home and School. By Ireme Sargent. Illustrated by designs for the decoration of a child's room, based upon Hans Christian Andersen's "Ole Luk Oie; A Story for the Seven Nights of the Week"; also by schemes for the mural decoration of the schoolroom, illustrating the most necessary trades.

A Simple Life Biography: William Keith, the California artist. With portrait and illustrations by George Wharton James.

From Ugliness to Beauty. By Gustav Stickley. An article of practical counsels for the treatment of an ordinary room in which certain fixed features must be taken as the basis of the decorative scheme.

Municipal Sculpture, from the American Point of View. By F. W. Ruckstuhl. (Illustrated.)

Garden Cities. By Georges Benoir-Lévy, an envoyé of the French government, now making a study tour of the United States.

Nature in December. A talk upon the winter aspects of the world, written in an original and personal style.

The Craftsman House. Number XII, series of 1904.

Other Special Features: New "Open Door" Editorial Department, for allied crafts and industries.

Subscribe for The Craftsman, \$3.00 a year, with free membership in the Homebuilders Club, and all its privileges and advantages. The hundred-page booklet, "What is Wrought in The Craftsman Workshops," giving full particulars of the Homebuilders Club, four designs for homes, interior views, etc., sent upon receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.



## Impressions Quarterly

A little magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and art: published quarterly. Edited by Paul Elder.

Annual subscription, from first number of correct volume only, 50 cents. As a convenience to absorber, the publisher will assume that a continuance of the subscription is desired, unless notified by the subscriber to discounse at the explanation obsolection. Batte for advertisement may be had by application at the bails ess office, 21 Post treet. Pattered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, 21 second-class matter. Post Effect and Company, Publisher.

Copyright, 1905, by PAUL BLDER AND COMPANY

### March, 1905

### Contents

| The Saga of King Hamlet of Denmark        | by Adeline Knapp and  <br>  Nico Beck-Meyer - |       |
|---|---|-------|
| La Torre Del Mangia                       | <br>by Thomas R. Bacon                        |       |
| The Annunciation. (Verse)                 | by Hornerd V. Sutter and                      |       |
| Walter H. Pritchard. (An Appreciation)    | by Robert Langley Page                        |       |
| April. (Lyric)                            | by C. G. Blanden -                            | - 15, |
| David Starr Jordan. (An Appreciation)     | by George Wharton Jones                       |       |
| Pastel in Prose. (The Little Girl's Book) | by L. D. Vertura -                            |       |
| Art and Life. A Study in Three Parts. No  | by Regina E. Willen -                         | C 24  |

The Word (Selected) - - by Richard Realf | 1997-19 | Francisco



### The Saga of King Hamlet of Denmark.

F THE old folk-lore figures, that of Hamlet is one of the saddest. Whether we think of him as Shakspere's "Melancholy Dane," or as the viking hero of Saxo Grammaticus's record, his story is that of a mournful and lonely youth, whose enemies were they of his own household; who was driven to the borderland 'twixt reason and unreason by the evil acts of his own kin.

For three hundred years Shakspere's Hamlet has held the attention of the drama-loving world. He has been a storm-centre of controversy. In the British Museum is a collection of over two thousand books about this great drama of a human soul. Besides these are more yet, of pamphlets, articles, studies, criticisms, examinations, all relating to the unhappy

Prince of Denmark.

But, for hundreds of years before that, the story of Hamlet had held the minds of men in many an old land. They sang his deeds about viking boards; they recounted them from the galley benches as the swan ships swept over billow; in one form or another men have known and loved his story through the centuries.

Saxo Grammaticus, a Norse monk, gave the world its first written version of the Hamlet legend, in a book of Danish chronicles, which he

put out in Latin, in about the year 1150.

Saxo Grammaticus got the story from the old Icelandic records of viking deeds. Those malcontents who shook the dust of the Daneland from their feet, rather than be ruled by Harold of Norway, went to Iceland. There they established their lares and penates; there they kept intact the old myths, the memory of the doings of the gods, the tales of vikings. They drank the beaker to Bragge, who keeps alive the memory of great deeds, and they recounted the stories of old, when they had, elsewhere, faded from the minds of men.

It is from Iceland that the Eddas and the Sagas have come back to us, and to Saxo Grammaticus we are debtors for gathering together much

of the Norse folk-lore that is our rich heritage today.

The Hamlet Saga got into the German; later into the French. Shakspere is supposed to have drunk it in from this latter source. How absolutely he made it his own is attested by the facts of literature since his day, and by the recent celebration, at Elsinore, in Denmark, of the three hundredth anniversary of the creation of his drama.

There is really little to connect the old Saga with the play, save the broad, general outline which gives us a name or two, part of a fact—if it be a fact—and a free entrance into the wide realm of imagination.

Probably Hamlet never saw Elsinore. Possibly Shakspere never did, but each has entered and possessed the greater kingdom of human thought. They are facts of human existence, and the tradition of Elsinore is worthy of human maintenance.

In the reading given below only the English is mine. To Madame Nico Beck-Meyer, at whose instance I made the reading, I am indebted for the story itself, and the instruction which has enabled me to give the English version interest. Further light upon the Saga is given by Madame Beck-Meyer herself in an appended note.

ADELINE KNAPP.

### The Saga.

Two brothers dwelt in Denmark, and these were Hovendal and Fenge. Famous was King Hovendal in battle and manly warfare, and he was loved by his fellows and his thralls. While yet he was a young man, he took for his wife King Rorik's daughter. Gerud and these twain had a son, named Hamlet.

But Fenge's deed was that, secretly, he took his brother out of days. By falsehood slew he his own mother's son, and took his wealth and his kingdom. And he took, also, for his wife, that widow, Gerud, though

scarce had his brother's hand fallen from hilt of sword.

But Hamlet, King Hovendal's son, still lived, and him Fenge feared, and sought his death; so Hamlet, that he might win to length of days, and vengeance on that murderer, feigned madness in the house of his father, and he put soot on his face and sat in the ashes of the hearth, and although in his father's time he had been fair to look upon, and merry of heart, ill to see became he, and sorrowful, so that the hearts of his father's warriors felt pity for him; but naught spake any man, for all had sworn faith to King Fenge.

And Hamlet cut for himself, from bits of green tree boughs, of wooden hooks a great many, and these he baked hard and dry in the low embers of the hearth in the great hall, and when any man asked him why he did this, he said: "Of these hooks shall I make for myself shards, to avenge my father's death;" and he hid the hooks away, day by day, in

a place that he knew.

One day, when King Fenge fared to the chase, came Hamlet to his mother in her chamber, and he had with him some of the little hooks which he had made. These showed he to Queen Gerud, and said:

"Shards are these, forged in the fire of my father's hearth, and they shall be to avenge that good king's death." And she said:

"Son, thy father's tale of days was full, and no man may take vengeance on the gods when they bring a king to themselves."

But Hamlet said: "Nay; slain was he by my uncle Fenge, who hast become thy husband, though thou wert my father's wife; and although he aboundeth in words of good-will to me, yet is his heart false toward me, and he seeks my death. But abide will I in my father's house until my uncle's runagates shall slay me; but do thou, my mother, think upon that good king who took thy maidenhood to wife, in the day when black shame came not near thee."

And he went forth from that chamber.

Then was his mother fearful; and when King Fenge returned that night she told him what Hamlet had said. After that sought Fenge to learn the truth about Hamlet's madness, but could not, because of the cunning of that wrathful young man. Nevertheless, Fenge would make an end of his days, so he feigned to him that Hamlet should fare upon an errand to the King of Briton, Fenge's foster-brother, and he made ready a shield for the young man to take as a present to that king, and with him he sent two of his housecarles, for wayfellows. But that shield was graven with runes, and their rede was that the King of Briton should slay Hamlet for the King of Denmark's sake.

Then went Hamlet in unto his mother for farewell, and said:

"Go I, now, with a message to Briton's king, for my uncle Fenge; but that message is such a one as a dead man can carry; and that dead man am I. Therefore, mother, twelve months from this day, make thou my funeral feast, with good eating of the best, and of beer and mead a great plenty."

After that went Hamlet forth from his father's house, and with those two carles entered into a round ship, and that ship lay over and sped through the billows until blue-black looked the Danish land behind them.

And Hamlet wore a bright new hauberk of steel, cunningly smithied,

and wrought with oaken leaves, as Odin taught men to adorn fair gear, and this hauberk, and the helmet thereto, were from the treasure of his father, King Hovendal, and King Fenge had not dared to deny them to him. A goodly young man beseemed he, and fair to look upon, and sore were the hearts of Danish men when they saw him leave that coast.

Now had King Fenge no thought that Hamlet could read the runes on that shield which he had in charge for the King of Briton, but them the young man read, and when slumbered the sailors and those two carles, he changed, with his dagger, the staves of the runes, so that their rede was that the king should slay those carles, and should marry Hamlet to his daughter. When, therefore, they came to the British coast, and the king read the message on that shield, he did all its bidding; slain were those two fellows, and Hamlet kept wedding-feast with the king's daughter. And the King of Briton greatly loved the young man, for his wisdom and his fair looks, and much honor won Hamlet among the British men.

But when the days of a year were nearly fulfilled, entered Hamlet into a ship, and with sailors to waft it, and with of men at arms a host, he went aback to that land whence he had come. Came he to his father's house, and there had his mother made his funeral feast; for it was twelve

months since he had gone from that place.

Then Hamlet entered into the great hall, and stood in the midst of the floor, and said: "Will any man speak to me, who am come from the Britons' land?" But no man spoke, for fear was in all their hearts, whereas he stood so tall and stern in their midst. Laughed he, then, and said: "How merrier is that funeral feast, when he for whom it is made serves at board!" And he passed about the table where sat the warriors at meat, and before the benches along the walls, where were their men, and called upon all to drink to him. Laughed he loud, and long, and shouted in that hall, and he caused more casks of mead to be brought, and spoke to the cellarer, that the best wine and strong beer should be set out, and so he served at that feast, making them all to drink, while on the high seat sat King Fenge with his chieftains, and none durst naysay Hamlet in this matter; for no man understood what his deed might mean.

But when all save Hamlet, who drank not, but served them all, had drunk their fill, drew they the benches out from the walls, and each man sought his place to sleep. On benches and tables, and on the beaten earth floor slept the warriors and their men, and on the high seat Fenge

and his chieftains; for all were drunken.

Then Hamlet tore down the tapestries from the walls, where they hung by their strong ribbands, and he brought from the place where they were hidden those wooden hooks that he had made; and he wrapped each man in a piece of the tapestries, and fastened it about him with some of the wooden hooks, so that ere long those men were all trussed, like fowls for the spit. And when he had done this he set fire to that hall and went forth alone. There burned, that night, King Fenge and his chief warriors, and of men a goodly throng, whose days ended there by that flaming torch.

After that gathered Hamlet an army of his father's friends, and went over sea to Briton, to bring his wife to Denmark. But the King of Briton was King Fenge's foster-brother, who had passed under the earth-yoke with him, and mingled blood with blood on the bosom of Mother Earth, and had sworn each to avenge what harm came to the other; so, when he heard of Hamlet's deed, and that the young man was come again in Briton, he gathered an army and went out to do battle against him.

They fought all day, on a great plain, and when the sun was hid more than half of Hamlet's men had made an end of days. Dead lay they on that plain, and those who remained were few and sorrowful. Then went Hamlet down among those stark warriors, and he and his chieftains set them upon foot and did on their gear where it had fallen off, and stood them to horse. Upright in saddle sate they those dead warriors, with staves beneath their arms, and stones at their feet, to keep them so, and ere daybreak they led out the horses and formed them in battle array, that the British men might not know the weakness of their foe.

When aroused him the King of Briton, and formed his men to go again into battle, sore was he mazed to see a great body of horsemen where at night had been but few, and he deemed that Hamlet's friends had come in ships to his help. But when the sun arose, it shone red across the plain and lay like fire upon the white faces of those dead warriors in their gear. Stern and still were they all, and the British men knew not that those were the faces of dead men, but deemed that they were warriors from the underworld, and they fled, flockmeal, full frightened, from that wild sight.

Took after them, then, all of Hamlet's men who were left alive, and laid on in mighty blows, and in the fleeing was the King of Briton slain,

with many of his warriors.

After that King Hamlet took his wife, and with much treasure won from the British king, went aback to Denmark, and there dwelt he, and ruled that land until, in the fulness of time, he fell in battle, fighting under the banner of his fathers.

Englished by ADELINE KNAPP AND NICO BECK-MEYER.

### Folk-Lore in the Making.

The Saga of Hamlet affords a curious instance of the persistency with which the thoughts of a people, in their folk-lore making, cling to a once chosen hero.

The Saga, complete and strongly centered, sprung into form through a moment's inspiration, in which actual events and imaginary events, living in the mind of a people, were seized upon by an individual, blown

life into, and sent out to live forever.

As time passes, listeners, so taken by the hero presented to them, ask the time-old child-question: "What more? Is there nothing more about him?" So something more has to be added, to the detriment of the tale, if the hero be not great enough to stand it; to its fuller glory and beauty, if the hero is too great to be done justice in the first part of the drama.

Thus with Iphigenia: the legend first allows her sacrifice to be accepted and completed; but so much was Iphigenia needed to the world, that this had to be changed, in order that we might get the saving priestess, the Iphigenia in Touris.

In Hamlet, the original tale ends fittingly with the punishment of the

wicked, and Hamlet ruling in joy and peace over all the Jutlanders.

Then the cry for "more" went up, and a story had to be attached to the story.

The King of Bretland (Briton) was the slain King Fenge's fosterbrother, hence bound to avenge his death even on his own son-in-law.

He therefore asked Hamlet to go on a mission for him to the Scottish Queen, Harmdrude, asking her hand for the Bretland king. But Harmdrude was wont to kill all her suitors. However, when she saw Hamlet, her heart changed, and she secretly altered the letter so that it became Hamlet whom she was asked to marry.

A great wedding-feast was held, and Hamlet with his new queen

went back to England, but with a Scottish army following them.

As they neared the king's castle, his daughter, Hamlet's first wife, sent word to her husband that her father was gathering a mighty army.

It came to a bloody fray in which Hamlet's men were mowed down. Night came and darkness stopped the swords, but Hamlet saw that next day would bring another fight.

He knew he had not men enough, but, quick of wit, he found a way. The dead warriors were lifted in their saddles, propped up and tied to

their horses. Those on foot were propped up with stones.

As the sun arose the next morning, the Bretland warriors were struck with fear at the sight of this army; they fled, the king was killed by the Danes, and Hamlet brought great treasures and both the king's wives with him home to Denmark.

Well do I remember the trouble and doubt, and consequent disgust

with which I, as a child, read the end of this legend.

The repetition of changed letters, the plural marriage—an idea foreign and distasteful to the Northern mind, with its chaste mythology and strong love of family-life—it all shows how the legend has been stretched with great pains.

Hamlet, representing simply the individual's daring and quickwittedness in sore tribulations, was not great enough to fill more than

one tale.

NICO BECK-MEYER.

### La Torre Del Mangia.

When once you have seen the Mangia, all other towers, obelisks, and columns are tame and vulgar and earth-rooted; that seems to quit the ground, to be not a monument, but a flight.—W. D. Howells.

AST WINTER I reached Siena late in the evening, too late to see anything but the curved quaintness of the streets. Early the next morning, before those who were with me were ready for breakfast, I went out to see whether the fond recollection of thirty years was a memory of some ecstatic dream or of something real. Diving down the stone steps and through the covered vaulted passage beside the Casino de' Nobili, I came out on the Piazza del Campo, which the citizens with real patriotism but doubtful taste have renamed Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele. I appreciate the impulse that has moved the Italians to change the historic names of their streets and piazzas for those of the heroes of Italian freedom; at the same time, I wish that they would not do it. I did not think of this, as I again stood in that place and saw the Tower of the Mangia soaring before me and lifting up my heart. It was there. It was real. The most perfect work of human hands that I had ever seen leaped up toward heaven, mystic, wonderful, "a vision, a delight, and a desire." It was there, and I could go to breakfast with some assurance that it would stay there for an hour or two, until I could come back and look at it again.

I had a curious feeling about all Italy when I came to it once more. Was it really true? Were the things that I had seen there really what I had thought them, and what the world thought them? Was the Sistine Chapel as great as it had appeared to my youthful sight? Did Rafael really put upon the walls of his stanze in the Vatican the groups which thrill the memory and the soul? Was Italy really full of works of ancient and renaissance sculpture, the Naples Psyche, the Hermes of the Vatican, the St. George of Donatello? Was Venice still the city of St. Mark, and did it have the two treasures which I had imagined, the prettiest picture and the greatest picture in the world? It was in a skeptical mood that I came to Italy. It seemed too good to be true. But it was all true. These things were there, and they were better than the inexperienced eyes of my youth had discerned. And the beauty of the land was greater and the fine traditions sweeter than I had remembered or than I dared to hope. The dome of St. Peter's loomed more gracious and more awful; the light that fell through the roof of the Pantheon was a gentler benediction ("a light that never was on land or sea"); San Marco still gave the blessing

of his ethereal grace; Italy was real.

This skepticism of mine concerning Italy had its particular doubts about the miracle of the Mangia tower. Skepticism always balks at miracles. This miracle I had seen with my own eyes, and yet I could not believe. Long ago I had seen it (whether in the body or out of the body I could not tell). It was the most beautiful, the most solemn, most joyful thing that I had ever seen. Might I see it again? You now know why I got up early in the morning and went out to see whether it was there, or whether it was a dream. It was there.

Why should I have doubted its existence? I had seen it, I had read of it. I had seen many photographs of it. But the books and photographs had not been convincing, and my memory seemed untrustworthy. I doubted because it seemed impossible—as impossible as the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. But the Grand Cañon exists, and so does the

Mangia tower.

This wonder of the world is simply the bell-tower of the city hall of Siena. It seems to have been an afterthought. The Palazzo Publico was finished in 1300 in all its essential features. The tower was not begun until twenty-five years later. When it was finished, no one knows. But we do know something about its building. We know the names of several of the architects who carried it upward toward the eternal stars. The wonder is that several architects could have done this thing. How could many minds have agreed in building this stately simplicity? How could so many men have had the same thought, and have carried that thought to its expression in brick and stone? This question goes with us as we look at those buildings which mark the transition of the middle age to the modern age. Who built the cathedral at Canterbury? The annals tell us of architects and archbishops who did things to the church, but the ultimate result was due to no man or to every man. Who built the cathedral at Chartres? I once heard a lecture by Professor Charles Elliot Norton on the building of the cathedral of Chartres. The impression made upon me by that lecture was that no man, but every man, built that church. I afterward went to Chartres and had my impression confirmed.

"These temples grew as grows the grass."

As I was standing once on the rim of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, there stood beside me a man with a little boy in his arms. The child looked down into the depths, and then, turning to his father, asked, "Who did that?" As I looked at the Mangia for two weeks I was always asking the question, "Who did that?" And I never got any more satisfactory answer than the somewhat conventional one that the father had to give his little boy concerning the cañon. With this tower the wonder

is greater than at Canterbury or at Chartres. For a Gothic cathedral has, with its essential unity, such endless variety that there is room for the work of many minds. But the essential characteristic of the tower is its simplicity, which gives grace, lightness and strength. More than any other great building, it seems like the embodiment of a single thought. How could several men have had the self-control and courage to carry out that simple thought? For the thought and the deed are audacious beyond belief. The square column of brick rises for five or six hundred feet without a break, unadorned as a factory chimney. What faith and patience must have gone into the work of ten years, as brick was slowly piled on brick, with no visible promise of beauty, only a promise of strength! It is easy to imagine the excitement of the sensitive Sienese, so open to every indication of beauty, as at length the tall, dark, slow-growing stem put forth a white bud, and the bud expanded into a flower. The kindly centuries which have browned the brick have mellowed the white to a delicious cream, but even in its newness it must have seemed "too beautiful to last." But it has lasted, as I found. Then came the bell with its hanging, wrought into the architectural design with such exceeding skill that it seems the topmost jewel of a royal crown.

I have said that the tower was an afterthought. But this seems impossible. It is so essential a part of the palace that the whole seems the work of a single mind. Either palace or tower would be a marvel by itself; together, they make the most beautiful building that I have ever seen, and with as single a purpose as the Parthenon, which I have never

seen. Some one did it.

Persons will glibly tell you that the architectural style is Italian Gothic. But there is no such style. There is a Sienese Gothic, a Florentine Gothic, a Venetian Gothic, a Veronese Gothic, and various other kinds. Thinking of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, one might almost say that there is a Roman Gothic; but there is no Italian Gothic. The influences which in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries transformed the Romanesque architecture of other lands to Gothic, were less powerful in Italy. There they did not transform, but modified. This style never took real root in Italy. The number of buildings there which are Gothic in the sense that the pointed arch is the structural key, is very small. One of these is to be found about twenty miles from Siena; very rarely seen, but very much worth seeing. A drive across the Sienese Maremma, and among the hills which bound it (conical hills, often topped with tiny walled cities of which no one has ever heard), a drive of unsurpassed beauty, brings one to the splendid ruins of the Cistercian Abbey Church of San Galgano.\* This

<sup>\*</sup>Apparently the five earliest Gothic buildings in Italy were four churches of the Cistercians, of which San Galgano is one, and the Church of St. Francis at Assis, whose first architect was said to have been a German, but he may have come from anywhere between the Rhine and the Sein

church was begun early in the thirteenth century, and we need no other record than the ruin itself to tell us where the builders came from. It is a perfect specimen of early, pure French Gothic, when that style had not lost the traces of the Romanesque whence it sprang. In Italy it never did lose these traces. The influence of this church upon the architecture of Siena was very great. It may be seen above all in the proportions and general character of the noble and deeply interesting cathedral, and it has given to the city, shrunken to littleness within her ancient walls, an extraordinary architectural unity, joined with infinite variety, and it has made Siena a perfect jewel among cities. The style is not Gothic exactly; for the persistence of older, indigenous forms and features is not hidden by this prevailing influence. It is not Italian Gothic, for it is greatly differentiated from all else. It is Sienese. It is beautiful.

Through the crooked, narrow, precipitous streets for weeks you may wander, and every few steps you shall find some wonder and some beauty, unmentioned of Baedeker, unseen by the tourist, but worth going from the ends of the earth to see; and you shall find that the things that are written in the books are greater than the writers could express,—the churches, the palaces, the pictures, the altars, and the pulpits. But most beautiful and most wonderful of all is Siena herself, as she lies upon her

hills, shining in the sun.

This beauty, and the subtle influences which brought it about, find their completest expression in the town hall and its tower. The hall is "all glorious within," adorned with frescos representing the history of Sienese art. For Siena had a school of painting all her own, and perhaps no other school so well illustrates the development of the art, as the pictures are all here together in the town. And we note, too, the doors, and the ironwork, and the carved coffers, that remind us of the days when every workman was an artist, and found fame and appreciation, if his work was good. The building is eloquent also of the history of Siena, for within it and before it took place those fierce revolutions, which alternated the cruel tyranny of the democracy with the cruel tyranny of the despot, until Cosimo de' Medici took possession, and built his great fort to command the city, "for the peace and quiet of the citizens," as the grim inscription still informs us. The costly quarrel of centuries was ended, and Florence had triumphed, and in that conquest had likewise lost her liberty and her life. And Siena was left, impoverished, shrunken, plague-smitten, exhausted, a monument to her own departed greatness, but still holding up toward the pitying heaven a sweet, unfading flower.

THOMAS R. BACON.

### The Annunciation.

There is whispering in the forest When the golden sunshine wakens The sleeping forest sisters -Fragrant spruces, virgin birches, And the undulating maples. There is whispering in the valley When the golden sunshine wakens The sleeping valley sisters— Dainty flowers and the fruit trees With their memories maternal. There is whispering on the mountain When the golden sunshine wakens The sleeping mountain sisters— Lissome grasses, lowly mosses, Tender shrubs most meek and maiden.

Holy trees and holy grasses! Holy mosses, holy flowers! They have heard the blessed message That was whispered unto Mary When she trembled and was happy.

Art thou weary? Seek the forest-Nature's nunnery primeval, Where the nuns are praying, praying. Listen once and thou shalt hear them, And thy heaviness shall leave thee. Art thou lonely? Seek the valley-There the humble ever gather. Bend but once above its bosom, Hid by vestments green and golden, Thou shalt hear the Earth-Heart beating. Art thou broken? Seek the mountain. Lift thy face to starry splendors, To the blue that smiles upon thee, To the breath that ever woos thee, And thy spirit shall be solaced.

There is whispering in the heavens, On the mountains, in the valleys; And the whispers turn to singing — Listen, listen, you shall hear it!— As Spring advances.

### Walter H. Pritchard.

An Appreciation.

YNAMO driven and steam urged, we moderns go panting our way from task to task, making even our pleasures swift labor, till we find ourselves breathless and half-articulate groaning for rest, rest,—rest for the type-tortured eye, for the din-distraught ear, for all the outraged senses, and, most of all, for the quivering soul that the swift surge of materialism has half-mutilated and left aching and soothless. And so it comes that for rest the wise have ever fled the complex ways of life to seek amid the primitive and withdrawn, the consolation of cloistral forests planted on the slopes of abiding and beautiful mountains, or they have gone to the vast spaces of the sea, limitless, incomprehensible, full of the essence and spirit of quietude.

But our cry to Nature, our appeal that she heal the ravages of our self-infliction, have not always been answered, cannot always be answered, and thus we have been driven to Art as supplicants, demanding that she bring to us some note of the mountain, or forest, or sea, that we may each on his own hearth find refreshment for weariness and easement for all our pain. So we have hailed our Corots and our keiths, our Segantinis and Turners, and with them found what our hearts yearned for and our

senses craved - rest.

But before now the vast far-reaching spaces, the great silences, and the myriad tones of green that lie under seas, have not yielded to art their soothing magic. To all the weird, slow, waving growths of weed, stirred by the cold, blue currents of the depths and the opalescences of the green shallows underlaid with the snowy drifts of sand and mellowed by the

sun, we have been strangers.

The great Japanese on vase and hanging have brought us some little of this spell, have given us glimpses of the life that teems within ocean and river, and a few of their ceramic workers have striven to transplant the secret of the sea's depths. But in all the West, no artisan, no decorative artist or painter has sought inspiration in those emerald fields that lie undisturbed beneath the floating cities that our rage for gain and speed have launched. Not one was there, moved by the submerged columns and colonnades or the seascapes of crumbled granite, pile on pile running up to dark shadowed caverns, to pinnacled heights or sunken reefs, until there came at last a young Irishman, a devotee of the sea from boyhood, who grasped the restful possibilities of the submarine world, and who has brought them to us. Walter Pritchard is the man. His is a new name

among us, known to but a few before his work was given a public showing, a showing that has stirred in those fortunate enough to have seen it, amazement and delight, - amazement, that so perfect an illusion of depth and quiet movement in water could be achieved; amazement, at the talent that could attain such truly remarkable balance in composition and such delicate monotonic gradations in color, for the most appealing of these paintings of Pritchard's are studies in monotone. Greens for sunlit water, blues for the colder days and deeper depths; it is amazing, too, and gratifying, that at last the West has produced a painter who can be ranked as peer with the greatest fish painters of Japan. But amazement, the sudden first emotion one feels on standing before this work, soon yields to delight in the rare beauty of the craftsmanship. Delight that a new note has been struck in art, a new method found, and, above all, that there is added one more expression of rest from the great primitive world-heart, an expression that we, for ourselves, could win from Nature only after immense labor and great pain, is brought to us and is made personal and possessive.

In these paintings there is striking personality, and, above all, there is emphasized that conjunction of the man and the method that has so often been epoch-marking in all the arts, not least often nor least notably in the decorative. There is a mastery of original technical method, absolutely fascinating in its positiveness. There is a feeling for delicate color gradations rarely shown by any artist working in any medium, and a vibrant, virile strength in every space of shadow that goes to balance composition. The novelty of the thing, both in conception and execution, is so impressive that one is at a loss for criticism. There are no canons except those evolved in the finished work before our eyes, and the

sheer beauty of the result disarms the fault-finder.

One may object to the method,—Painting on leather! What does it not conjure up of crime in paint? All the monstrosities conceived in imbecility and born in hideousness that cumber the mails at holiday time, and, alas, abide smudgily eternal on a thousand and one walls, proclaiming themselves art! But one could forgive these countless unlovely achievements when reflecting before so rare and beautiful an effect as Pritchard's "Giant's Causeway on a Cold Day," that this unique method, capable of making so weird and unusual a beauty appreciable, is the direct outcome of experiment in the horrors of smearing oils on chamois. From any point of view, judged by any canon, it is a beautiful effect in decorative painting—the apotheosis of rest, the highest note this revealer of restful depths has attained in translating for us the refreshing quietude of the ocean. The eternal silences, the vast never-ending spaces that recede momentously, the depths of dark shadow that lie, between the Causeway colonnades, like myriad portals to the unknowable—they are all here, and they grip you

without the slightest moment of respite, and in a moment the whole message is yours and you are rapt in rest, the magic rest born from the fasci-

nating and mysterious heart of the sea.

There is one other picture of Mr. Pritchard's, one that is privately owned and has not yet been shown to the public, which is perhaps as beautiful as the "Giant's Causeway." It is a little submarine, done off the coast at Santa Barbara, and it, too, brings a sea message, but so different a one,—nothing vast and cold; its restfulness is the consoling rest of an idyl; it fairly sings through its emerald tones the lyric love of the sun for the waters that lie shallow and warm, light green on the deeper green of undulating rocks; full of life, straight upstanding forests of sea bracken, and motionless, lazy little fish aglow in life-giving rays of suffused sunshine. On this little surface is expressed more grasp of the ultimate beauty in nature and more appreciation of its value to the tired mid and weary soul than one often finds in whole years of Salons or Academies. Its haunting beauty brings one ever to think of such an emerald as has been celebrated in the song—

"I have an emerald great and green, so near The subtle green of sleeping summer seas That in its heart all oceans' mysteries And all the old forgotten life live clear."

These are but examples chosen from a wealth of material, for above all else the artist is prolific, and the Irish of him shows everywhere on his walls as the expression of moods. It is at once the joy and sorrow of Ireland that her children are as wind harps hung in the casement of Time responsive to every breeze of emotion, and when there comes one who can put these emotions into visible effect, the result is, as we have seen here, satisfying appeal to many temperaments. It would be possible to speak of the subtleties of the Santa Cruz pictures, the brilliancy of the Fijian group—brilliancy that, alas, in some instances, becomes gaudiness—or of the sombre power of the smaller Scotch and Irish paintings, but one grows abashed, and criticism comes difficultly while appreciation leaps to the pen.

To trace the genesis of this new work is to become intimate with the life and feeling of its originator and expositor. In Pritchard's early boyhood, the rough sports he shared with his fellows in the country of firths and forths led him into the water. They play a game there—a game that demands stout lungs, deep diving, grit; in reality, it is our own boys game of tag adapted, as a race of Vikings might adapt it, to use in and under water. Playing this game from day to day, there soon came power to remain under water for many seconds and the ability to observe quickly and with precision. It was the wonderful tones in blue and green the

bodies of his swimming playmates took on that first drew the boy's attention to the beauties of the submerged world. A little later the object that fascinated and held him was a group of fir trees washed down from the mountains in the great springtime freshets; these trees lay in deep water and had become the center of a mass of new vegetation, and here, again, the dominant attraction that fascinated him was color. The greens of the firs were so modified and blended with the diffused sunlight, and the sunlight so broken by the waving masses of growing weed, that a thousand and one colors and new harmonies of tint were revealed to the sensitive eye of the untrained boy. Day after day he made his descents to study his firs, and day after day in sun and cloud, in storm or calm, he caught his impressions, and the marvelous thing was that never were two alike. It was this mutable beauty that was so fascinating, and through the ensuing years it urged him, wherever he was, by sea or lake, to take opportunity to view the depths always for his own pleasure and without any idea of painting them. In the meantime, as an art student, he had drifted to landscape work; as a matter of interest he had begun seeking a means for coloring leather. Many were the experiments and dire was the failure, but perseverance and the interest of some Maoris (who are themselves rare combiners of colors) together solved the problem of pigments and menstrua, but even then the work was not satisfying. There were more years of laborious endeavors with leathers of all sorts and kinds, and success was at last achieved. This time it was a talented Frenchman who became interested in Pritchard's work and the difficulties of the problem, and he lent his expert aid till a leather was found especially adapted for the process of coloring. But all the while the lover of sea life, the diver, was living his life for the pleasure of living, and even then, when the craftsman had developed his art, there was little thought of wedding the two. For years the process was used only in decorative leather work, and many and beautiful were the results, --- so beautiful, in fact, that where they are to be found in the great homes of England and France they are esteemed to represent the highest achievement of modern interior decoration, a branch of art in which, since the beginnings made by Morris and Walter Crane, notable things have been done. But, after all, it was only artisanship, superlative handicraft, but handicraft still, and such doubtless it would have remained but that the accident of ill health turned the craftsman westward, brought him to California, and here in the vivifying West the passion of years was wedded to the hard-won method, and at once full panoplied sprang this new joy in the world, this new message of what the great radiant halls of ocean hold that is precious to the human heart. With what perfection the medium adapts itself to the subject, one must see to realize. It is almost unbelievable how the surface of the leather holds the pigment and gathers light and depths, perfectly interpretative of deep

water, and how even the rough outlines of the skin lend themselves to the

feeling of rocky ledges and uneven reefs.

These pictures mark what is but the beginning of work in this new manner, with these new media. Mr. Pritchard will go on with his work, and every year we may expect to see improvement, wider grasp of technique, fuller mastery over difficulties and a broadening of artistic conception, and no doubt some bold ventures into new worlds of artistic effort. But though no more be ever accomplished, Mr. Pritchard is to be congratulated on his unique achievement, and we, that it has been given to us, to know and revel in all the strange and restful beauty that he has found and interpreted to our tired world. ROBERT LANGLEY PORTER.

## April.

Oh, what's the time o' year?
Green,—green things are growing
Far and near;
Violets are blowing
Without fear;
Rivulets are flowing,
Of icy thralldom clear.
Say, what's the time o' year?

Oh, what's the time o' year?
You, robin, singing so,
You, swallow, winging so,
You, grasses, springing so,
Say, what's the time o' year?
Is April, April, merry April—
Is April really here?

C. G. BLANDEN.

## David Starr Jordan.

An Appreciation.

F A NAME might be found for this age to especially denote its distinguishing characteristic, it would have to include the thought of breaking away from tradition,-freedom from the trammels of conservatism. The traditional man is seldom simple. He lives in the conventions of the past, instead of meeting the problems of life in the light of the needs of today. He does things not because he wants to do them, ought to do them, or must do them, but because his father and grandfather did them before him. The tendency of the age is to revert to simplicity while retaining all the good our civilization has brought to us. There is no more notable example of this spirit in America today than in President Roosevelt. He cares little for what others did, unless it be shown that what they did was wisely and well done. Precedent weighs for little, unless it is good precedent, and commends itself to the best judgment of the one who is called upon to act today. The fact that no other president had interfered with labor troubles did not stand in the way of Roosevelt's seeking to settle the coal strike, nor does it seem to stand in the way of his investigating coal-oil conditions in Kansas.

In the world of education David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford Ir. University in California, is not one whit behind President Roosevelt in his absolute freedom from convention. And to it, and his all round good sense and sober sanity, is owing the fact that I venture to give voice - viz., that since the death of the well-beloved "Professor Joe" Le Conte of the University of California, there is no man who wields so potent, though quiet, an influence as does President Jordan. His advice and counsel are sought on every hand. And he gives it without hesitancy, without pedantry, as a clear-headed, sane man of business would, to the invariable helping of those who ask or the cause they wish to have aided. This may not seem to some to be a matter worth noting, as there are many such men in the East and Middle West. A superficial judgment! There are vast differences between those regions and the existent conditions there and the region and conditions of California. This is a vast empire of as many and diversified conditions of thought and society as it is of topography. And they are new conditions, produced by the differing elements which have gone to make up the population of California. Here are no traditional paths in which one must walk or be severely criticised; here are few barriers past which one must not walk under penalty of public censure; here are heterogeneous elements yet in solution; here is a largeness of thought, an air of mental as of physical freedom, corresponding to the largeness of the country. To walk wisely, well, unselfishly, helpfully in such conditions denotes an unusual man, and few who know David Starr Jordan question his unusuality. Yet if you ask them to point out what in his work, what in his character, what in his words show forth this unusual quality, few there are who can intelligently answer. I wish, if I can, to make this clear, for to me a right comprehension of this difference, this unusuality, is essential to the continued progress of the race.

"I. First, then, David Starr Jordan is different in his educational work, because he is never academic. He is purely scientific. He is a disciple, a natural follower, of Herbert Spencer. He reasons by deduction and induction. Had Herbert Spencer been able to visit Stanford University from the date of its organization he would have found its president an absolute free agent as far as academic precedents were concerned. "We shall institute this course of study in this way, or that, not because the European or Eastern universities did so, but because the peculiar needs of our peculiar youth require it." "We shall study in this or that fashion not because others do it, but because it seems best to us."

With such a mental attitude it can well be seen that Jordan introduced many new ideas, for which he was and is yet severely criticised by

those who do not look further than their own limitations.

Progress means change, or at least advancement. There must be the ever-changing spirit, the disturbance of the equilibrium on the lower plane, or there will never be the readjustment on the higher. He who is ever content with the same harvest from his field is no farmer. The plowman must follow the reaper at the close of every harvest, and he is a wise educator who keeps on plowing up and sowing new seed as soon as he sees that the former harvest has been well reaped and stowed away in mental barns.

2. But not only in the direction of the great university is he not academic; he is equally practical and scientifically simple in his dealing with affairs. When called upon to speak at a Chamber of Commerce meeting, at a California promotion dinner, at a miners' convention, at a pioneers' reunion, he does not waste his time, nor that of his auditors, by seeking to make an impression by his vast stores of learning, nor by raking up a whole lot of dead trash that was buried years ago in musty tomes, nor by quoting Latin, Greek or French phrases that not one in a hundred thousand understands, nor by any of the bald, vain, profitless, lifeless academic methods so much in vogue even yet, and even in our own State by "distinguished educators." No! With the directness, simpleness, clearness of an every-day practical man he strikes at the heart of the subject, says what he has to say in as few and as simple words as

possible, and then "quits," content to be criticised by the unthinking mob who expected verbal and oratorical fireworks, so long as he has given helpful thoughts to the serious and discerning.

3. In this simplicity of speech is another secret of his power. When he arises there is no thought of "the great institution which I have the honor to represent," or of the "dignity becoming to a college president." He is primarily a man, and that is good enough for every occasion, for every purpose. He stands, therefore, a man among men, neither claiming nor seeking by manner, attitude or words any other honor than that freely accorded to him because of his knowledge, his recognized ability and his manhood. His addresses are the embodiment of simplicity. There is a terse, vigorous, Anglo-Saxon quality about them that is power personified. He is not an orator, nor a rhetorician, in the accepted usage of those two much-abused words. He has no graces of flowery speech, and none of elegant jesture. Yet men and women of sense love to hear him; they listen eagerly, because he gives them thought, clothed in direct, expressive, clean English. And when he has said his say, he stops. He can sum up powerfully and effectively; he can marshal all his thoughts in orderly array for a final review, but if he ever does it with the brass band, drum, cymbals and drum major, it is something unknown to me, and I have heard him many times. There is too much "brass band" with too many "orators," and Dr. Jordan shows his disapproval of such methods without words, - his own acts are his significant criticism and his pointing out of what he believes to be the better way.

4. From all that has gone before it must be evident that I regard Dr. Jordan as a well-poised man. There is no doubt about it. He is never in a hurry, never "flustrated," never caught napping, never overanxious. He is never found protesting, fault-finding, defending or abusing. It is a joy to see him wending his own way regardless alike of praise or blame—at least as far as outward appearances are concerned—faithfully discharging his duties with a calm steadfastness that speaks of selfreliance and self-knowledge. There is not the slightest trace of hauteur or pride about him that would render him hard of access, yet equally he has no mock humility. He knows he is a thinker, he knows he thinks well, and he knows he can help other people to think well, but there is neither conceit, eagerness to present his ideas, nor irritation at those who differ from him, in any of his moods or attitudes. He perfectly exemplifies in his life and work his own words: "The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going." He reminds me of Ruskin, who, one day, when I asked him what authorities I might study to teach me to use good English replied, after commenting upon Chaucer, Addison, Johnson, De Quincy, Newman, etc., "and there are eminent critics who say you should study what I have written, - and I agree with them." Dr. Jordan knows that there is no student in the world who has a greater knowledge of ichthyology than himself. Yet he is sane enough to know that by his work in that science he is known to but a handful of specialists. President McKinley recognized his scientific thoroughness as well as his good judgment when he placed him on the Seal Fisheries Commission, and later on the Alaska Boundary Commission. He is the efficient president of the California Academy of Sciences and a number of other important societies. He is called upon to speak constantly all over the State, and that his spoken words are good and helpful is demonstrated by the large sale of his addresses when put into book form.

5. He is essentially and preëminently an optimist. Jacob Riis says "a pessimist is one who sees only the hole in the doughnut, and the optimist is he who sees only the bread in it," but Dr. Jordan is an optimist who sees both hole and bread. In other words, he is an intelligent scientist, and a philosopher, who sees in human nature all the potentialities of godhead. The philosophy of Browning in a great measure is his. The great optimist might have written his forewords to "The Philosophy of

Despair." Here are three lines for his tombstone:

"Jungle and town and reef and sea —
I loved God's Earth and His Earth loved me,
Taken for all in all."

How can one fail to be an optimist who feels that, taken for all in all he knows that God's Earth loves him as well as he loves it! And he loves all of Nature—he loves children as well as seals and rocks and sea and waves, or he could never have written in so childlike and child-interestingly a fashion his stories of the seals of the Northwestern seas. He loves science, or he could never have studied carefully so many things. And he loves men, or he could never have written such soul-stirring words as his pen has traced. Here, in conclusion, are a few of his epigrammatic optimisms about human souls:

"The child exists for its possibilities."

"We can see that each least creature has its need for being."

"The evil and future which darken the present are necessary to the illumination of the future."

"If you have not made life a little richer and its conditions a little more just by your living, you have not touched the world."

"Life is justified in love as well as in action."

"A young man can have no nobler ancestry than one made up of men and women who have worked for a living and who have given honest work."

"The best political economy is the care and culture of men."

GEORGE WHARTON TAMES.

### Pastel in Prose.

The Little Girl's Book.

HE HAD many things to do that afternoon, the little girl—to embroider a petal in one of the roses of her childish fancy-work, to prepare stupid phrases for her French lesson with the French governess, to practice "The Mill" of Jensen, and, besides, she had the "candy-pulling" with a neighboring schoolmate, a bead fob to weave for her dear papa, and last, though not least, she had planned to go to the Park chasing butterflies for her collection, the ugly receptacle where these winged jewels go to lose all their plendour, as all reached dreams. . . .

But Lillian did nothing of all this; her mother had given her a book, one of those fascinating books which the rainbow touch of Andersen's phantasy has so beautifully coloured. Lillian opened the book, and from the start found herself imprisoned in one of those fairy palaces shining with jewels, echoing mysterious sounds. An irresistible enchantment took hold of her, detached her little mind from all surroundings, enchained, and made her forgetful—spell-bound—like a little princess of fairy-land

at the magic touch of the old magician's wand.

The hours went by, the rays of the sun became more oblique and intense: filmy golden veils were floating on the calm occident, then transformed themselves in jets of rosy flames whence, later, large surges of blood poured forth, and, over all this, sprinkled down like a rain of double violets, slow, tender, sad, to engulf all the splendour of the sunset. Lillian forgot her embroidery, her butterflies, her friend, and the governess, and the piano, in reading voraciously the wonderful story, a story more delicately wrought out than a Venetian lace, more instructive than any lesson, more gay and amusing than sticky candy, far more splendid and poetically flitting than a swarm of butterflies.

All at once, in the gathering shadows, the lines of the book wavered and blurred before her eyes. She raised her head, looked all around, to find herself from the supernatural land, where she had lived for an hour

or two, brought back to the reality of her modest little room.

At the same instant flashed to her memory all that she had to do—and, "Naughty book," cried she, throwing it aside, "you made me forget

everything!"

Far, far away, where the meadows are green, and the whitish Baltic Sea lashes the shore with its foamy waves, in a lonely Denmark cemetery rattled exultantly in the grave the dry bones of sweet, ever-living, old Hans Christian Andersen.

L. D. VENTURA.

#### Art and Life.

A Study in Three Parts: No. I - Of Conditions.

RT IS the great, reflecting medium of life. In its highest and most essential quality, it has power to transcend the visible, and through thought and creative energy to beget special forms, which bring with them a particular atmosphere. Creative energy gives birth to life's spring: thought constitutes life's regulating force. Thus every phase of the Ideal and of the Actual is set forth by art at different times, and among different

peoples. Through the threefold power of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, it keeps its own record of man's aspirations, deeds, and dwelling place. Dominant moments of centuries are caught and held by it in all their crystalline radiance, mistaken conceptions, or unconscious ugliness. Combined acts of men, the multitude's expression, and solitary individual effort find equal place with it.

A reflecting medium can never shadow forth with absolute certainty, like a medium of direct conveyance. The arts have, naturally, a greater province than art. Egypt's silent sphinx, for example, reflects and records some special mental attitude of an ancient people, but precisely what that attitude was, could only be determined by language. A winning charm of art is this very indefiniteness which appeals so strongly to imagination. The human mind is always attracted and held by the hope of divining.

In the same way art's manner of unconscious record lends the substance of it greater attraction. When the Greeks from Sybaris erected their temples at Pæstum, they were not thinking of the future, but of honoring and propitiating deities in whom they trusted. Yet for more than two thousand four hundred years their work has endured to reflect the love of beauty, and the admirable sense of fitness and proportion held in such high esteem among them. A breath of the old life still attaches itself to the enduring Doric columns and massive capitals, enfolded in almost sacred stillness. The near waters of Salerno's blue gulf scarcely

murmur; Monte Alburno is distant and silent.

Occasionally a peasant ceases following his plough and oxen across the marshy plain, and stands with dark eyes fixed upon the temples as if they meant something in his every-day routine. And mentally he is richer for this good work of a past age, even though the thought connection he has with it is built more upon legendary gossip than fact. So he who lives in a city which demonstrates the possibility of combining elements of beauty with elements of utility, is richer than he who dwells in the midst of sooty ugliness. For the relation of art to man is intimate and reflexive, not extraneous and unimportant. Intimate and not extraneous it must be, since born with and through man. A truism of truisms would rest in the statement, "Where man is not, man's art is not." Even Huxley, that Diogenes of science, with his carefully trimmed lamp of investiga-

tion, found no art among mandrills and pongos.

Nothing can be a reflecting medium of life without possessing reflexive power as well. Whatever is put forth in art form, whether born in the abstract world of creative faculty, or in the concrete world of deeds and things, radiates an influence which acts upon the beholder and produces some effect, that, in its turn, finds special manner of utterance. Thus, not only what, in common parlance, is classified as good art, but also that known as bad, may achieve important results. This is the pity of it, for so come perverted taste and gradual tolerance of things which lower all the levels of existence. Silently that which is noble and dignified is swallowed up by the quicksands of pretentious vulgarity.

Perverted taste is most speedily detected in architecture, where it does a work of complete destruction by assisting in physical degeneration of the race. There would be no end to the usefulness of a person who would teach often from this text: "Show me the temples in which a nation worships, and the buildings in which it houses itself, and I will prophesy corning its influence and its length of life." And if such a one could be supplemented by another, who could suggest remedies for discovered evils, an elevating force would soon take the place of that which might be trying to level down. For no phase of life is ever hopeless; all that is needed is some one who understands how to turn to use the latent power of good.

Architecture is a noble art until ruled by the spirit of commercialism, when it becomes mere planning to obtain large profits from a small piece of ground. The architect is not responsible for this. He is a factor, but not the moving one. In all creative work the theme speaks through the harmony. And architects born to a particular nation will inevitably disclose its ruling thought in their creations. Where land values are raised to artificial heights through the primitive, animal instinct of herding close, the architect may see his finest work completely lost, by being crowded in between buildings which have no distinguishing characteristics but size. These vast composites of brick, iron, and stone, seem to announce to the world that creative genius had nothing to do with their birth,—that they were made, rather, from some recipe in accordance with the law of proceeds.

Throughout every nation the spirit, which rules the greatest number of individuals, brings into existence a directing law more powerful than any on the statute books because able to annul them all. Thus the spirit of commercialism turns man's natural relation to his medium of exchange into a false one. Every department of earthly life acknowledges man as

king, and he has never done himself a greater wrong than in declaring the metal which derives its sole power from him, to be his ruler and the guide of his present life. If it is true that nothing can be done without money, it is equally true that where men and brains are coined into metal, they will contribute little to the world but a hollow clang. Freedom will eventually forsake them, and art will search out some quiet corner where life

still affords it shelter and possibilities.

Such a time is, happily, still distant, and beauty may be yet wooed and won, even for cities that have hitherto been indifferent. Wide, well-paved streets, and frequent open spaces; squares planted with shrubs and trees, and kept bright with flowers in season; architecture that, in mild climates, presents many open features, and railings; and where weather assumes more extreme aspects, is close and resistant; a hill preserved and beautified here for sake of prospect; a stone bench placed there for rest, and occasional winding ways to break the monotony of up and down,—these, with a little planning, are not difficult of attainment. And once attained they add the crowning touch of beauty to the life of him who is rich only in possession of human faculties, as well as to the life of him who has material wealth.

The people of a nation gifted with a variety of climate and prospect can make no greater mistake than to use one kind of architecture throughout. A city built on a level site subject to winter snowfall requires very different constructive art from the one covering hills and free from climatic severity, while there are climates where for health's sake comparatively low buildings with courts admitting sunshine on every side are distinctly

preferable.

In a careful study of all things connected with art, it will generally be found that ugliness has no foe so prompt to slay as suitability. Even the American tall, narrow building, so much inveighed against privately, so tacitly accepted in public, need not continue the ungracious thing it now is. If finished in tower form and placed upon a generous piece of ground, so its shadows would not descend like palls over everything near, it might tend to harmonize the differences between beauty and utility. Particularly might this result if some influence could whisper: "You should not go higher than is consistent with proportion, and you should not run deep down under the earth, and keep human beings at labor without sunlight, without even natural light and air. Members of the race so exploited tend to become dull themselves, and to beget dull offspring. When a majority of dull people are born to a nation it can run no winning course, even along the paths of industrial utility." Such admonition would be in accord with advanced civilization, and would produce men and art worthy the twentieth Christian century.

Another step toward achieving good art influence in every-day life,

and making beauty an active principle, would be to consider streets and architecture as relative one to another. The proper placing of a building is really of as much importance as the style in which it is designed. Broad structures ten or fourteen stories high are entirely unsuited to streets laid out for small two- or three-story buildings. These great structures so placed are unpleasing to the eye because they have an unstable, overtoping effect. Nothing seems quite safe in their immediate vicinity except dampness and shadow.

Emerson once found much comfort in the thought that, while two or three men might own their farms, they could not possess the landscape. At the present time, the owner of what is termed a modern building does even possess the landscape because obscuring it from general view. And selfishness in brick, or stone, or even in marble, can never be a thing of

beauty.

All buildings set apart for public service deserve prominent positions and fine gardens, because what is devoted to the purposes of a whole people should not be apologetic before the possessions of any individual. Men who, when heights are available, place their city hall and law courts in hollows, are apt to look down on them in more senses than one. Indifference toward the building in which a judge serves is apt to be followed by indifference toward the laws he applies and the decisions he renders. This is why national art is not a thing which can be commercially acquired, because it is a product, a particular and peculiar expression of something that can be told in no other way. What is acquired from afar is treasure for those who become possessors of it. Viewed in accordance with characteristics, it is the setting forth of something in the life of the people who produced it. Thus an Egyptian obelisk may be taken where its possessors will, but it remains Egyptian quite the same, and its whole expression is of life and thought in Egypt.

That a number of Athenian marbles are named for Lord Elgin, and placed in the British Museum, cannot make them British, or expressive of anything ancient or modern in that life. Viewed from the universal side, they do, indeed, represent thoughts and occurrences in a special era of the life of man,—a link in his art history. Even wrenched away from their position and sequence, they reflect a something fine, spirited, and poetical. But to get their full value it is necessary to stand amid the impressive remains of the Parthenon, and its accompanying temples of

Athena Nike, and of Erectheus.

Below lies the city of Athens like a dream of delicate color. The white roadway leading toward the Acropolis is still bordered by olives. A shimmer of pale green marks the waters of the harbor, and in the opposite distance stretches long, sinuous, blue Hymettus, famed for honey. Above Pentelikos hover a few white clouds in an otherwise fair sky. The

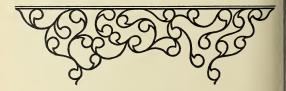
sunlight plays on the carved marble chairs, and tiers of seats in the open theatre of Dionysos at the base of the citadel. It is February, and boys on the streets carry baskets of single hyacinths, pink as sun-touched morning clouds, or of violets fragrant and pale.

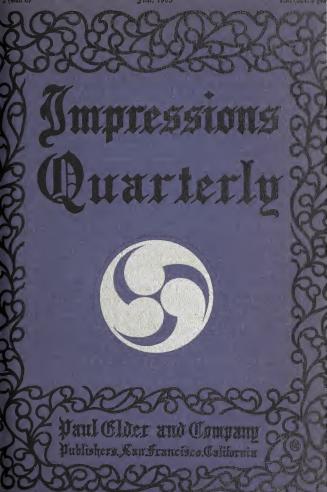
Looking down on the many people going their various ways, the mind becomes absorbed in modern conditions, until carried backward by a glance at the wonderful columns of the Parthenon which time has turned the color of old ivory. Imagination, working swiftly, calls up from every side motives for the absent marbles,—whose places have, where restoring is in progress, been purposely filled by terra-cotta facsimiles,—and becomes alive once more to stories of the founding of Athens, and incidents from Panathenean processions, cut in the white marble of Pentelikos, or blue stone of Eleusis.

Classic Greek thought asserts its supremacy, and the invigorating air of great creative periods sweeps away every cobweb thread of the commonplace.

It is indisputably better that fine art, which is in danger of destruction, should be gathered into museums and saved. This is the origin of the museum idea, to preserve and to classify. But the force which begets genius, and inspires it to create, lives in large, unhoused conditions. Where there are the greatest number of minds occupied with high thoughts, and where the most harmony of line and beauty of color enter into out-of-door life, there will be found the best art. In such surroundings will be no talk of creating an art atmosphere, because it will unconsciously create itself. One qualifying condition there is, which attaches itself to the thought element.

Regina E. Wilson.





# Impressions Quarterly

A little magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and arts published quarterly. Edited by Paul Elder.

Annual court on fee first number of clarify volume only, 50 cinsts. As a convenience to subscribers, to pure control extensive the annual confirst the assistance of the assis

Copyright, 1905, by PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY

## June, 1905

#### Contents

| Art and Life. Second Paper. C | of Twong | es by Regina E William - + 27         |
|-------------------------------|----------|---------------------------------------|
| A California Singer = -       |          | - by Wilson C. Dibble 31              |
| The Oldert Notic Sigas -      |          | \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ |
|                               |          | - by Howard V Suther and 37           |
| Sophacles in English Prose.   | ( Revie  | - by A. T. Murray 38                  |
| Isidro. (Review)              |          | by Dorothea Moore                     |
| The Psychic Factor            |          | - by Maurice F Samuels - 41           |
| Elizabethan Drama in Califor  | nia -    | - by Raymond Ma donald Allen 44       |

#### Frontispiece

Recipe for Game Pie - - - - by Label Glodhu

Triolet - - by Alice M. Roblins (recent of freeliber

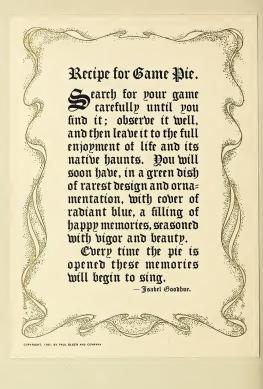
### Bibliography.

Sanara, Translated Les English prose Islando, B. Mary A. S. Trattand, 18 o. B. C. 1904, \$1.5 one. Houghout, McClin Co. 12-3.

## Triolet.

HERE are the fairies of the mist
That reveled here in the sweet grey dawn?
Mean all filtle birds in the thickets, list!
Where are the fairies of the mist?
Only the brave green grass dew-kissed,
Laughs in the sunlight on the lawn:
Where are the fairies of the mist
That reveled here in the sweet grey dawn?

-ALICE M. ROBBINS.





#### Art and Life.

A Study in Three Parts: No. II - Of Thought Impulses.

HE peculiar quality of thought which furthers art is comprehensiveness. This silent, unobtrusive factor disregards no element of life, but gathers all up in such wise, that the common will lends impulse to the specially creative one. Half-truths of existence too ethically tense and thin for aught but the creation of mental timidity and fear are joined with half-truths overbright and efflorescent, in a way productive of accurate balance and perfect proportion. Here may be found the key to great art periods, whose influence is always so potent and full of charm. In the obverse it is equally possible to discover why certain peoples lay less groundwork for art than others, during their youth, - the time of swift emotions and responsiveness. For youth controlled by fear will gradually lose its natural, free, blithe quality, and forget that the beauty of the world is a rich possession, not a tempting evil. So, on the other hand, youth, accustomed only to pleasure and soft, easy life, will become shriveled, arid, and absolutely without regard for anything but its own fancies and desires.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his charming tale of Merry Mount, records a meeting between the disciples of these branches of diverging thought, amid the forest wilds of New England; and pictures Endicott and his mournful followers as absorbing all the life and color from a band of happy masquers, and even wreaking vengeance on a bedecked Maypole, which he afterward declared would have excellently served for a whipping-post. The trembling young Lord and Lady of the May only escaped his vengeance by consenting to read Merry Mount, and its fes-

tivities, entirely out of their life.

There is an infinite amount of artistic value in the way Hawthorne groups his characters, to express, as he phrases it, jollity and gloom contending for an empire. And that is a very quaint picture in words, where steadfastness vanquishes severity, and Endicott, with mailed hand, lifts the unblest wreath of roses from the degraded Maypole, and throws it over the heads of the youthful pair. In spite, however, of this seeming leniency, no professed Puritan of that time would have given

utterance to the words used by Hawthorne in describing the Maypole: "O people of a Golden Age, the chief of your husbandry was to raise

flowers!"

Fear, born of contact with powerful primitive forces and happenings, troubles imagination and gives birth to conceptions of the Terrible. Ethical severity tends to destroy the art instinct itself by sinking it to the level of vanity. Vanity is no myth, God wot, as the early English would say. But it has little to do with creative work. Genius has never been accused of setting the fashion either in clothes or furnishings. Great art, certainly, grounds in faith,—the form of faith which accepts and cherishes, believing that all bestowed upon man is for his enlightenment. Everything connected with creative law must, from very necessity, act in the affirmative. It was not said, Light would be desirable though it might be turned to evil use, and so defeat the good intent; but quite simply and explicitly, Let there be light. And there was light as a perfectly natural and expected result.

At one period of the world's history it was thought wrong to believe that behind the statue of a perfect physical man there must have been some ideal of perfect physical manhood, meaning life in touch with good, developing influences. And during the denial period, descendants of those who had created a majestic art of sculpture were taught to mutilate the figures and to cast them into the sea. But the very waters have refused to keep their secret, and are constantly giving up works in bronze or in marble. One of the most striking bronzes in the Museum at Athensa Mercury as some think, a Perseus according to others-was recently brought back to the light, after having been for years immersed in the sea. Nor would the earth hold such figures secretly, nor the walls of masonry into which they were built. It was as if they cried out from the secret places - as if the thought which had brought them to the light could not be stilled. Nor could it. For these creations represent the longings and desires of man's springtime, when his young spirit struggled with the mysterious problems of life by invoking wisdom and appealing to beauty. But it is certainly singular, in view of all the facts, that even savants are found condemning Southern peoples for indifference toward and wanton destruction of their art. What is taught to the fathers as right will descend to the sons in the form of duty. And the most beautiful creation, once adjudged evil, will need more than the sweep of centuries to place it in an inspiring, if different, light, among those who had formerly honored it.

The claim of idolatry, in connection with these smitten remains of classical art, is one not to be passed over without comment. All the evidences go to prove that such figures as have been discovered were certainly created in a different spirit from the one known as art for art's sake. But when it is well nigh impossible to determine whether a particular bronze

epresents Mercury or Perseus; and when a Nike is studied under the tame of Venus, there is scant reason to hope that the innermost truth of beliefs woven about them will be disclosed. Alaric smote the Temple of Eleusis, and patient archaeologists have brought its foundations to light. Much, too, is known about what was taught there; but how earnest a thing hese teachings were to awakening man cannot be fully grasped across the pan of centuries. Demeter's colossal figure stands majestic and speechess above the ruins, and a never-ceasing murmur comes from near waters apping the shore. Dark Albanians peer down from rocky heights, as gnorant concerning what lies before them as the goats clambering heedessly to the sacred spot where a priestess once officiated. Moslem hatred eaches the Albanian to spurn the very stones with his feet. So does man lespise his fellow, and the work of his hands, without seeking to comprehend either. Ruskin once said if a man could gather nothing of excelence to himself from a great work of art, he should, at least, put away

he fool's thought, that it possessed none.

The worship which was responsible for images has run its course in he life of humanity, but idols still remain. Some sacrifice to them high deals, some love and truth, some nobility and justice. Chief among such dols is craving for great power without regard to how it should be vielded, or fitness for place. And only a trifle less potent are gross maerialistic conceptions, with their fatal trick of laughing fineness to the leath. The thought impulse sent forth even by these two is sufficient to reed perpetual struggle after an undefined something which, when ttained, adds no more to the true life than a plucked feather floating idly n the wind. It is not necessary to carve the liniaments of such idols for narket-place, or hall of state, because they are ever present. But even e, who surrenders himself entirely to their worship, would be startled at he deformed figures marble must assume to express them. Sometimes nad fancy working irrationally creates things of like kind, bending nature's andiwork to unworthy uses. For this is the miracle of sculpture to nake the strong foundation of the hills seem pliable as clay; to bid hought speak through senseless stone. Michelangelo contemplated rith delight each perfect block of marble, knowing so well what might leep within its white beauty. And much of his purposely unfinished vork is so cleverly chiseled as to convey the impression of thought aking on form. Angelo's sculpture reveals the spirit of the Renaissance then life tingled anew with effort to understand what had gone before, nd desire to blossom for itself. His work is original, not reproductive. t was born of different intents, different thought impulses from any that ad preceded. To search for classical motive in it is to waste time. The eople of the Renaissance, who guided in matters appertaining to art, vere extremely conscious. They knew there had been slumber and awakening. Their desire was not to separate art from the religious motive, but to gather it into their life as a mode of expression and enlightenment. The Virgin with a dead Christ across her knees, and the Moses, defeated in his very hour of highest expectancy, were to them preëminently fit subjects for a sculptor's chisel.

Michelangelo's Pietà is something more than a mere statue. It is an expression of sacrifice having no superior. The unbounded love of Mary is here powerless. Human life, with all its desires and conflicts, has drunk

the cup. Eternal spirit alone remains.

The Moses represents an entirely different phase of struggle. This immense figure, having what seems an inadequate head, is built upon lines describing the man of uncircumcised lips. It portrays a leader chosen for action, not speech. The great thighs and knees were necessary to one who assumed the task of leading a rebellious band across scorching deserts. The strong arms and torso and the flowing beard were his by gift, who could smite the rock and draw the water. He sits a moment meditatively wrathful, bearing the tables of the law, and learning how his people have made to themselves a golden calf, giving up even the ornaments which they had taken from the Egyptians. In another moment he shall have done that which will cost him even burial in the promised land.

Symbolism is a very strong property of sculpture, and Michelangelo's power of conception was greatly dominated by it. The Renaissance inherited special, symbolic ideas from an earlier period. These assert themselves as much in the painting of the time as in the sculpture. Raphael's

Disputa is entirely symbolic.

Classic beauty and certain forms of symbolism are as often at strife as are modern realism and every form of beauty, though in quite a different way. The symbolic, unless used simply to portray qualities and characteristics, necessarily conveys the idea of earnest conflict between hidden powers. And Lessing proves how difficult it is for conflict, whether secret or open, real or fancied, to be raised to the height of grandeur in artistic form.

Modern realistic impulse suffers from having mistaken sincere earnestness for the whole of truth. It is quite as possible to be earnest, narrow and wrong, as to be earnest, broad and right. There is a sordidness of soul, which is worse than a cramped life, and there are evil passions which destroy more effectually than all the pressure of the world.

REGINA E. WILSON.

## A California Singer.

N THE afterglow of grand opera, I wish to call attention again to a native singer. Every one to his taste of course, but Melba, Tetrazzini, Nordica, Caruso come only at intervals, and then fold their tents; the Purple Finch we have with us each year and for a long season. In some ways, perhaps, he does not measure up to the others, but they would give their diamonds for some things he has. Consistency, one grants, is frayed at the edges—but come, let us be constant a while longer. The prices are popular, but one presents more than a ticket at the entrance door.

High noon, the center of a country town and a housetop—the stagesetting is quite complete. He likes an audience, and that requisite of genius he also has. And then his song, simple, intimate, melodious, but sounding no depths, showing no kingdoms of the world, just fanning the embers to a warm little glow! Not much of an artist? We'll see about that when we settle what Art is.

Take a number of them together—"Ce sont les Cadets de Gascogne."
They dispense cheer, but you must take the least bit of a swagger along with it. No sensitive singers these, but good fellows, living stoutly, and singing as they go. No, I would not call their songs classical. But when they all join in on, "How pretty it is out, bow pretty it is out, bow pretty it is!" it's taking enough.

Somebody has referred to a song of This One as a "pleasing chant." I hope I may never hear him in that number. I should be afraid he was ill. I should fear that the Syndicate had bought up the telephone wires, the ridge-poles of the houses and the tree-tops. I should know it was positively his last appearance. Had D'Artagnan been the best of singers, who would have cared to hear him in a "pleasing chant"?

Burroughs says the Purple Finch should have had one more dip in pokeberry juice. He has had that here. Look at his breast: the color of life is red. He sings, too, with more abandon here than elsewhere. He takes our sunshine; it makes him glad; he gives it out again. It is not a great secret. And this blithe young minstrel is our own. Caruso—yes; but He of the Purple, "May he live long and prosper!"

WILSON C. DIBBLE.

## The Oldest Norse Sagas.

HE Saga of King Hamlet of Denmark, rendered in a recent IMPRESSIONS, is, as must be apparent, of a much later date than the two given below. The Saga of Skjold, indeed, is probably the oldest of all these ancient stories that has been preserved. It belongs to the beginning of things, the first conception of a helper for the helpless, other than the gods themselves, as the Hadding story is the earliest tale, in the old Norse

gods themselves, as the Hadding story is the earliest tale, in the old Norse literatures, embodying an answer to the age-old query: "If a man die, shall

he live again?"

Madame Beck-Meyer, in her note here appended, gives as clear an idea as may be, of the actual form of the more ancient poem. What we have tried to do in the prose version herewith is to render, as well as might be without undue archaicism, something of its spirit and beauty. The figures have been retained as nearly as is possible to modern English—we have sought for equivalents, and have rendered them whenever practicable, while at the same time trying to be intelligible and, as said before, not unnecessarily archaic.

The main thing, perhaps, has been to preserve the pictures. The early Danes had no paintings, no sculpture, no visual aids to the imagination in reproducing their heroic and historic scenes. They had only words; but their use of these was glorious. They sang their pictures, in words of such splendor and power as made them live and move before their hearers' mental vision. Modern literature has nothing more vivid than the imagery of these ancient sagas. They are full of color, of action, of beauty, qualities which have so vitalized them that we thrill to them today as did those listeners at Viking-board in the olden days.

ADELINE KNAPP.

# The Significance of the Tales About King Skjold and King Hadding.

Father Saxo, the earliest Danish historian, gives among the tales gathered by him from the lips of the people and from runic inscriptions, the tale of King Skjold, treated by him with particular love.

A monument equally great is raised this hero of a people's childhood in the Anglo-Saxon poem Beowulf.

Begins the poem:

"What! We Spear-Danes, in days of olden The folk-rulers' glory here heard and sung, The chiefiains, that furthered deed and daring. Oft King Skjold slew the evil-mindedGrew under the heavens, waxed in all goodness, That was a good king (hat was gôd cyning!)—Him God sent, a helper of men; Him the Ruler of Life, the Wielder of Wonders, Gave world honor."

But when Skjold died—no, not died, but went away to the Life-King's rest, to the Life-King's protection (feran an frean ware)—

"They bore his body seawards
The faithful fellows;
On bosom him lay gold-gifts many;
Sails of gold high overhead
They over him raised, let waves him bear.
After they stood, mourning in mind.
Men know not to say for sure,
The wise-men in hell, the chiefs under heaven,

Where steered that ship, or who it hailed."

Victor Rydberg calls Skjold, the first culture-hero of the North, "the patriarch of the kingly families of Sweden, Denmark, Angelen, Saxland,

and England."

King Hadding's tale is one of the most remarkable of all Ayrian tales, dealing as it does with a subject most unusual to those ages: the soul's suffering through the riddles of its own existence. As a rule the old Goths were supremely sure of the conditions of a future existence; even unto knowing how many doors Valhal contained. Straight to heaven did they go when soul left body; to be sure, not to harps and white garments, but to the dance of swords and to the goodly mead and pork.

But here, from the depth of the ages, is voiced the doubt and suffering of a seeking soul. Yet it is very different from a later poem of a sim-

ilar type, the Anglo-Saxon poem, The Wanderer.

In saying "a later" the assertion is largely built on internal evidence.

The Wanderer is a cry from a soul feeling that the old is gliding away, nothing remains, and the new is in a mist. It is the work of a transition period.

The Hadding myth, however, born at a time when faith was strong, stills the doubt with what St. Paul calls "the hope of an everlasting life."

It belongs to the time of which the old Skjold says: "For in those days all men were glad to die and go home to God Odin."

#### The Sagas.

I - Of King Skjold, and of How the Danish Kings Got Their Name.

This is the Saga of Skjold, first of the Danish kings. Father of kings was he, and the helper of his people. Tells the tale how it fell, on

a day of Denmark's need, God Odin remembered the land, and sent to

the Danemen a king, when the darkness was on them.

Denmark needed a king, for there was no ruler in the land. Wrong harried the world, and good folk could do naught but weep; only the wicked might laugh. Robbers wasted the land and carried off free folk to thralldom. Bare were the fields, where no man dared till or plant, and thorns grew high in air; for no man dared cut the hedges.

Then, on a fair morn, came a good ship sailing over sea. Sailed she with full sail, like a fair white bird, and on her front were the head of a lion, and the shape of a heart. Flags were at all of her masts, and she shone with gold the reddest. On her decks was the glint of kingly

weapons, of swords and spears a great many.

Stately that fair ship sailed, and came safe into port, but those who watched saw that neither by mast nor rudder was any soul on board her, save only a little child asleep in the fore part, with his head on a sheaf

of wheat; and over him waved a king's banner.

Then the hearts of the watching folk became full of worship; for they thought no other than that this was God Odin's son, come to help them, and it was to them a great wondersight. Quick they drew that ship to land, while their faces shone with joy. They took the sheaf of wheat, and stood it upon its root, in the same stead where, afterwards, the Danish kings were wont to stand in the folk-meet, and in the top of the sheaf they placed that God son, and with a great clash of weapons they named him their king. And he by them hight (was called) Skjold, which means, in the Danish tongue, a shield.

King Skjold waxed great and strong, and of his manhood there is much to tell. While yet he was a lad, so strong was he that he girdled with his belt the man bear, and made him fast to a tree in the wood. In his sixteenth year no one in that land was strong as he, and the people loved him greatly. He gained the beautiful Alvilde for his bride, and while he lived all Denmark was at peace; for in all the North was no king durst go against King Skjold, but far over billow followed him worship,

and gold to his garth.

It was King Skjold's word that a king should take care of the land, and forget himself; out of his own treasury he cared for the people; he paid their debts and helped the poor and the sick, and whoever was cheated or injured helped he to his rights. Bad love fled from him, and good love followed him, and dwelt with all in that land who were loyal to him. And because so beautiful was the spirit in him, all Danish kings kept his name, and to this day are called Skjoldunger, or skillings, and they are taught that a king should be a shield to his people.

When at last King Skjold was waxen old he thought it would be better to crown him who should be king after him, rather than to carry the crown to the border of the grave; so he called the people together

in folk-meet, and he crowned his son Gram king in his stead.

Then prepared he for his return from that land; and wonderful as his coming, was his outgoing. As he himself ordered, before his death, his friends took him and carried him on board that ship on which the God son had come to them. With love bore they out their king and sat him by the great mast, surrounded by golden treasure, in a shining round. Clad they him in garments made for great feasts in high halls, and beneath his head they laid a sheaf of grain. Never came ship on billow with richer freight than that fair ship, with treasure of rich clothing and gold and byrnies (armor) made ready for battle among kings; of spears and swords and manifold weapons.

And when all was ready a beautiful king's flag was raised above his head, and the ship sailed slowly out over the blue billow, in full sail, while Danish men stood sorrowing on the cliff; but where that fair ship sailed

with her treasure no man ever heard.

II - Of King Hadding, and How God Odin Taught Him of the Lasting Life.

King Skjold's son's son was King Hadding, and of his many deeds is there much told. Brave and fair was he, and God Odin loved him, and taught him, in songs of wisdom. Learned he of Odin much craft of warfare, skill with armies, such as no other man had, and to him gave the God his own bow, and told him many soothsayings about the future; but most wonderful of all was a matter which he made him to see while he was yet alive.

King Hadding kept wedding feast with Ragnhild, a king's daughter. Fair was she, and an evil jotun carried her away from her father's hall, and him King Hadding followed, and slew with might, and rescued that maiden. He brought her to his own hall, and sat with her on the high

seat, and kissed her lips, and she became his bride.

And Ragnhild loved the wild shore, and the high mountains; for she

was born in Norway; but King Hadding loved the silent forest.

One evening he sat with her in the hall, and it was growing twilight. Then, from out the hard-trodden earth of the hearth-floor, a woman arose. Came her head and her shoulders up through the earth of the trodden floor, until she stood by the hearth, and it was midwinter. The woman looked upon King Hadding, and he saw that in her hand was a bunch of flowers. These she held up before the King's eyes, so that he marveled where such flowers might grow in winter weather, but she spake no word.

Then was King Hadding smote with a will to know where the woman had got those flowers, and to see the land where they grew. Down stepped

he from the high seat, and paced the floor to where the woman stood; upon his shoulders she threw the long grey cloak which she wore, and

together sank they beneath the floor.

Traversed they the underworld, while a white mist enwrapped them, through which they made their way hardly, and came upon a pathway through the woods. Much worn was that pathway, with the tread of many feet, and upon it traveled a host of the children of kings, clad in gleaming garments. King Hadding asked the woman who these people might be, and what they did, and she said: "They are the children of kings, and as upon earth they wandered to and fro, even so do they now, along the ways of the underworld."

After that they came to a fair glade, where the sun shone, and young trees gave thin, pleasant shade, and here grew such flowers as the woman carried in her hand. Farther still they fared, and they came to a river with swift, blue-black water. Wild was that stream, and dark, and ever rushing down with the current were weapons, borne upon the wave; of shields and spears, and knives and bows a great many, so that King Hadding deemed it a wondersight, but naught said the woman of what it

might mean.

Over that river there was laid a bridge, and by this they crossed and went on their way until they came to a place where two great armies did battle, trying strength, each with the other. Great waged that fight, and stout blows laid on the warriors, so that King Hadding looked to see a great killing and wounding, but no man fell, nor did any cry "Stay," but grimly they fought, and the clangor of their byrnies and the ringing of their swords and spears filled all that place.

Then said King Hadding to the woman: "What is this, and what is the meaning of this mighty battle?" and the woman said: "These are warriors who fell in battle, and as on earth they fought, so do they here."

Farther they fared, and they came to a wall where was no door nor opening, and the wall was high and wide. The woman tried to climb it, but she could not; she tried to jump over it, but it was too high; then she made herself very small, but through no least crack could she creep. Nor could King Hadding in any way adventure that high, wide wall.

But the woman had with her a cock, and she held it on high and tore from the neck its head, and she threw that head over the wall, while King Hadding stood in wonder at the sight, and more mazed was he when from beyond the wall came the sound of a cock's crowing. Then looked he at the woman, and she said:

"Know, King Hadding, that beyond this wall is the lasting life, where is no death; but until Death takes us thither we cannot get over.

This thing God Odin teaches thee."

## IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

And she led him back to his own rooftree, and to the high seat of his hall, and to his bride; and there King Hadding dwelt, and he taught his people that beyond this world is the lasting life, and that as we do here, so shall we do there.

Englished by Adeline Knapp and Nico Beck-Meyer.

## The Wild Lover.

Sway your lithe arms, ye graceful trees,
The wind is out a-wooing!
Ye may be many, yet he sees
A way to your undoing.

Ye need not fear,
Though birds may hear
Your whispers or your sighs;
Or tell the night
Of your delight—
Nay, nay, the birds are wise.

Your vestiture of maiden green
Doth very well adorn ye;
The wind will deem each one a queen,
And woo. He dare not scorn ye!

Howard V. Sutherland.

## Sophocles in English Prose.

HE appearance of Professor Jebb's translation of Sophocles in handy and inexpensive form may fairly be said to mark an epoch in the study of the Greek Classics in English. Heretofore it has been a luxury beyond the reach not only of the general reader but often of the special student of the Greek drama as well; for relatively few have been able to afford the purchase of the monumental edition of Sophocles, of which this translation has formed a part. Now, in its new dress, the translation

is within the reach of all.

It is indeed well that it should be, for it is a masterpiece. Professor Jebb's great edition is characterized by a wealth of learning, as was to be expected of the work of one of the foremost-perhaps the foremostof English Hellenists; but in the translation he shows himself a master of expression in English. Few indeed are the Classic authors who have been presented to the modern world in a translation so well worth reading for its own sake. The translator has proved himself a creative artist. He has not merely given English equivalents for the Greek words and phrases; he has not merely made it possible for the English reader to follow intelligently the thought of the original. Rather may we say, high praise though it is, that he has allowed the original so to permeate his own mind and has so fully caught, not its meaning only, but its spirit, that he has been able to reproduce it with close fidelity, yet with such art that in his translation the interpenetration of form and matter seems only less complete than in Sophocles himself—the subtlest, perhaps, of Greek literary artists.

The modern reader is thus enabled to read Sophocles with increased delight, unhampered by halting rhythm or padded phrase as in so many verse translations. For this rendering is in vigorous prose,—prose which can always be read with satisfaction and which at times attains to distinction, to nobility. And in such fashion, it is my firm belief, the Greek poets are best rendered.

The Greek drama is too little studied. It is an art-form full of suggestion and of beauty. Matthew Arnold's characterization is well known

(Preface to Poems, 1853):

"The terrible old mythic story on which the drama was founded stood, before he entered the theatre, traced in its bare outlines upon the spectator's mind; it stood in his memory as a group of statuary, faintly seen, at the end of a long and dark vista: then came the poet, embodying outlines, developing situations—not a word wasted, not a sentiment capriciously thrown in; stroke upon stroke the drama proceeded; the

## IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

light deepened upon the group; more and more it revealed itself to the riveted gaze of the spectator, until at last, when the final words were spoken, it stood before him in broad sunlight, a model of immortal beauty."

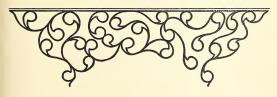
These words are true, but they are not the whole truth. They emphasize the statuesqueness, the simplicity, the intensity of the ancient drama; they leave the powerful characterization, so often misunderstood, all but untouched. Yet who that has come to know Antigone or Electra or Œdipus,—aye, or Deianeira, can fail to see that, within the limits the antique artist set for himself, his characterization is masterful? He creates, not types, but living, breathing individuals drawn with astonishing power

and astonishing beauty.

It is in Sophocles that we best study the Greek drama. His art is more perfect than that of Eschylus, more perfect than that of Euripides. Powerfully as we feel the grandeur of the one, and willingly as we acknowledge the many-sidedness of the other, we miss in both that harmony, that satisfyingness which we see in Sophocles. He had not the Titanic force of the one nor his imaginative insight; he had not the other's sense of the mystery of things and his keen sympathy with human suffering; but he brings to his work as a dramatist the characteristics and capacities of the greatest age of Greece, and, beyond all others of the ancients, save Homer alone, he maintains in the face of life's problems that perfect sanity of mind and serenity of temper which we have come to regard as traits preëminently Greek.

My special thanks, whose even-balanced sol, From first youth tested up to extreme old age, Business could not make dull, nor passion wild: Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole; The mellow glory of the Attic stage, Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child."

A. T. MURRAY.



#### Isidro.

HIS is such a tale of adventure as Robert Louis Stevenson would have liked well—not so much because it vivifies a part of the country which he knew and loved extremely, for he called it of all places the most exciting to the mind—but because of a certain gay spirit and courage that infuses it from cover to cover.

The intent of it all is just the old intent of a novel—to get the man and the maid "wedded and married and a'," but seldom is it done with such a fine swinging tread as of the marching of the right man direct

to the right maid.

From the opening sentence, when the young Escobar starts on his ride with the spring until he sails out of Monterey Bay to lay the foundations of his house in a far land, the tale runs quick and bright, as if encompassed within the rich, warm, vital, moving rim of a California day.

The just feeling, the atmosphere, the sense of values and of distances are there, acting as a background for the simple charm of the love

story.

To a wanderer of today among the enchanted meadows along the Carmel River the scenes of Isidro live themselves again under a sky darkened to purple against the mountains, within sound of the sheep bells still, and within sight of the browns of the Mission against the browner tilled fields behind, where once the Padres walked and taught. The folk of the story creep into the heart and remain there warmly: Father Saavadra, both holy and shrewd; the Commandante, stiff with his half-healed sorrows; clever renegade Mascado and, above all, slender, sweet, pricking little Briar. All these have the true savor of a day that was, with color and place in history.

Here and there, fresh and spontaneous, appear some of the strange happenings of nature known to lovers of outdoors and none else. There is nothing in the book better than the parts which Noe and Maria bear—thin, distressed and masterless, yet sheparding their flocks in safety. And the fire—the wonderful fire! The story tells itself with its own mastery in no need of special and wordy aids.

It is still right that a book shall "please." And Isidro pleases what

is wholesome, strong and loving.

But many books do this, and this were to take no notice of something that gives the book its ultimate charm—the purity and grace of its rare English. Certain events are described with just that phrase which suffices, and which is indeed often the last word of the matter.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

## The Psychic Factor.

OT as a pioneer who has already blazed something of a path and who can point with satisfaction to the results of his own activities, but rather as an observer who has noted what others have done and then ventured a few steps himself for personal experience, do I offer the advice to experiment in the way of mental practices for the purpose of increasing

control of useful faculties. For what is not orthodox I offer no apology.

We talk glibly enough of the "subconscious" or "unconscious mind," and whenever our commonplace experiences are disturbed by the introduction of some sporadic phenomenon of an apparently inexplicable nature, we wonder, but only for the moment, if we, as we know ourselves, are but the surface waves of a great ocean of Mind or Spirit, impulsed and maintained by a something of unfathomable profundity, differing from us as do the depths from the sunlit surface.

Then-but, unfortunately, we so soon forget!-we want to know more of what lies hidden, and we half-admit that in the apparent darkness is another and a greater light. But we still seem held to the surface, and so we question the sanity of those who persist in a desire to view the unseen. It is hard to realize that another may be a practical dreamer! We distrust the psychic. Asleep and awake at once? Impossible! And so genius remains a miracle instead of the result of Natural Law.

It seems of no significance that the poorest visualizer by day, dreams vividly at night; that the tongue-tied speaker of the drawing-room orates eloquently on the rostrum in his dreams; that the coldest imagination of the waking hour fairly glows with warmth, color and atmosphere in sleep's creations; and that great artists of every class give life to what a dream, guided by will and judgment, can so easily produce. The conscious and unconscious mind acting together? The mind in an approximate totality!

No one, at least as yet, presumes to offer a final definition of electricity, yet we study its modus operandi and employ it to advantage. May it not lie before an Oliver Lodge or a William James or some other as yet unknown to fame to discover methods as fixed and certain as those for obtaining electric power from the waterfall, whereby any who pursue the indicated course may acquire conscious control of faculties whose instinctive employment is the sorcerer's wand of genius? Then the horizon will be distant anew and the forerunners of the race will strain toward another and greater goal, and the seemingly miraculous will be the commonplace.

We move in the Infinite!

Let me quote a few lines from Robert Louis Stevenson's chapter on

"Dreams," by way of illustration of the possible employment of faculties not ordinarily at one's command:

"Well, as regards the dreamer, I can answer that, for he is no less a person than myself. . . . And for the Little People, what shall I say they are but just my Brownies—God bless them!—who do one-half my work for me while I am fast asleep, and in all human likelihood do the rest for me as well when I am wide awake and fondly suppose I do it for myself. That part which is done while I am sleeping is the Brownies' part beyond contention; but that which is done when I am up and about is by no means necessarily mine, since all goes to show the Brownies have a hand in it even then. . . . I am an excellent adviser—something like Molière's servant; I pull back and I cut down; and I dress the whole in the best words and sentences that I can find and make; I hold the pen, too, and I do the sitting at the table, which is about the worst of it." And then follows the discussion of how The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was written. This chapter on "Dreams" is a rare treat, and it is manna for those who see only wilderness.

But we have not all obedient Brownies to build up reputations for us! No! But is that a valid reason for refusing to train a few? Nature is prodigal with her gifts, and by no means reluctant when new favors are asked. Yet she must be wooed ere she be won! Patient, persistent, thoughtful attention is her demand—and some faith! Then her smiles are as glorious as her moods are innumerable, and his is a lifetime of happiness who has merited but one! A royal wanton? No! The radiant daughter of the Infinite and the sister of every soul that would return

where Love awaits!

There is a mental and there is a spiritual order of things just as there is a physical—if indeed it be not one totality viewed from different positions. A thousand Hacekels, be they ever so conscientious, ever so faithful to the scientific spirit which forms no judgment on mere desire to believe, will never lay bare the ultimate truths of any of the expressions of existence because such as he ignore important factors in their calculations, leaving even the self-satisfied (?) materialist conscious of the omission of something. It is noteworthy that none of those brilliant scientists who have been identified with the work of the English Society for Psychical Research are materialists. And how many really great artists have failed to recognize the existence of a realm into which entrance is accompanied by recognition of something loftier than the attributes of Matter?

But this has been digression, although I had a purpose in dwelling

upon these facts before suggesting the following experiment:

Rest with your body at ease. Withdraw attention by thinking of something remote from your immediate surroundings, and preferably something suggestive of the Infinite—thus celestial space—realizing as

## IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

well as you can how, beyond and still beyond all that can be imagined, there must yet be something! Then endeavor to feel open to the influence of that part of your mind which is apparently not concerned with ordinary thinking. Hold the thought that out of the depths of mind the desired idea will come. As if addressing some one, direct it to furnish what is required; at the same time be on guard and pass judgment on what occurs to you. Feel and mentally declare that you want only the best,

and that what comes will not be used for selfish purposes.

The chances are you will either fall asleep or leap up—and attend to some trifle! Never fear. The unconscious mind has been impulsed to act. It will go ahead and work out detail. We are all familiar with the occurrence of suddenly remembering, perhaps some time afterward, a name for which the memory has been vainly searched. It has apparently been found by some other part of our mind than that consciously engaged in the search. Perhaps, nay probably, that residual Mind is conscious in its way—and of its relationship with the Infinite, the Total Mind! It reacts to stimuli to us undeterminable. You may abandon the experiment in despair of result. A week later, perhaps, it may be, the desired idea will suddenly rush into consciousness, and it will be a better one in all probability than you could have created by conscious effort.

Inspiration is an inrush of suggestion from the realm of the—to us—unconscious. The judgment should be on guard, for when the gates are open who shall say in advance what may try to enter? There is not an atom of your body that would not revolt and set up an independent government of its own, as it does in the dissolution upon death, if it were permitted. Memories would incarnate as it were or establish themselves as individuals, if allowed to do so. Every experimenter would risk becoming a freak or a fanatic, or perhaps worse, were the experiment tried with a weakened will or a judgment persuaded to drowse. Safety lies in

the activity of will and judgment.

So I warn you again, do not experiment unless fairly sure of yourself. The condition produced is one of extreme susceptibility, and we deal with unknown factors. A dominant feeling must be maintained at all times—one of desire for what is worthy of a place in consciousness, what is really useful and of advantage to your better self alone. Do not try this experiment with selfish or worldly intent, for to do so is to build up a dangerous and ultimately subverting influence in your inner kingdom.

And never lay your judgment aside or let your will weaken, for otherwise, at best, you will involve yourself merely in the chaos of a

dream.

MAURICE V. SAMUELS.

#### Elizabethan Drama in California.

N THE sixteenth century, while the popular drama was fast coming into the hands of professional theatrical companies, the students of the English universities used to perform the classical drama (especially the Latin) at Oxford and Cambridge with no little success. It is interesting to find university men now performing for their fellow students the drama which for us has become classical,—that of the days of Shakspere. They go back, too, even to the plays of Sophocles, for some of these revivals; but as a rule it is only in their own language that they can hope really to entertain their audiences. A series of presentations of Elizabethan plays was inaugurated two years ago by the English Club of Stanford University, with Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of The Knight of the Burning Pessle; and the same organization has within a few weeks revived Jonson's Every Man in his Humour.

The significance of these presentations lies not only in the fact that the plays chosen are three centuries old, but also in the fact that they are given in the Elizabethan manner; that is, with little or no scenery, without the conventional artificialities of the modern actor and manager, and -in the absence of "stars"—with the attention fixed on the text of the play itself. The inspiration for such presentations seems to have come chiefly from the Elizabethan Stage Society, a London organization which for some years has set a high standard in the revival of old English plays, under the leadership of Mr. William Poel. During the past two years the work of this society has been represented in America by the company of Mr. Ben Greet, a disciple of Mr. Poel, and their Elizabethan plays have been warmly received at many colleges, including both Stanford and the University of California. It was before their coming, however, that the Stanford English Club produced The Knight of the Burning Pestle, and had built for the purpose a stage modeled after the theatre of Shakspere's time.

This Elizabethan stage, which was used again by the Greet company in their presentation of Hamlet, and for the third time in the recent production of Every Man in his Humour, has added not a little to the interest of the performances. It represented not only the conventional background of the old theatre, with its double entrance, players' gallery or upper stage, and tower above from which a trumpeter announced the hour for the performance to begin, but also a portion of the gallery boxes which originally encircled the entire theatre. In these boxes appeared the players who represented the primitive orchestra of the Elizabethans, and also a dozen or more students costumed to represent some of the more aristo-

cratic playgoers of the same period. All these details helped noticeably to maintain the antiquarian atmosphere of the undertaking. Even on the stage itself a part of the audience was represented,—the gallants of the period who hired stools on which they might sit under the very noses of the actors. In The Knight of the Burning Pestle some of these spectators on the stage actually have speaking parts in the play; in the case of

Every Man in his Humour they contributed only to the scene.

To revive this comedy of Ben Jonson's proved to be a very different thing from reviving a poetic comedy like Twelfth Night, or an uproarious burlesque like The Knight of the Burning Pestle. The romantic dramatists made sure of the interest of their audiences, by appealing either to all the world's love for a lover, or to the equally universal interest in adventurous action. But Ionson set out to win favor - or rather to satisfy his own taste-without the use of any such adventitious elements. He held that the material for comedy was to be found in the essential absurdity of foolish human nature, and with this as a basis he threw down the gauntlet to the whole romantic school. Thus in the Prologue to Every Man in his Humour (his earliest drama) he made fun of the plays that covered the whole period of a man's life in the course of their action, or represented the conflict of armies "with three rusty swords," or used a "tempestuous drum . . . to tell you when the storm doth come;"-all familiar devices of the contemporary romantic school, Shakspere of course included. On the contrary, this new comedy proposes to confine itself to

> "deeds and language such as men do use, And persons such as comedy would choose, When she would show an image of the times."

And the play itself is constructed in the firm manner of Jonson's Latin models, with a cleverly woven plot and a marvelous assemblage of satirically typical characters, but with never a stolen chance for poetry, romance,

or popular by-play.

The result was that, while the comedies formerly produced at Stanford were sure of being entertaining, no matter what the capacity of the audience or the excellence of the actors, this latest performance inevitably presupposed an audience with some capacity for intelligent concentration, and actors able to form what the professional would call an "all-star cast." Both these presuppositions were fairly well fulfilled in the event,—the former perhaps to a lesser degree, and the latter to a greater degree, than might have been expected.

The play thus revived is primarily a series of studies in Elizabethan character types. Englishmen have always been disposed to claim for their countrymen more individuality and variety than can be found in other

peoples. It seems likely that this is only an exalted phase of the undiscriminating observation which makes all Chinamen and all negroes look alike to many white men. But it may probably be admitted that in the age of Queen Elizabeth there was a greater amount of individuality and spontaneity among her subjects than could easily have been found elsewhere in one people, since the days of Pericles at any rate. The sense which Englishmen then had that the restraints of older time had fallen away, that the world lay open before their conquering admirals and Merchants Adventurers, that life was unutterably full and was to be tasted with gusto, - all this underlies and explains Elizabethan literature. The romanticists reveled in it. Jonson, and others of more restrained and satiric turn, made fun of it. To their eyes London was full of human monsters,-the exaggerations of this individualism and spontaneity; and it doubtless was. These monsters had each his foible, or particular "humour," which set him off from the rest and which could be portrayed on the stage in the manner of caricature. Hence the title and purpose of Jonson's first comedy. As we see it now, it is impossible to view it as a portrayal of universal human life, such as we find in Shakspere's dramas. It is rather a cross-section of sixteenth century life, -always that of a past age; and the extravagances of brilliant costume, appropriate to the gallants and fine ladies of the period, are no more remote from us than their manners. The revival of this play, then, was a frank attempt to carry us back to the other age. As Carlyle said of his reading in Boswell: "It was as if the curtains of the past were drawn aside, and we looked mysteriously into a kindred country, where dwelt our fathers; . . . all bright, lucid, blooming; a little island of creation amid the circumambient void." That is why those who value the past have come away regretfully from the revivals of these old plays; the strange costumes and antiquated speech had turned time back for them, and it was a bit hard to return inevitably to the twentieth century.

But while in this particular play of Jonson's the antiquarian interest was uppermost, it has been a matter of note to discover that the production of the old plays in the Elizabethan manner proved pleasing for another reason. In the old days these dramas were produced with comparatively little scenery, and the common impression is that this was merely because scenery had not yet been invented. This is no doubt true, for we have no assurance that the Elizabethan theatrical managers were any less willing to cater to the public taste for sensation than those of our time. But the corresponding impression, that their audiences were unfortunate in not having elaborate scenery, is a different matter. When the Stanford English Club revived the practice of putting up signs on the stage-post to indicate the locality represented, the signs being changed whenever the scene changed, they did it simply as a piece of antiquarianism.

And when the audience first saw the device, they laughed at it and were curious. As the play proceeded, many of them discovered that the simplicity of the device was the salvation of the imaginative plausibility of the play. It dawned upon them that the Elizabethans understood the human imagination better than we do. To transport one's self in spirit from England to Italy, or from London to Paris, at the bidding of the dramatist, is easier than to do it at the bidding of the scene-shifter. This is why it happened that it was not till the decadent days of elaborate scenery that critics first began to condemn the lack of unity of place in the Shaksperean drama. The changes of scenery threw it into conspicu-

ous relief, and made it seem crude and impossible.

In Charles Lamb's essay on "The Tragedies of Shakspere considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation," there is packed away more good sense relative to the written and acted drama than in any whole volume ever written. Lamb felt so strongly the difference between the imaginative pleasure he had in reading Shakspere's plays, and that produced by their conventional presentation on the stage, that he exaggeratingly protested - ardent theatre-goer that he was - that they were actually unfitted for stage presentation at all. "The elaborate and anxious provision of scenery, which the luxury of the age demands," he said, "in these cases works a quite contrary effect to what is intended. . . . A parlour or a drawing-room, - a library opening into a garden, a garden with an alcove, . . . does well enough in a scene; we are content to give as much credit to it as it demands; or rather, we think little about it,-it is little more than reading at the top of a page, 'Scene, a garden;' we do not imagine ourselves there, but we readily admit the imitation of familiar objects. But to think by the help of painted trees and caverns, which we know to be painted, to transport our minds to Prospero and his island,"this, he goes on to show, is impossible. Of course the logical end of this reasoning is to do away altogether with the acted drama; absolute consistency demands either that, or the utmost limit of realistic sensationalism in the attempt to delude the audience. But the Elizabethan method was a good compromise, asking the audience to furnish the scene, and then presenting them the characters in action. This was also in good part the method of the Greeks. And the revival of the practice has proved its value to many cultivated hearers who had at first thought of it as a merely curious primitive expedient.

Closely connected with this matter of scenery is that of simplicity of acting, and the observance of proportionate emphasis in the absence of "star" parts designed to attract attention to themselves. This also was brought out by Lamb in that same matchless essay. "Nine parts in ten of what Hamlet does are transactions between himself and his moral sense. . . These profound sorrows,—these light-and-noise-abhorring

ruminations, which the tongue scarce dares utter to deaf walls and chambers, how can they be represented by a gesticulating actor, who comes and mouths them out before an audience! . . . He must be thinking all the while of his appearance, because he knows that all the while the spectators are judging of it. And this is the way to represent the shy, negligent, retiring Hamlet!" It was the great merit of the recent interpretation of Hamlet by Mr. Greet, at Stanford and at the University of California, that he seemed to have pondered well these words of Lamb's. He seemed almost to minimize the importance of his character, in his effort to avoid the conventional "star" part. He would not change his costume even where fitness might well have suggested it, lest the attention should be attracted to this extraneous detail. Now it is such qualities as this which intelligent student acting is especially capable of bringing out. Every Man in his Humour, being a play without a hero, with a dozen characters of almost equal importance, is of a type to emphasize the same point. Those who have seen the Stanford productions have been amazed to find how little was lost in comparison with professional performances; or rather, how much that was lost of trained readiness and grace was compensated for by the fortunate loss of the conventionalities of the stage. Only one or two of the student actors could challenge comparison with a really excellent professional actor; but most of them were quite as satisfactory, from the standpoint of an audience with attention fixed on the play itself, as ordinary mediocre professionals; and none of them was as bad as the worst of the latter. There is no reason to suppose that the Stanford students show any extraordinary average of histrionic gifts, although they are unusually fortunate in having a sane and cultured instructor in expression. The success of their work, then, is a tribute to the spirit in which they handled the plays.

It would be too much to expect that popular American audiences could readily be converted to the points of view here set forth. But if the literary drama is ever to come to its own again on our stage, it seems not unlikely that these university revivals of old plays have indicated the things to be emphasized in the line of hopeful effort toward that end. It will certainly be gratifying if the study of the drama and the acting of

it come any nearer together.

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

#### A Conic for Blue Mondays

20

I once gave a lady two-and-twenty receipts against melancholy; one was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugarplums on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or in others.

-Sydney Smith.

"The inner side of every cloud Is bright and shining; I therefore turn my clouds about And always wear them inside out To show the lining."

You needn't pick up any worries. You can get them anywhere as you go along.

— Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

The Blue Monday Book compiled by Jennie Day Haines is a dainty little volume giving a similar tonic selection for each of the possible fifty-two Blue Mondays in the year.

## Take a Vacation Trip to

# PORTLAND

If you intend taking a vacation trip this summer, you cannot do better than visit Portland and the great Northwest.

June 1, 1905 The Lewis & Clark Centennial

will open its unique exhibits to the public, closing on October 15th. Shasta Route is the way, with wonderful scenery—Sacramento Canyon, Mount Shasta, Siskiyou Mountains and beautiful Willamette Valley.

\$25 Round Trip Ask Agents, 613 Market Street

Southern Pacific



# Impressions Quarterly

A bule magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and art: published quarterly. Edited by Paul Elder.

and a ser spread from quarter of current witness only, 50 cents. As a consequence we sharehood the consequence was their a consequence of the substration in desired, under notified by the substrate of the consequence of the consequence of the substration of the substration of the substration of the consequence of the substration of th

Conviete, 1000, by PAVE THER AND COMPAN

## September, 1905

#### Contents

| Noves on Japanese Art. (Suggested by Mrs.   |
|---|
| Am din's 'I a ress' one of Ulino-ye'') - by Clarence Ludin Branch F. R. G                           |
| The White Rose and the Red. (Gas ens  |
| of Taj Mahal Torrb, India.) (Verse) - by John Ward Int (Anhory) (Tro Gov.)                          |
| A Good and Faithful Servant. (Rev. w) by Them & R. Born   |
| Some Old Noise Sagas. (The Sags of Englished by Adeline Knoth and Dagnar Ladiers) Nico Berk-Meyer 5 |
| Summer Hills. (Verse) by Aisline Knapp b  |
| Art and Life. Third Paper. Of Line  |
| suid Coler by Regina E. William   |
| ADELECTION (Verse, from "A Charus of Leaves" 1319 Charles G. Blands                                 |
| Day and an income   |

#### Frontispieze

Emmer Hills - - after p intog to Gloring Estates

A Love Song (reverse of fr Hipiace) - - - by Malife Light

#### Bibliography

I make who or University The School of Japanese A romandarity or Annian C Morre a Print Annian of Japanese C Sec. May Yell Computer Sec. Sec. May Yell Computer Sec. Sec. May Yell Computer Sec. May

#### A Love Song.

EARL of pearls - my Margaret fair -Like spun gold her bonny hair; Eyes twin stars, that flash and glow Underneath a brow of snow; Rose-red lips that cling to mine, Warming all my heart like wine; Rounded cheeks and dimpled chin, Sea-shell hands, all pink within; Flying feet, that all day long Turn my sordid hours to song. Question you, "Who is this pearl?"

Just my dainty baby girl.

MARY VAUGHAN.





SUMMER HILLS
AFTER THE PAINTING BY
GIUSEPPI CADENASSO
An appreciation of Mr. Cadenasso
was published in the December, 1904
issue of
Impressions Quarterly



#### Notes on Japanese Art.

Suggested by Mrs. Amsden's "Impressions of Ukiyo-ye."

NE reason why Japanese art differs from European art is that the purpose in the mind of the artist is different in each case, and this purpose he works out with methods and materials that augment the difference.

As Captain Brinkley of the Japan Mail tells us in writing of Japanese Pictorial Art, a Japanese picture is not

painted simply for the sake of representative effect; it is a part of a decorative scheme. There is no such thing in Japan as a picture gallery—a place whither people repair to look at pictures merely for the sake of the pictures. The painter, so far as the ultimate uses of his work is concerned, ranks with the paper-hanger. His object is to beautify some part of the domestic interior. His principal work has been to decorate broad-faced screens that stand in the vestibules of Japanese houses, the folding screens of two or more leaves, the sliding-doors that separate room from room, or shut off closets, and to paint hanging scrolls for alcove recesses.

Screens and door panels, whatever their position and use, do not rise above the rank of articles of furniture: the designs applied to them must be purely decorative. A picture, hanging in an alcove, seems at first sight to occupy a higher place and to offer a worthier opportunity for the display of representative art. But in the Japanese system the alcove picture was primarily an alcove ornament. It had to take its place in a decorative scheme; had to harmonize with, not to eclipse, its surround-

ings; to accompany them, not to stand apart from them.

Captain Brinkley further points out that the European or American hangs his pictures with regard simply to the wall space at his disposal and the direction of his lights. The picture is the sole object of his consideration; everything is sacrificed to it. He builds a special gallery for the exhibition of these treasures, if he is so fortunate as to possess a sufficient number, and he takes care that nothing in the gallery shall clash with its prime purpose, the display of the paintings.

With the Japanese it is different. He seldom shows more than one picture at a time, or at the most one set, and that set limited likely enough to two. He hangs a single kakemono in the alcove and changes it from time to time. Though he have ever so many others, they are

not on view, but each in its separate case is stored away in the fire-proof building to the rear of his house. Should a guest worthy of the honor pay him a visit, the host might bring out several of his treasures for appreciation and show them one by one. It is not likely that he would have several unrolled at the same time unless a question had arisen

that only comparison would settle.

"A Japanese picture," says Brinkley, "must satisfy the same canon as the objects associated with it; the eye must find equal pleasure in regarding it from every part of the room. Thus it is at once radically differentiated from the picture of occidental art, the picture that must be seen from one special point of view and with light coming from one fixed direction. Thus, also, linear perspective and cast shadows are necessarily excluded. Vanishing points, horizon lines, and such things mean that only one aspect of a picture is delightful; every other, painful. The Japanese artist perceived these things intuitively. It has been said of him, reproachfully, that he remained perpetually ignorant of perspective, and that he never discovered the theory of shadows. Certainly it is true that his knowledge of linear perspective continued to be very imperfect until modern times; but it is also true that he always had a full understanding of aerial perspective."

That shadows had not escaped his attention altogether is obvious from his paintings of fishes and of foliage. He has given each scale its proper shadow, and shows adequate knowledge of light and shade in his

treatment of both leaves and branches.

"His prime function was to ornament a flat surface, and he recognized that scenes demanding the realistic effects produced by relief and differences of plane are entirely discordant with such a function. He considered that his picture, whether it represented landscape, seascape, figures, flowers, birds, or what not, was intended to produce not an illusion, but a harmony. Very seldom did he make the mistake of pasting what the people of the Occident call 'pictures' upon walls, screens, doors, or ceilings. Aerial perspective and foreshortening were permissible, and he used them with admirable skill; linear perspective and cast shadows he carefully eschewed."

"Occidentals have learned to esteem painting for the sake of its beauty in independently of its environment, the Japanese esteems for its beauty in subordination to its environment. The 'picture' obliges its viewer to isolate himself from his surroundings; to gaze through an open window without any consciousness of the room in which he is standing. The decorative painting invites him to view it as a part of a whole, to value it in proportion as it enhances-its environment. Japanese art may be said to end where European art begins—that is to say, European art sub-

sequent to the sixteenth century."

#### IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

It is natural, therefore, that Japanese art is largely an art of suggestion. There is little copying—all is suggestion and impression. The spirit of the thing is what the artist wishes to portray, and it is through Japanese art that we have our best insight into the spirit of the people of the Land of the Rising Sun. Suggestion runs through this art. Even in the tiny garden—so few native homes are without—there is much suggestion, if we may believe what a Chinese poet has written of one of these miniature works. He says of it: "It induces serenity of temper; fills the heart with love; makes a cheerful countenance; dispels drowsiness; banishes evil passions; teaches the changes of the plants and trees; brings distant landscapes close; gives journeyless access to mountain caves, sea beaches, shores and grottos, and shows the procession of ages without decay." From which it would seem that a toy garden is a good thing to have in the house.

In his work of recording his suggestions and impressions, the Japanese artist employs methods of execution that are strange, sometimes weird, to the Western artist. He writes rather than draws. His art is calligraphic, and in Japan calligraphy ranks well nigh as high as an art as painting does. He uses the same kind of implements for writing as for painting, and in much the same way. Where the European stands or sits, the Japanese artist kneels. The European works with a radius of the length of his arm, or perhaps his forearm, or his wrist only, while the Japanese has as a radius for his sweep the entire distance from his knee to his hand-and such a pliant, delicate hand it is. He paints with the same motion that he uses in writing, and so secures the line effect that has made his work a marvel the world over. He must be dexterous and accurate, for the surface he works on does not permit erasure. Once he has made a mark, that mark is there permanently. But as he began to write when he was a small child, his brush is a tool with which he has been long familiar, and he seldom makes mistakes. He has the precision of the geometric lathe that engraves the plates for bank notes. Probably the artist of no other country can equal him in this.

And how did this supremely decorative and suggestive and impressionistic art originate? Whence did it come? Like almost everything else,—not of "New Japan," it came from China by the Korean way. It came over with Buddhism, probably, in the early centuries after Christ, when Buddhist priests converted the empire and brought a civilization new to Japan then which the Japanese accepted with as great alacrity as recently they

have accepted the civilization of the West.

Early Japanese art, therefore, was Chinese and it was Buddhist. Of the classical school especially it is true that it has been intimately connected with religion. Temples have been repositories of countless art treasures. Now, with regard to Chinese art, the parent of the art of Japan,

we have this appreciation from the late William Anderson, M. D., at one time chairman of council of the Japan Society of London and formerly a resident of the Far East. He says there is, perhaps, no section of art that has been so completely misapprehended as the pictorial art of China. For us the Chinese painter, past or present, is but a copyist who imitates, with laborious and undiscriminating exactness, whatever is laid before him, rejoices in the display of as many and as brilliant colors as his subject and remuneration will permit, and is original only in the creation of monstrosities.

Nothing could be more contrary to the fact than this impression, if we omit from consideration the work executed for the foreign market,work which every educated Chinese would disown. The old masters of the Middle Kingdom who, as a body, united grandeur of conception with immense power of execution, cared little for elaboration of detail, and except in Buddhist pictures, sought their best effects in the simplicity of black and white, or in the most subdued of chromatic harmonies. Their art was defective, but not more so than that of Europe down to the end of the thirteenth century. Technically, they did not go beyond the use of water colors, but in range and quality of pigments, in mechanical command of pencil, they had no reason to fear comparison with their contemporaries. They had caught only a glimpse of the laws of chiaroscuro and perspective, but the want of science was counterpoised by more essential elements of artistic excellence. In motives they lacked neither variety nor elevation. As landscape painters they anticipated their European brethren by over a score of generations, and created transcripts of scenes that for breadth, accuracy and picturesque beauty can scarcely be surpassed.

In their study of the human figure, although their work was often rich in vigor and expression, they certainly fall immeasurably below the Greeks; but to counterbalance this defect, no other artists, except those of Japan, have ever infused into the delineations of bird life one tithe of the vitality and action to be seen in the Chinese portraiture of the crow, the sparrow, and the crane, and a hundred other varieties of the feathered race.

In flowers the Chinese were less successful, owing to an absence of true chiaroscuro, but they were able to evolve a better picture out of a single spray of blossom than many a Western painter from all the treasures of a conservatory. In "Impressions of Ukiyo-ye," a compact and yet comprehensive volume, written and illustrated admirably, Dora Amsden has told us of the beginnings of the Chinese and Buddhist art in Japan, and of Ukiyo-ye, to which we owe so very much of our knowledge of the people of Dai Nippon as they were till the time of Commodore Perry's

of Japanese art, and is sure of a welcome from all who may be interested therein.

Ukiyo means floating or fleeting or passing world, and ye means picture. In art, Ukiyo-ye is the Popular School, the school that deals with the commonplace events, the daily life of the people, and consequently, as distinguished from the classical schools, some call it "vulgar."

This school has had great vogue, and to Europeans generally is more sympathetic and more interesting than any of the classical schools. Hokusai is its chief exponent, of whose illustrations, sketches, and paintings Dr. Anderson has written that they cover "the whole range of Japanese art motives, scenes of history, drama and novel, incidents of the daily life of his own class, realizations of familiar objects of animal and vegetable life, wonderful suggestions of the scenery of his beloved Yeddo [Tokio] and its surroundings, and a hundred other inspirations that would require a volume to describe." Hokusai lived from 1760 to 1849, almost long enough to see the "Black Ships" of Commodore Perry. This school he represented dates back several centuries. As to its origin Brinkley says: "It is generally alleged that the so-called Popular School [Ukiyo-ye] owed its origin to Iwasa Matahei, a painter who flourished in the second half of the sixteenth century. But the statement is somewhat misleading. From the beginning of the thirteenth century incidents of the national life furnished to the Tosa masters their chief motives, and that down to the Chinese renaissance in the fifteenth century artists did not hesitate to seek subjects for delineation in the daily doings of the plebeian classes. Even the great founders of the Kano School, men whose works support comparison with the masterpieces of Chinese genius, had no fear of degrading their art or alienating aristocratic patronage when they depicted episodes from the kitchen, the stable, or the workshop. The truth is that in the rise and development of the Popular School must be traced not a new artistic departure, but simply a reflection of the changes which the civilization of the era was undergoing (times were changing and manners and art reflected the changes). From the end of the sixteenth century, the actor, the courtesan, and danseuse began to occupy an unprecedented place in every-day life, and became the centers of voluptuous æstheticism which constantly presented new spectacular attractions for dilettante and made new appeals to the artistic as well as to the sensuous instincts of the people. Matahei caught the first note of this innovation and fixed it pictorially with wonderful fidelity."

Of the many artists of the Ukiyo-ye School, especially the more famous ones, Mrs. Amsden tells us much, and she illustrates what she tells with charming examples of the work of the different masters. Furthermore, she gives hints to collectors and facsimiles of the signatures of the men of greatest distinction. Among these are Moronobu,

Masanobu, Harunobu, Koriusai, Shunsho, Utamaro, Toyokuni, Hokusai (three signatures), Kiyonaga, Hiroshige I, and Hiroshige II.

Mrs. Amsden is 'right' when she says that they alone can pretend to fathom the depth of feeling and beauty in an alien art who resolutely determine to scrutinize it from the point of view of an inhabitant of the place of its birth. It is with the language of the brush as with the spoken language; one must live close to it to know it, must live in its home, have it about him in intimate relationship. We may catalogue and differentiate and discuss the thousands of specimens of Japanese art in the various museums of Europe and America, but unless we have lived in Japan and looked out on the world from the native home, seeing the hills, the trees, the mountains, the birds, the flowers, the streams and cataracts, and the passer-by as the native sees them, we shall not have the understanding that is essential if we would feel the full charm of Japan's art.

Of any of the earliest specimens of Japanese paintings one may hardly say with certainty that it is actually the work of a Japanese and not of a Korean or a Chinese artist who had come over from the continent as a teacher and had settled in Japan. Even of the work of later days though one knows that a certain sketch is by a Japanese, he finds the style purely Chinese. It is not until the appearance of the Popular School, or, we may say, until the development of the sentiment that brought out and inspired the art which the Popular School exhibits, that the average critic from Europe or America feels that he has work that is thoroughly and

absolutely Japanese.

And here, perhaps, one may call attention to a strange item regarding Japan and her art, to wit: the fact that though the entire people men, women, and children - are artistic, the word "art" does not exist in the language. So great a scholar as Basil Hall Chamberlain, for a score of years professor of Japanese in the Imperial University in Tokio, says that the Japanese language has no genuine native word for what we call "art." "Bijutsu," he tells us, "is the word that the Japanese use. The inventor of this word put together two Chinese characters, one 'bi,' meaning beautiful, and the other, 'jutsu,' meaning craft, device, legerdemain." For nature, too, from which has come so much of the inspiration of "bijutsu," strangely enough, there seems to be no adequate native word. Professor Chamberlain says that the nearest equivalents are "seishitsu," characteristic qualities, "bambutsu," all things, and "tennen," spontaneously. While he regards the absence of the word "art" as a weakness, he thinks the absence of a word for nature may be quite the opposite. "Nature" he regards as a Proteus, at times a deistic synonym or euphemism for the Creator, at other times the beings or things created, or the universe with man left out or the impulses of man as opposed to his conscious acts or that which is reasonable and proper, or, again, with theologians exactly the opposite. "In short," says the professor, "the word 'nature' stands for everything in general and for nothing in particular,—impossible to define, and serving only as a will-o'-the-wisp to mislead

metaphysically minded persons."

In closing these remarks on Japanese art which Mrs. Amsden's noteworthy book has suggested, a quotation from Thomas Cutler may not be out of place. He says: "That the specially national and unmixed character of Japanese art is due to the isolated position which, until within the last few years, she has maintained since the earliest ages. With the exception of China and Korea, she has no intercourse with any nation that could in any way affect her art productions. China was her art master, and on China's teachings she founded her own school. It is not, as in Europe, the grafting of one style upon another and the accumulated knowledge and practice of all the various schools of art from the remotest antiquity; it has been a growth unaffected by any extraneous influences, self-contained and strictly national, and hence the astonishment and delight created when the art of Japan was revealed to the outside world by the opening of the country. It is when we consider the decorative art of Japan that we find how for many years the Japanese have distanced their Chinese masters and produced a style peculiarly their own. Studying its application to ceramics, lacquer, bronzes, costume, etc., we see the ground upon which they triumph, and we recognize the superiority of their art.

"If we study the decorative art of the Japanese we find the essential elements of beauty in design—fitness for the purpose that the object is intended to fulfil, good workmanship and constructive soundness, which give a value to the commonest article, and some touch of ornament

by a skilful hand, together creating a true work of art.

"Japanese art may now be said to have culminated and to have shown all that it is capable of producing, and it is with pain that we perceive that the hour of decadence has arrived, for all modern Japanese work shows the inability of the artist to preserve its original delicacy or to blend it harmoniously with foreign elements. No student can fail to recognize the signs of impotence and the depreciation of taste. It may not be too late to awaken the Japanese to a sense of the wrong they are doing to their national art, in what they might, if they so chose, continue supreme; but should their intuitive taste be overlaid by imitations of European vulgarities, it is no unimportant taste to preserve the records of the most brilliant period in the artistic life of a singularly gifted people."

CLARENCE LUDLOW BROWNELL, F. R. G. S., Member of the Japan Society of London.

#### The White Rose and The Red.

(Gardens of Taj Mahal Tomb, India.)

'Neath the moon and stars, aglow,
Magic towers of marble rise;
Murmuring fountains overflow
Into depths of mirrored skies!
Shah Jehan has laid to rest
Arjamand, his royal love,
The idol of his knightly heart,
The Orient's tenderest dove.

Odors waft thro' ghostly halls,

Terraced bowers and trellised court;
Lotus bulbs—whence incense falls;
Alabaster walls inwrought!
Gold and gem and precious stone
Sparkle to the midnight stars
Where minaret and melting dome
Rise thro' the moonlight bars!

Not a Voice disturbs the dead;
Not a step stirs Eden's peace;
Here the camels halt their tread;
At this Gate all murmurs cease.
Soft, alone at midnight hour,
Hark! the bulbul's love-song floats
To the throbbing Passion Flower,
And sobbing river notes!

Pearly dome like Heaven's, above!

Jasper floors—like Paradise!

Symbols of Immortal Love—

Like the fountain's weeping eyes.

Hark! I hear her spirit sing

In that song of nightingale!

The fanning of her seraph wing

Glints thro' the moonlight pale!

Oh, my heart—not eye—must scan
This true lover's sepulchre!
Graven texts of Alcoran;
Opal, onyx, aloe, fir!
Lo, I guess, through night's glamour,
That wan White Rose from the Red.
The "White's" the one that went before!
The "Red's"—the Lover—dead!

Soul of all this Life of ours!

Harbinger of Life Divine!

Up thro' jewel, spice, and flowers,
Chanting bird and clambering vine;
Up thro' river, mountain, moor,
Unto cloud, and star, and moon,
Love is man's divinest dower!
Faith's God's brightest boon!

John Ward Stimson.

#### A Good and Faithful Servant.

R. ANDREW DICKSON WHITE has crowned a very noble and useful career by telling us about it. Perhaps no single service which he has rendered to his own and succeeding generations, and they have been many and great, is greater than the simple and modest narrative in which he tells us what he has thought and done with a

most commendable frankness. That Mr. White's Autobiography must be interesting, instructive and inspiring, no one who knew anything about him could doubt, but I suspect that his dearest friends have been surprised to find the narrative fairly scintillating with the brightest sort of fun. He has evidently kept his fund of humor to himself until he had made a record for serious work. Had he displayed it earlier, he might have been accounted frivolous. Now there is no such danger.

In telling of his life, Mr. White has not observed any strict chrono-

In telling of his life, Mr. White has not observed any strict chronological order; the order which he has observed is far better. Such varied activities as his, such wide experiences, are better grouped topically. The

arrangement is lucid and sufficient.

From his home in Western New York, after a year of curious experience at a small denominational college, he went to Yale and graduated in the "famous" class of 1853. In those simple days he was regarded as a rich man. He did not have to work for a living, as most of his classmates did. Rich young men were very scarce at the time, and pecuniary independence was rightly regarded as a dangerous thing. Most of those who had it made a bad use of it. It was an excuse for not doing anything, or for doing things which were worse than useless. Mr. White did not for an instant think of his income as having any use except that of affording him a larger opportunity for serving his generation and those which should come after. What manner of service he should render was partly determined by his own tastes and partly by most unexpected calls to duties which he had never contemplated, and which were laid upon him simply because he was fit to do them. His physical outfit was not particularly good. He was of small and delicate frame, so that when the civil war broke out, and he wished to serve his country on the battlefield, the recruiting officers would have none of him. His innate intellectual powers were good, but his success has been not in any extraordinary natural endowments, but in the fine use which he has made of the talents committed to his charge. His success has been due to a certain moral quality which impelled him to make the most of his gifts, his opportunities and himself. It seemed to him the thing to do, so he did it. There is not the slightest sign of consciousness in his betrayal of his

early dedication of himself to the welfare of his kind. Men had need of his services, so he gave them as a matter of course. His tastes led him toward the life of a scholar. Circumstances prevented his becoming a scholar of the highest order because they compelled him toward things which were more needed and for which perhaps he was better fitted. That he might have been a scholar of the first rank it is impossible to doubt. Any man of good intelligence and patient industry can become a first-rate scholar, and a first-rate scholar is a good thing. But there are better things, and Mr. White is one of them. His early ambition was partly disappointed, and he will not be remembered chiefly as a great scholar. But he has his compensation. He made great scholars,-that is, he gave many men the opportunity to become such. There are many men who make this country illustrious by their learning who owe the impulse which has made them what they are and the opportunity to be such to Andrew White. His services to education are far greater than he could have rendered had he been the most accomplished scholar that

the country has produced.

A glance at the table of contents of these volumes gives one a suggestion of the multifarious activities of the author, and a reading of the text more than confirms the impression made by the table. His work as a teacher was interrupted by the imperative call to active political life in the State of New York. His political life was interrupted by a call to organize and to preside over Cornell University. His presidency was interrupted by repeated calls to serve his country in diplomatic service of high usefulness and honor, and when he at last retired from the presidency of the university, which he had practically created, there was still enough good work for him to do to make his later years as fertile as any of the earlier ones. The course of his life has brought him into contact with almost all the persons who have been worth knowing since the middle of the last century, and he so tells of them as to make us know them too. He has been enough of a factor in the great history of his own time for his graphic reminiscences to be full of interest and instruction. Nothing is more striking than the kindliness of his judgments of men. No difference of opinion, political, religious or educational, disturbs the justice of his view. A certain amiability of temperament, which has been carefully cultivated, enables him to see the fine qualities of men whose notions may be radically different from his own. This is not due to any weakness, still less to any lack of respect for his own opinions, but to a largeness of judgment and a broad human sympathy. But he knows the use of vitriol, of which he seems to carry about a small but sufficient supply. He knows how to apply it where it will do the most good. He can laugh at human folly and forgive human sins, but there is a proper limit to his amusement and to his forgiveness.

The story of the founding of Cornell University is an extraordinary one, and is here told as it has never been told before. The difficulty which Mr. Cornell had in getting the legislature of New York to accept his munificent benefaction is almost incredible. It would be funny if it were not appalling. Mr. White's steady work in securing the incorporation, with his scholarly and administrative qualifications, made him inevitably the first president of the institution. He was attracted to the place by the opportunity of putting into effect certain ideas concerning education which he had long cherished. These ideas were born of dissatisfaction with his own education. The account which he gives of the undergraduate curriculum at Yale in the early fifties must seem essentially correct to one who graduated in the early seventies, when things had not changed very much. His complaint is just. The course consisted almost entirely of Latin, Greek and mathematics. There was no teaching of English worth mentioning, no teaching of modern languages, no teaching of literature at all, for the great classics were not taught as literature, but as syntax and prosody. When I was in college there were a few teachers who put a new spirit into their work, and really gave us much beside the "gerund-grinding" of which Mr. White so justly complains. Things were worse when Mr. White was in college, but not very much worse. I cannot say that I had better teachers than he, for among his instructors were men whose names are still remembered as those of great men, and whom Mr. White mentions with deep reverence. The trouble with them was that they did not know how to make their subjects interesting to their pupils. Nor was there any chance to escape from a teacher or a study which we did not like to one that was more interesting. There were no options. In my day we had a choice in senior year between a little more Greek and a little more mathematics. That is the only option that I remember, and the class of '53 did not have so much as that. Three times a day we had to recite in Latin, Greek and mathematics. Perhaps we did not learn a great deal of either of the three subjects, but we certainly learned to come to time, which is perhaps the highest lesson that all our vast machinery of education can inculcate. Mr. White seems to have learned it at Yale. He certainly learned it somewhere, and he learned it well. Perhaps his highest distinction is that he has always been on time.

Dissatisfied with his own education in college, Mr. White aspired to establish such college education as would cover a larger field and would give to the individual a choice of studies according to his own tastes and abilities. The foundation of Cornell University and his call to its presidency gave opportunity to him for putting his ideas into practice. This he proceeded to do with great success. The lack of instruction in literature, history and science in his own college course had greatly impressed him.

For in those days at Yale the study of the natural sciences was mainly relegated to a poor, despised and struggling department which has since developed into the Sheffield Scientific School, a noble institution which has perhaps come nearer than any other to solving the difficult practical problem how technical scientific instruction may be made the means to liberal education. There seems to be no conceivable reason why the study of the natural sciences should not be as effective in producing educated men as Greek and Latin. It sometimes is, but not very often,—as yet.

Mr. White's success we now see to be complete. He organized Cornell University according to his ideas. Almost every branch of human learning had its representatives on the faculty and the students had a very large range of choice as to what studies they would take in order to complete the requirements for the bachelor's degree. The famous dictum of Ezra Cornell was an inconvenience to Mr. White. There are really some things, including the three R's, which cannot be taught in a university. Mr. White was not the first person who had such ideas of college education, nor was he the first person to experiment with them, but he gave a powerful impetus to them, and they are now permeating our whole educational system to an extent which probably Mr. White

regards as dangerous.

Here occurs a very curious question, which I should much like to put to Mr. White, and should do so if I had a hope of seeing him again. The larger scope of the modern college gives opportunities which were quite unknown in the days when he and I tried to extract some education from a very barren curriculum. I venture to assert that no class has ever graduated from Cornell which could show so large a proportion of thoroughly educated and cultivated men as the class of '53 at Yale, of which Mr. White is only one of the conspicuous ornaments. As I look over the list, it seems to me that most of them, and most of them have been personally known to me, were on the whole the best educated men that I have ever known. They are (I must sorrowfully say, they were) men who were so educated that they had to be recognized as cultivated gentlemen wherever they appeared. Many of them, almost a majority of them, made themselves conspicuous and won high honor for their service to their fellow men. Each of these showed through his life a keen desire to serve his generation, and a keen appreciation of all that is best in literature, art, politics and religion. When Cornell can graduate a class which shall prove as useful to the world as the class of '53 at Yale, Mr. White's educational ideas will be vindicated. I have no retaining fee for or against the older method of college education. Every argument that is at all valid seems to be in favor of the methods which Mr. White did so much to bring in. But these methods do not seem to have produced many men such as Andrew Dickson White. "I wonder why."

#### IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

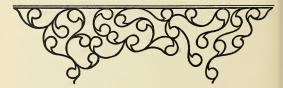
To me, and I think to most persons, the most interesting part of this very interesting book is the latter part, in which Mr. White tells us with the frankness and sincerity of a mediaval saint of his religious experience and development. I remember that in the environment in which I was brought up Andrew White was very much honored and very much loved; but he was regarded as a somewhat dangerous man on account of his religious views. This impression was given to me by the man whom Mr. White tells us he most revered in New Haven. I wish that my father could have read the story of Mr. White's religious development. It would have gratified him. The story is told so simply and so frankly that it defies comment or criticism. When a man pours out his inmost soul to you there is nothing to say except some word of comfort or of approval, and that cannot be said in print.

Mr. White belongs to a class which has been small, but which, I believe, is growing larger, and of which the President of the United States is the most conspicuous example,—men whose fortunes release them from the necessity of earning a living and who therefore devote their time and their abilities to the public welfare. Upon such men the salvation of our republic largely depends. The great increase of wealth is not to be regretted if those who have it will use their opportunity to serve their

country and their kind.

Whatever the "joy of the Lord" which is promised to the good and faithful servant may be, it surely belongs already to one who has most unselfishly served his God by giving to his brother men the best that was in him. We can only echo the word long ago spoken concerning him, and such as he, by one having authority, and say, "Well done!"

THOMAS R. BACON.



#### Some Old Norse Sagas.

The Saga of Ragnar Lodbrog.

REAT was Ragnar Lodbrog, and a mighty chieftain of whom is there much told. Twice was he married, and his first wife was the maiden, Thora, whom, when he was a young man, he looked upon and loved. She was daughter to Hörod, King of Sweden, and in that day her father's burg was overrun with terrible snakes, against whom no man dared go, until came that young warrior, and slew them, and won

Thora to wife.

And he was tender of Thora. He took that fair bride to his own country, and his own house, and there they dwelt for two years. Great was their happiness, so that that time seemed but a little span, and in those two years Ragnar Lodbrog lived at peace with all men. But when gone were those two years Thora looked no longer upon days, and Ragnar Lodbrog was left alone.

Then turned he again to warfaring. In all those coasts he fared, viking, and harrowed wide and far over billow. On every sea came his long ships, and his name was known where breasted ship on wave, or any

fighting was toward.

And it happened on a day, that he came with his ships to the Coast of Norway; and there went the king's men aland to bake bread, for that they had none. But long lingered those mariners, while the ships waited; and when at last they came back to the shore they had burned all their

bread, and they had no more flour.

Wroth was Ragnar Lodbrog, then, and higher burned the fire of his anger when those men told him the reason of their burning the bread. They said that in the peasant's hut, whither they had gone, there dwelt a maiden more beautiful than any earthly woman had ever been, and by her loveliness they had been bewitched: and they told Ragnar Lodbrog that this maid was more beautiful than Thora had been.

Laughed he, then, bitterly, at the thought that any brown witchmaiden of the forest could be named with that fairest of tender women, and he bade the mariners to go and tell that maiden that Ragnar Lodbrog willed well to see why his bread had been burnt, and to bid her come to the seashore on the morrow's morn. This is the way he set for her to come:

> Not dressed should she be; nor yet without clothing; She must come neither fasting, nor having eaten; She must be not alone, yet having no soul with her.

And the warriors marveled as to how that maid should come to them.

On the morrow, when the sun was up, came that maiden to the seashore, to answer Ragnar Lodbrog's bidding; and she had wrapped a fishnet about her, and over this fell down to her feet her long golden hair. shining fair in the sunlight. She had bitten into an onion, but had not eaten of it, and with her was a great dog. Thus had she done that which the chieftain had set for her doing.

Then looked Ragnar Lodbrog upon that maiden, and so fair a vision had his eyes never seen; for she was lovely above all the daughters of earth, and she was wise and good. He knelt before her, there on the seashore, and asked her to wife; but she naysaid him then, saying:

"Not now shall I go with thee to thy land; but if it be so that thou goest from here this time, and returnest again from warfaring, and art minded the same as now thou art, then will I be thy wife," and nought else would she.

Fared he then to the south countries, and harrowed those coasts, going to Ireland, and the Frankish shore, but when a year was gone, came he again to woo that maiden, and she said him yea, and sailed with him to Denmark.

Now that maiden was not the daughter of a thrall, as Ragnar Lodbrog had supposed, but of royal line was she, and her father was that great, renowned chieftain, Sigurd Fafnersbane; he who slew the great dragon, and Regin the dwarf on the glittering heath. When her father was slain she was taken by her foster-father, to carry her to his home. And he hid her, for safety, in the hollow of his harp. But as he traveled, he stayed one night at the home of a peasant, and while the wayfarer slept, that peasant and his wife stole her from where she was hidden; for they said: "She shall grow up and be to us a servant." So had she grown up their thrall, but she was well worthy to be the wife of a great chieftain, and to bear him sons; and her name was Aslog.

Long years dwelt she by the side of Ragnar Lodbrog, and they had many brave sons; fair-haired chieftains, who kept alive their father's name in that land, when was he gone warfaring. And Aslog overlived

Came Ragnar Lodbrog on a day when many years lay at his back, to Britain, with his warriors, but with only two ships. Round ships were they by Danish men hight knarrs, and Aslog had warned him against them; for her counsel was that he go not against the British king save with long ships, and many warriors. But he naysaid her, swearing that greater honor lay so, with the fewer men, and thus fared he.

So he came ashore, in Britain, with all his people. No shield had he save his helmet, and his byrnie was of white-grey silk, that Aslog had woven for him, to guard him against arrows. In his hand he carried that spear wherewith he had gone against the snakes in that day when he won Thora, and goodly was he to look upon, a brave, fierce chieftain going into battle.

But King Ella of the Britons met him with a mighty army, and there upon the plain was Ragnar Lodbrog's last fight. Swift was the onslaught of the Danes; for they fought as people overmanned, keeping beside their chieftain, minded to die with him, and keep him company to Odin when the God should call them all to hall. And in the thick of the fight went Ragnar's banner, as that mighty warrior strove toward King Ella's flag. Four times won he back and forth through the hosts of the enemy, and before him no man could stand. Gone was his helmet from his head, and his grizzled hair streamed to the wind and in and out among the company of the foe flashed that great two-handed sword which he bore, and many a warrior took he out of days in that fight.

Now came two fighting men of that British king, and bore each his shield before him. One to either side of Ragnar Lodbrog they came, and caught him between their two shields, and pressed him thus, until other Britons could lay hold upon him, and thus they outmanned him,

and bore him before King Ella.

And the king was greatly willed to know who that fierce old viking might be, and it was in his mind that it was Ragnar Lodbrog; but no word would the Danish chieftain speak, nor tell his name; for he knew that for this would King Ella spare his life, that he feared his tall sons, chosen warriors every one,—and that ancient chief had no mind to be saved from death by the name of those sons whom he had dandled before his eyes as babes. So he held his peace.

Now there was in that place a garth of fierce snakes, full of venom and of hatred, and into this garth King Ella's men let down that bound viking, until he should tell his name. The snakes came upon him with terrible might, and gruesome was it to see how they smote with their tails, and wound upon him, and spit him over with venom; but they could not bite him through the thick silk of that byrnie which Aslog had

made.

Then the men drew upon the cords, and brought him again to the plain, and again sought King Ella to know if he were Ragnar Lodbrog; but no word answered he; so they stripped off his silken byrnie, and let him down again into the snakes' garth. Now those venomous snakes might come at him, and they bit him upon all sides, but he sang aloud his death song, and laughed in the faces of those bent upon him over the edges of that fearsome place, and his name would he not tell. But as death drew on, he raised his right hand above his head, and shook it, and shouted:

"Hah! But grunt would all those wild young pigs in Ragnar's house, knew they how fares it with their sire!"

#### IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY

Then they knew that he was Ragnar Lodbrog, and that he had chosen to die rather than be saved by their fear of his sons' vengeance; and they hurried to draw him up; but it was too late. Home had he gone to Odin, in Valhalla, to be benched with those warriors whom his fierce spirit loved.

But how that doleful news was brought to Ragnar Lodbrog's house,

and of the vengeance of his sons, is there yet another saying.

Englished by ADELINE KNAPP AND NICO BECK-MEYER.

#### Summer Hills.

A flood of sunlight, a circle of swallows, The ripple of grass in little hollows;

The breath of cattle in upland meadows, A blue-bird's note, in leafy shadows;

The hum of bees, from slopes of clover, A swish of trees where the wind blows over;

A blue expanse to the far Forever, A dream of life, and of pure endeavor!

ADELINE KNAPP.

#### Art and Life.

A Study in Three Parts: No. III - Of Line and Color.

N ALL things connected with human affairs the thought element will be found strongest, because so charged with magnetic force.

But, especially upon certain temperaments, externals, swift traceries, of hidden intent, have most potent influence.

Considered in its original and rightful office, such effect is wholly good. For instance, entire races of men seem to have been created with special sensitiveness to line and color; and no nation has been left entirely without individuals of the same temperament.

The direct result of this sensitiveness, or quick response to what is seen, manifests itself in a constant growth of the seeing power and its steady development by force of almost unconscious comparisons into fine and clear observation. Accuracy so gained bespeaks close acquaintance with Nature's best methods, an increased mental stature, and the possibility of a master's craft. Thus it is quite impossible to look well at the closely grouped dwellings, which seem to cling to the hillsides of Southern Europe, bending in artistic fashion to their slopes, and greeting with harmonious tint every varied shade of sea, earth, and sky, without having the conviction borne inward that the builders of these roofs and walls worked in the open school of their surroundings responsive to the magic chord of line and color. For Nature rejoices in harmonies, and despises no line except the aimlessly broken one. Mountains which tower upward have broad bases, and crags are grouped strikingly against the sky. Shores, of even rugged contour, never lose a certain curving grace, and river courses wind leisurely through even meadows, or plunge forward in picturesque turns from some springy height. The line which marks an horizon upon plain, desert, or ocean, is majestic in its beckoning grace, and the dark outlines of forest and wood bind many sweet mysteries in one.

Color, Nature uses prodigally. Each season has its garb of many hues; and every spot frequented or lone has its hour of raiment to be envied by kings. The very desert sands link gray of pearl with pale rose pink, or blend cream and red into a glowing flame. And the hardy palm, which learns to know these tints, looks dull and lifeless when given a background of sombre lead color, or of smoky dun. Indeed, every tree, taken from its natural setting, has some special requirement, and the desert palm exacts a place among tiled roofs and delicately tinted walls as a substitute for its accustomed surroundings. Certain peoples have observed this, and have made their cities into a continuous series of

pictures by putting it in practice. As a rule, they are dwellers where strong sunlight prevails, and have not taken seriously to heart the teaching that color is barbaric. Murillo was born among such people in one land,

and Raphael in another.

Line, because of its double office as a factor in both mathematics and art, may be said to exercise a more easily marked sway over the human mind than color. Results prove, however, that steady effort at combination is best. Thus the embankment of a river is much more satisfactory when supplemented by the planting of suitable trees along its course, because of an added grace and certain witcheries of color peculiar to broken rays of sunlight.

The nations of Europe, without exception, have shown great tenderness in the treatment of shores and waterways. Realizing that the period of natural freedom, which might also mean disastrous incursion, is at an end for these, their aids and sustainers in life, they have given them, in stone, the most satisfying lines of direction possible, and have kept their banks free from defiling hands. It is often said of the Hollanders, that they have won their country, bit by bit, from the North Sea; and an examination of their firm shore work and clever diking goes far to uphold the assertion. And everywhere that trees would take root they have planted them, so making their dark, brick houses with broken roof lines take on an air of artistic reserve. Amsterdam, under its pale sky, or wrapped in driving mist, seems to stand as a bulwark between the level fields, divided by slow canals and relieved by creaking windmills and the tossing waves of the sea with its fishing craft and ocean carriers. When the great barges filled with flowers, steered often by maids in sabots, find place at the market assigned them, the picture is complete. After having seen it, and entered even a little into the spirit of the people, making life with them so quaint and independent, their museum of modern painting does not come as a surprise, even though its walls hold some of the best canvasses of the present time. Thoughts, acts, aspirations and feelings of the Hollanders are there shown in colors soft as the gray of mist, or intense as clear sky and parting storm, and in lines true to the work of their hands. If this art deliver any one message, it is that pictures must be thought, and felt, and lived, before they can be painted.

Fear has been expressed in many quarters of late that a tendency toward utilitarianism, and a desire for mechanical supremacy, would rob the Germans of their delight in beautiful landscape. But there is something in teutonic character so responsive to simple, out-of-door life, and so in tune with sounds of forest and wood, that the Germans will be most apt to keep regard for line and color at home, as well as desire for commercial supremacy abroad. Up to the present they have certainly done so. Fürth, the old camping-ground of Gustavus Adolphus, for example,

is entirely given over to manufactories of various kind, but Nürnberg, which lies so near that it might easily be a rival to or one with its neighbor in iron, is still held tenderly faithful to old lines and colors, and allowed to grow after a slow, quiet fashion. Stretched lazily there in the mild sunlight of the Pegnitz Valley, it seems to openly declare loyalty to the artistic rule of the old empire.

Rothenburg, on the Tauber, is a still more marked example of the desire to preserve rather than to change. Its towers and walls yet tell their tale of mediæval art; and it surmounts its height above the lazy stream as independently now as when Tilly entered its gates in 1631. Whatever kind of expansion takes place will be outside its walls, for the Germans have a practical way of blending sentiment with utility, much to be commended. The jaunty forestry student seen on trains does not appear to be doing any very real work in life beyond wearing a most becoming uniform, and hat with a stiffly impertinent feather. But forestry reports tell a different tale, and show this man as a gainer of skill in tree planting, in financing returns from forests, in keeping trees from decay and death, as an efficient path-builder, and as a general conserver of the beautiful and the useful.

No occupation is better suited to the young men of great cities, who, very often through narrow habits and views of life, lose all sympathy with

everything in nature of genuine benefit to the race.

The art of a country, it must be conceded, depends somewhat upon the materials with which Nature has endowed it. Lands like Greece and Italy, gifted with a plentiful supply of rarest marble, and soils rich in the clay that potters love, where even yet beauty is a birthright, and where line and color weave spells of enchantment, could have no other excuse for not creating art models than lack of response in their people. This, happily for mankind, was not so. Since, though sometimes working blindly, they were never entirely disobedient unto the heavenly vision. Art, of whatsoever kind, exacts these two—response and obedience.

A very conscious need of enlarged vision and deeper understanding makes itself felt in turning from that part of Europe most often visited to the United States, because, in the latter country, Nature has wrought with so much disregard of mere prettiness, so much attention to titanic grandeur. Splendid forests, superb waterways, great stretches of coast line unrivaled in beauty, every necessary kind of soil and climate, mountains which bear gold, and mountains which, in size, form, and color, serve as a revelation of hidden power,—one and all convey some message of greatness meriting a mighty response. But strange apathy holds the creative instinct of the people bound, while their likes and dislikes produce some singular effects; and, what is yet more remarkable, these seemingly apathetic people will hurry to other lands for mere glimpses of

the beauty they insist on denying themselves at home, for rest, and for stimulation to artistic work, - all of which goes to show that they attach importance to art itself and to the factors which compose it, but lack the continuous grip necessary for producing essentials of their own. Lack, of any kind, in a large body of people is produced by something getting into the thought and acting as a bar to achievement. Comparison of one set of individuals with another will often disclose cause and effect to a remarkable degree. Thus the man of financial ability who reaches America in pursuit of wealth, and his mate of similar gifts born there, know, from the first, what they pursue, and permit nothing to interfere with them. Mechanics and laborers also have views on this particular subject, and work steadily toward their goal. But the people interested in educational, artistic, and other quiet pursuits of life who know that acquisition is only directly valuable for what it may produce, are very prone to watch things from afar, to lament, and to say, "We must learn to look above the disfigurements which make beauty an impossibility in our land." And the ultimate result of this philosophy of indifference always fitting the wearer, more or less, as a hair shirt does the penitent, is an apathetic exterior and a restless, dissatisfied spirit. Action is the only demonstrator of ideals, and ugliness will never yield to anything but a determined effort against it. The law which says to the individual, "You may not spoil an entire landscape through selfish desire," is a corner-stone of great art.

There is no particular reason, excepting general apathy, why the beautiful lines of so many American bay shores, directly in front of cities and towns, should be ruined by gas manufactories, glue generators, tanneries, and iron, or acid works. Just a little thought and deliberate, right action would find better places for such necessities. If forests were valued as they should be by the great mass of the people, no man would dare desecrate them as they have been desecrated. The same is true of river banks, of harbors, of every bit of water or land in the United States. It is the old story of Esau letting his birthright and blessing fall into the

hands of Jacob.

A direct result of this inattention to line and carelessness in regard to color may be found in all American cities, not even excepting Washington, where a tall brick chimney pours black smoke directly over the White House. The sky line of New York City, seen from the deck of an incoming ocean steamer, is the aimlessly broken one despised by Nature. It conveys the impression of a game played with disproportionately drawnout parallelograms turned end upward, and left standing, to give notice that the players had not quite finished. Nearer approach reveals that many of the roofs are ornamented with what seem to be small, sealed boilers.

A promenade along one of the main streets of the same city serves to

familiarize the eye with many similar line effects, among them being the form of that weapon of the housewife, known as a flat-iron, applied to building purposes. This may be why so many foreigners, who never get beyond New York in their travels, say the American husband is hen-

pecked.

Architecture of such kind did not come because money was lacking for better, but in obedience to vast sums. American buildings are not cheap in cost, though from being of uncouth shape and badly placed, they often give an impression of cheapness. This comes out very strongly in hillside cities, facing some splendid prospect, where only ample, sloping lines should show, and where, instead, every conceivable kind of peak, point and useless roof decoration cut the largeness of the view into bits. Such cities seem patterned after mountain slopes, denuded of fine trees, and with only leafless trunks and limbs silhouetted against the sky.

To think broadly, to live unselfishly, and to treat Nature with respect, is to beget one great half of art. To believe that motherhood is divine, and that fatherhood is the office of reverencing and protecting, is to give birth to the other half. Nothing that the Greeks, or Michelangelo, or Raphael, or any of the great moderns have accomplished, have contained

more than this.

REGINA E. WILSON.

#### Anacreon.

Unto sweet love and to the lyre
The bard of Teos gave his days.
Within his heart how warm the fire!
Upon his brow how cool the bays!
His was the music of desire,
Played down a thousand happy ways;
His was the soul, in star attire,
Gave us Elysium in his lays.

CHARLES G. BLANDEN. In "A Chorus of Leaves."

# You Should Read Sheridan's Men & Women

# A Periodical of Personalities Illustrated

Founded July, 1903

An absolutely unique magazine of intimate, interesting items about distinguished people, illustrated with portraits and original sketches. No matter where you live, you will find something in it about people whom you know or wish to know.

## Sheridan's Men & Women

Is essentially a magazine of characterization, and it aims at bringing together the doers of noteworthy things in art, literature, science, society and the drama.

Among its subscribers are the Astors, the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, Crowned Heads of Europe, Celebrities of both Continents, and people who aspire and achieve. Three billions represent the wealth of its subscribers.

### You Should be Among Them

One Dollar a Year

Single Copy Ten Cents

MATTIE SHERIDAN, EDITOR

Sheridan Building, 1358 Broadway, New York City

Impressions Quarterly 1278/2008 Vaul Elder and Company Publishers, Lan Francisco, California

# Impressions Quarterly

A fittle magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and are published quartedly. Edited by Paul Elder.

common from the monomial country to work only, 50 cm<sup>2</sup>. As a probability to the country of the

TOWN TOUR OF PAUL BOOK AND ASSURANCE

## December, 1905

#### Contents

| Literary homings -   |                      |         | y Themes E. Baron  |      |  | 7.5 |
|----------------------|----------------------|---------|--------------------|------|--|-----|
| A Unought -          |                      |         | y Histori V. Janka |      |  | 8e  |
| Lip Early            |                      |         | y Donathea More    |      |  |     |
| A No. Orghest        |                      |         | Lating Free        |      |  |     |
|                      | Little<br>is best of | Waterfa | Walle -            |      |  | 80  |
| Ocean Mensighs. (V.  | ency in              |         | Dera Lend # 1      |      |  |     |
| A Waru for Impress   | onten                |         | Given L. Noye      |      |  |     |
| The Manage of the    |                      |         | Honor ( P. Suite   | r-od |  |     |
| The Som of an Arrest |                      |         | L. D. Preter       |      |  |     |

#### Frontispiece

Or forte Birches - - From a politific de George le Mon

Minimak Community (minimum) - - Grant Comfort Million

#### Bibliography

The section Active Co. Asian Schot, Asian Section Spiriture is Bernard, Spiriture and State November 1, Section 1, Sectio

#### Rondel.

VESPER bell in the twilight ringing,
The old, sweet chime from the Mission tower,
You weave a spell of the gloaming hour,
Peace-compelling, and solace bringing.

A whippoorwill in the garden singing, The faint, sweet smell of the jessamine flower; Vesper bell in the twilight ringing, The old, sweet chime from the Mission tower.

Here, in the dusk, my hopes are springing— All forgotten the clouds that lower: Soothed and healed by your ancient power, High on your strains my heart goes winging, Vesper bell in the twilight ringing.

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL.

Santa Barbara.



200

WHITE BIRCHES
FROM A PAINTING BY
GEORGE L. NOYES
Typical Nor Brighted Early Autum
A representation convents of the
oderic force of the properties of the
delicate force on the properties of the
delicate force on the proper



## Literary Bondage.

HAVE been reading The Faery Queen recently. So far as I know, I am the only surviving person who reads Spenser. There are persons who study it: professional students and instructors in English who make a task of it, because it throws some light upon the development of literature, and because it is helpful in the study of the sciences of grammar, criticism and lexicography. These persons do not count. They do not read it for delight, but for profit. It is their business. They do not really read it; they study it, which is a very different thing. I have heard that there are those who study

Shakespere. But this seems incredible.

Then there are those who have dipped into Spenser. They have all heard that Spenser was a great poet and that The Faery Queen is a great poem. So they make a try at the poem. Macaulay long ago pointed out that these persons very soon get tired, and in the same paragraph betrayed the fact that he had never read the poem through himself. That he did not know what became of the Blatant (or Blattant) Beast surely was not due to a lapse of memory, for "his memory amounted to a disease." He had a gift for "sensing" what was in a book without reading it, but his gift was not so sure as it was with Coleridge. Macaulay surely never read The Faery Queen through. In that regard I am a better man than Macaulay, for I have read it several times and I have dipped into it innumerable times. I really like it. That is my sole distinction in this perverse generation.

But I did not begin this article with the purpose of establishing my superiority to Macaulay. Indeed I have no desire to join the throng who are engaged in casting stones at the sepulchre of a very great man to whom I owe an immense debt of gratitude, and who will again take the place which belongs to him when this evil generation of critics shall

have passed away.

That Spenser was a very great poet no one denies. The average reader and the average critic, when they see him lying beside the Jericho road, while they acknowledge that he is a great poet, pass by on the other side. I do not aspire to play the part of the good Samaritan and rehabilitate the sufferer, whose business in Jericho may, after all, have been very disreputable, but in my last reading of The Facry Queen a thought

came to me which may be worthy of record. To record this thought is

the only excuse for this paper.

How easy it must have been to write good poetry in Spenser's time! There were no English grammars; there were no English dictionaries; there were no literary critics; the crime of plagiarism had not been discovered. Spenser could make a singular verb agree with any number of subjects, if rhyme or meter demanded it, with none to molest or make him afraid. He could pronounce a word any way he pleased, and he could accent it several different ways in as many stanzas, without any one finding fault. Moreover, he could spell just as he pleased, which is an important point. Just think how much time must be wasted by the literary man of our own time by the necessity of running to the dictionary to find out how to spell a word - as if it were any matter! Possibly the present desuetude of English literature may be more due to the spellingbook and the dictionary than to any other causes. Spenser could coin a word, if it suited his purpose, and, if he made himself understood, no remarks were made. He could translate whole pages out of Ariosto or Tasso without acknowledgment and without a blush, with perfect indifference as to whether men knew where he got his material or not. So long as he got good material and put it into good shape, it was no matter to him and to his readers whether it had been used before. Then he could use all sorts of expressions such as the present evil world will not tolerate. What great times those must have been, when you could address a nice girl as "Magnificke virgin," and have nobody laugh! The brilliant Calvinistic poet had a merry time of it making poetry without regard to spelling-books, grammars, dictionaries or critics. So he could make good poetry. If he could hold on to his meter, be intelligible, and make noble and beautiful verses, he was doing all that he wanted to do, and all that people wanted him to do. "Oh, those glorious days of old!"

This disregard of things which we have to regard when we sit down to write was not peculiar to Spenser. They all did it. Chaucer, Shakespere, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher and the rest had the same freedom and made the most of it. By the time of Milton the influence which was curbing the freedom of literature had made itself felt to such extent that the great poet found it necessary to introduce some system into his spelling, to be consistent in his orthography. So he worked out and used a system of spelling, which you may observe in the first editions of Paradite Lost. It is abandoned in subsequent editions upon which printers and other men of science have laid their sacrilegious hands. Other sciences at least pretend to be systematic, but this science of spelling gaily scorns all system, finds its way through a chapter of accidents, and tells us that this is the only way, and compels us to walk in it.

Milton, a great master of words and of much else, tried to put spelling in the right way, but that wildest of sciences escaped from his guidance, and has since been pursuing its reckless course and tyrannizing over the genius of literature. "The reign of Chaos and old Night" has returned, notwithstanding Milton's efforts. Time was when a man might spell wrong of his own volition and excite no remark. Time is when a man has to spell wrong at the dictate of a despotic lexicographer. The earlier times were better for literature, but not so profitable for the maker of dictionaries. It is not a matter of surprise that I find that I have made a mistake. I have spoken of the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as spelling wrong. They did not. In those great days there was no right or wrong in spelling. Every man did what was right in his own eyes, for there was no critic in Israel. Whether we have gained by this loss of freedom may be an open question to some minds. There are very queer minds in this queer world.

I have laid unneeded emphasis on the loss of freedom in spelling. I might better have illustrated my point by our loss of freedom in pronunciation. The most offensive variety of respectable folk are those who are always running to the dictionary to find out how a word ought to be pronounced, as if the word ought to be pronounced only in one way, and as if the dictionary-makers knew any more about it than the rest of us. For myself I can see no moral obliquity in spelling honor with or without a u, nor in accenting contemplate either upon the first or second syllable. I seem morally obtuse, for I cannot discern a sin where others do.

If I am to make clear the purpose of this article I must present a modern instance in illustration, and I select Mr. Kipling because he is the most interesting and audacious literary person in the generation after mine. Kipling has written the greatest hymn, certainly the greatest "occasional" hymn, which was written in the nineteenth century; at least that is my opinion. When most of us were overpowered by its splendor and its truth, certain pseudo-grammarians, residing mostly in Chicago, unimpressed either by its splendor or its truth, condemned it wholly because of one line:

"The shouting and the tumult dies."

Here was a grammatical mistake. A singular verb was made to agree with two nouns. Of course any real grammatian would have known that the ellipsis is not only sanctioned by all good English usage, but is also in accord with all the principles of grammatical science. The full expression would be, "The shouting dies and the tumult dies." No one not a fool would use such verbiage, where the shorter form could convey the meaning. The pseudo-grammarians were all wrong. They always are. But even the real grammarians feel a shudder when they

approach the works of the greatest of English men of letters. What do they make of such lines as these:

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows"?

What are Mr. Kipling's sins to this? What do the grammarians and the pseudo-grammarians do when they run up against a thing like that noble song which begins:

"Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings, And Phœbus 'gins arise, His steeds to water at the springs On chaliced flowers that lies''?

We have to concede that Shakespere wrote good English, better than any one else, but he had no more regard for grammar than a dog, whose

grammar, especially his Latin grammar, is notoriously bad.

Some years ago Kipling put forth a little poem, which embodied a tale which has been common to the folk-lore of Europe from time immemorial. His excuse for doing so was that he added something to it. Some foolish person found that the story had been given before by some otherwise forgotten English poet, and at once accused Mr. Kipling of the fearful crime of plagiarism. Whether Kipling had ever seen the work of the earlier poet is not a matter of importance. He has renounced all claim to originality in the verses beginning:

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre."

The confession that he, like Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespere and Milton, took his material wherever he could get it, and depended for his success only on the method of treatment, ought to have forestalled such criticism. But there is no use for a fool. Mr. Kipling's sins in this direction are nothing to compare with those of Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespere and Milton and Tennyson and Longfellow and the rest. Were they simply a gang of pirates? If so, the high-minded Milton was the worst of the lot. But this is simple nonsense. Every man of letters has to depend on his heredity and try to improve on those who have gone before him. Their work is his work. He has to take the material which they have provided and do the best with it that he can. The treasures of the past provide the fund for the speculations of the future. When the continuity of English literature is broken by these carping pedestrians who cannot follow its flight, there will be no more English literature—only grammars and dictionaries and books about literature.

I recently saw an extract from an English paper criticizing a new poem of Kipling's. I have not seen the poem; so I can speak without prejudice. It may be a bad poem. Mr. Kipling often fills the intervals between his very good poems with very bad ones. Whether the poem is good or bad is not important to my purpose, but the criticism illustrates the bondage into which we have fallen. The poem was condemned mainly on the ground that the author made two syllables of the termination ion. We generally make only one, but Shakespere did as he pleased about it, and made one or two of it as meter or rhythm demanded. He could do these things with impunity. Kipling cannot, because he

lives in a literary age which is dominated by the dictionary.

A brilliant young friend of mine has written a very brilliant and scholarly essay on "The Beginnings of Dramatic Criticism in England to the Death of Shakespere."\* It is very good reading, and to me its chief importance is that it shows that the evil influences which are destroying English literature are of very old date. The great sowers sowed good seed, and then the devil, the critical devil, came along and sowed tares. The two sorts of seed are bringing forth fruit each after its own kind. We now have a little literature and a great deal of criticism. There is an internecine warfare between them. I do not know which will come out on top. I am on the side of literature, for, from the time when the Hebrews and the Greeks invented it, it has been the comfort and the wonder of the world. With its extinction the light of mankind disappears.

I am not really afraid of such extinction. The primal yearnings of the human soul will break through all artificial barriers and assert themselves in forms of truth and beauty. But I protest against the erection of such barriers. Why should we hinder such expression? I am not alone in this protest. We deplore the rage for "dialect" stories and poems. Writers resort to "dialect," because by its use they can have a freedom in spelling and grammar, and in other respects, which they are

forbidden to exercise in their native tongue.

I have no irremovable objection to grammarians or lexicographers or literary critics. They are very useful persons. The grammarians tell us how people have talked and written. The lexicographers tell us how people have spelled and pronounced, so far as they know. The literary critics, if they are of the right kind, tell us how a particular author has constructed a particular work, and how it compares with the method by which other authors have constructed other works. Their legitimate field is mainly historical. Critics, if they understand their business, often produce the best sort of literature. Sainte-Beuve's criticisms are literature of a very lofty and delightful kind. The trouble is not with the real grammarians, lexicographers and critics, who generally recognize and

<sup>\*</sup>Les Débuts de la Critique Dramatique en Angleterre jusqu' à la Mort de Shakespeare. Par Harold S. Symmes. Paris, 1903.

respect the proper limits of the fields in which they work, but with a lot of foolish persons who erect patient contributors to human knowledge into gods, regard their tentative opinions as ultimate truth, and are ready to slay any one who does not conform to these opinions as one who has committed a capital breach of eternal law. Grammars and dictionaries are the best sort of servants, but they are the worst and most capricious of masters.

There is really no excuse for this internecine contest between literature on the one side and science on the other, except such excuse as may be found in human folly. Fortunately we have a prophet of peace. Almost alone among great scholars of literature, Professor Lounsbury seems to temper his scholarship with common sense. The common sense is manifest in those works which have won for him his great fame, and his scholarship is fully manifest in the articles which he has been publishing in a popular magazine. If any reader wants to find a solution of the conflict between science and literature, which has superseded the conflict between science and religion, let him study these articles and then go and do likewise.

THOMAS R. BACON.

The vault of heaven is sometimes clouded; there is no nature so eternally beautiful as the soul would have it. But behind all storm is the sapphire serenity, and behind all moods the predominant impulses of affection and love.

Howard V. Sutherland.

## Up Early.

HAVE a distasteful yellow window-blind which deceives me o' mornings with a sort of sunny promise, and then when it is rolled resolutely out of the way shows perhaps only gray fog.

But today I was not to be cheated. The bit of skyey geometry between my window-sash and the neighbor's roof-line was all blue, deep and radiant, with a vivid glittering transparency, in

which no shadow of smoke nor dull, dusty creature could live.

Let the wise physician say what he please to show one the joys of auto-propulsion, and give the signs and causes. To me it is always pure exaltation,—this gentle flight and soft swift turning of two resilient wheels, the swaying of the body with the live motion of the tiny saddle, the docility of the shining bars, the unity of motion, the freedom of the road, the companionable whir of the passers of the same glowing army, in a felicity that grows and grows and is ever fed anew by the changes of the roadside.

And so I hurry on up the little hills and down the clear curves of the great park until at length a brown and gold acacia invites too sweetly,

and I rest, my wheel and I both tumbled on the ground.

Through slender trees the sight floats away, borne on green waves far across to the rim of the deeper woods whose outlines, even in this early air, have hidden themselves in smoky violet.

January will be green, abundantly green — but oh, these first days, when the woods still remember the summer's thirst and drink all the first

rains, as if they might never get enough!

My eyes, tired of the printed page, seek farther and farther horizons with something of the thrill of the discoverer—a feeling of worlds to come. The cup of the sky lifts itself up and up until there is free, bright breathing space for all the millions below—for all the sad and sorry and crowded ones everywhere. All here come into their inheritance. It is still so early that one owns the world for one big moment. Then comes the gray-blue policeman, with his fat, white gloves, bringing the whole municipality with him in his orderly arrival. Then the early rider; the sympathy between horse and rider needs no speech—even a foreigner who did n't understand one word of English could understand these two and what they say. So, like a warm-colored mosaic, the bit of morning slips by. The hundred strands of habit, promises, duties, necessities, begin to tug at my mind. I rise—look, linger, turn, and am gone—out of one hour of happy being into the good old daily struggle of becoming.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

## A New Orpheus.

T PLEASES our jaundiced cynics to echo the age-old cry that beneath the sun of today the flower of genius has died, and the garden of poesy become a parched and hopeless waste. The critic jangles along from hour to hour in deadly monotone, and the burden of his jangling is ever "materialism"; "materialism," the dread and deadly worship of a people breathless in the pursuit of avoirdupoisity; materialism, the blighting plague that has risen up to blacken all the joys of being, and to blot out from the soul of man every ideal of that golden, but hypothetical, age our fathers reveled in,-the age of oatmeal and intellect, the glorious days of buttermilk and brains. It is an absurd attitude after all. Since man, groping his way toward beauty of expression, began with weak alliterative attempts to swing the rhythm of marching feet into his tales of glory and triumph, great and beautiful achievement in art has come to a people in the most material

epochs of national life.

Materialism marks the adventuring people. Elizabethan England, Victorian England, Italy of the Renaissance, the Germany of Goethe, the France of Hugo, each was passing or had but passed through one or another phase of materialism, when its national genius was blazed into undying song or blazoned upon deathless canvas. Was there ever a people more tied to Philistinism with the tape of its own markets, was there ever a people more gorged in its own fat than the people of England in the early days of Victoria? And yet from that people rose names that will last till this planet reels dying into darkness. Nurtured on the foul accretions of that deadly time, there blossomed the genius of Browning, of Tennyson, and Swinburne. "There were giants on the earth in those days," say you? Ay, but were those days one whit less material than today? Was a shekel less a shekel? Was cent per cent a milder lure? Had the cynic of '50 any more right than you to hope for the advent of genius? Had he as much? Is not the strong heart of the race adventuring and the strong brain achieving? Many there are, too many by far (alas, that they bulk so large in the eye), who, gathering the fruit of others' strength, gorge till their souls are dead of the body's surfeit, but such are of the swine and not to be reckoned.

And yet has there ever been a day since that in which man first drew himself erect proudly fronting the sun, when the knowledge of his ultimate oneness with all the vast pulsating creation that beats in on the senses was so certain or so sweet? In that knowledge lies the root of man's love for poetry, and in his ability to crystallize its sentiment into beautiful measure, and to mold it into that which will grip the heart, lies

the power of a poet.

To any who think that this power has passed from the hand of the race—who believe that achievement in song ebbed out when Tennyson penned the last lines of "Crossing the Bar," to any such there is to be commended a poem by one Alfred Noyes,—yes, a poem, and one that any of the great, from Spenser to Tennyson, might own and be proud of. Here is true fire and fervor, here beauty that is sensuous and wooing; here a mastery of technique that fits measures to sentiment, and renders words and vowels sentient, until there is woven a music that, like Tennyson's rhythm and form, is as essential to the expression of the tale as the ideas, and as descriptive of the emotion as are the chosen words. A poet is here who chooses his vowels with as clear a perception of their musical and emotional values as Homer had when he went to the Ionic for those grace notes that adorn his deathless "Iliad." This verse, like the goldenchorded lute of Orpheus, can compel attention from the ear, and through the ear mount radiantly dominant to the heart, till from its throbbing glory is born that wide, deep vision of the oneness of all things, of Life and Death and Love - of the Arcadian Mountains and the Plutonian Shades—that vision and conviction that are at once the impulse and the justification of each true poet.

None now rise up to deny that the heart in which were born "Tithonus" and "The Vision of Sin" was the heart of a poet. There is none to question the Muses' benediction to that master whose pen pictured

the woman,-

"—like a dew-drop,—
She's so purer than the purest;
And her noble heart's the noblest, yes, and her sure faith's the surest;
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of lustre
Hid i'the harbeell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild-grape cluster,
Gash in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted marble:
Then her voice's muide ... call it the well's bubbling, the bird's warble!
And this woman says, 'My days were sunless and my nights were moonless,
Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the lark's heart's outburst tuncless,
If you loved me not.'"

Browning and Tennyson have at least had the honor of vituperative attack, of fierce criticism, of savage onslaught; but on the appearance of "Orpheus and Eurydice," there is no word of praise or blame, and hardly an echo floats out from the halls of the Aristarchian tribunal. If the quoted Browning is poetry of the highest, why should this description of Eurydice fail the laurel?

<sup>&</sup>quot;White as a shining marble Dryad, supple and sweet as a rose in blossom,
Fair and fleet as a fawn that shakes the dew from the fern at break of day,
Wreathed with the clouds of her dusky hair that kissed and clung to her sun-bright bosom,
Down to the valley she came, and the sound of her feet was the bursting of flowers in
May.

"Down to the valley she came, for far and far below in the dreaming meadows

Pleaded ever the voice of voices, calling his love by her golden name;

So she arose from her home in the hills and down through the blossoms that danced with their shadows,

Out of the blue of the dreaming distance, down to the heart of her lover she came."

Is there in the language a wealthier imagery than we find in such phrases as —

"The purple pinewoods --- sweet as a column of incense,"

"Down through the blossoms that danced with their shadows,"

"Where the butterflies troubled the lilies of peace,"

"White as a dream of Aphrodite,"

"Faint as the silvery mists of morning over the peaks that the noonday parches,"

"Faint as the mists of the dews of the dusk,"

"All the chimes of the changing sea"?

And that marvel of descriptive beauty-

"Where the poppy burns like a crimson ember"?

To match such were a task that only a lover of language could achieve; to better them may be possible, but to find the better one must seek that little company whose inspirations have gemmed our language with its few perfect figures in phrase.

It is, however, not merely in detail of workmanship that this weaver of beauty excels. The noble conception of the theme and the grasp of its tragedy alone would mark the writer as worthy of a place on "The Threshold of the House of Fame" had his poem but a tithe of its diction, rhythm and measure. From its first development the legend weighs on the heart with the pall of inevitable tragedy. Doom, as fateful and inexorable as Æschylus ever pictured, looms portentous on the lovers' happiness, and the artist's mastery shows in that he has been able to hold us under the sway of tragedy while we joy in the beauties of his music, and in that he has been able to lead up to the tremendous climax of Eurydice's second death, and to preserve all its immensity without a shadow of anti-climax.

Is this picture of Eurydice coming up from the shades to the heart of her lover and her final loss to him anything less than the acme of

tragedy?

"Up through the ghastly dead She came with shining eyes, And red, Sweet lips of child surprise.

"Up through the wizened crowds She stole, as steals the moon Through clouds Of flowery mist in June.

"He gazed, he ceased to smite
The golden-chorded lyre;
Delight
Consumed his heart with fire.

"Though in that deadly land
His task was but half done,
His hand

Drooped, and the fight half won,

"He saw the breasts that glowed, The fragrant clouds of hair; They flowed Around him like a snare.

"O'er Phlegethon he stood, For utmost anguish named; The flood Below him roared and flamed;

"Out of his hand the lyre Suddenly slipped and fell; The fire Acclaimed it into hell.

"The night grew dark again,
There came a bitter cry
Of pain—
O Love, once more I die!

"And lo, the earth dawn broke,
And like a wraith she fled!
He woke
Alone; his Love was dead."

And, in contrast, hear this description of the vision Orpheus's luting brings to the dwellers by Phlegethon:

"And they that were dead, in his radiant music heard the moaning of doves in the olden
Golden-girdde purple pine wood, heard the moan of the roaming sea;
Heard the chant of the soft-winged songsters, nesting now in fagrant golden
Olden haunted blossoming bowers of lovers that wandered in Arcady;

"Saw the soft blue veils of shadow floating over the billowy grasses,

Under the crisp white curling clouds that sailed and trailed through the melting blue;

Heard once more the quarrel of lovers above them pass, as a lark song passes,

Light and bright till it vanished away in an eye-bright heaven of silvery dew."

For sheer power to describe transcendent emotion beautifully such stanzas are comparable with those of Buchanan's wonderful proem to Balder the Beautiful, and may not the lilt of these lines be classed with the

most exquisite rhythms of Swinburne? Such stanzas, with all their charm, of necessity lack the power and the vivid force that the poet has woven into the description of the whelming catastrophe that overtakes the lovers:

"Nearer, nearer the menace gilded, out of the gorgeous gloom around them,
Out of the poppy-haunted shadows deep in the heart of the purple brake,
Till through the hush of the heat as they lay, and their own sweet listless dream enwound

them, Mailed and mottled with hues of the grape-bloom, suddenly, quietly, glided the snake.

"Subtle as jealousy, supple as falsehood, diamond-headed and cruel as pleasure,

Coil by coil he lengthened and glided straight to the fragrant curve of her throat;

There, in the print of the last of the kisses that still glowed red from the sweet, long pressure,

Fierce as famine and swift as lightning, over the glittering lyre he smote."

There is here the perfection of craftsmanship and detail, and the Pantheistic fervor of expression, that would make us feel that out of some Hellenic past our poet had sprung, but for the fact that he forces us to take the legend as allegory. No mere recital, his, of the inexorable march of Doom; no mere setting of the uselessness to struggle, and the hopelessness of the desire to win one little boon for permanence; he has blended here, with the classic form and flavor, the Hebrew's stern morality, and luminous above the shimmer of sensuous beauty and the beat of pulsing rhythm there comes the stern lesson to those, like Orpheus, who—

"Lost, in his dreams' desire,

He drowsed away the hours—

His lyre

Lay buried in the flowers."

Those who, with him, must learn-

"How balanced is the sway

That gives each mortal Doom —

How day

Demands the atoning gloom";

and having learned to hold the lesson ever present and sacred, to remember that the second death of love came when Orpheus turned from his stern task.

"On through the deserts of Hell she came, for over the fierce and frozen meadows Pleaded ever the voice of voices, calling his Love by her golden name; So she arose from her grave in the darkness, and up through the wailing fires and shadows, On by chasm and cliff and cavern, out of the horrors of Death she came.

"Then had she followed him, then had he won her, striking a chord that should echo forever, Had he been steadfast only a little, nor paused in the great transcendent song; But ere they had won to the glory of day, he came to the brink of the flaming river And ceased to look on his Love a moment, a little moment but over long,"

The dominant that rises through the magic harmony of this newcomer's singing is Hebrew, despite his plea that—

". . . We who have no wisdom can only remember

How, through the purple perfumed pine wood, white Eurydice roamed and sung;

How through the whispering gold of the wheat where the poppy burned like a crimson ember,

Down to the valley in beauty she came, and under her feet the flowers upsprung"—

we know that his verdict, and ours with his, must be that of the old men who are sung in the lines reading:

- "Though the golden lute of Orpheus gathered the splendours of earth and heaven,
  All the golden greenwood notes, all the chimes of the changing sea,
  Old men over the fires of winter murmur again that he was not given
  The steadfast heart divine to rule that infinite freedom of harmony.
- "Therefore he failed, say they."

My masters, in this day of materialism, in this day in which you live, there has risen one who is, as Wilde was, a "Lord of Language," as Tennyson was, a Master of Measure, and as Buchanan, a prophet unheeded.

LANGLEY PORTER.

#### The Lament of the Little Waterfall.

I was a tiny thread, a slender stream
From high rocks tumbling down.
Silent I fell, disturbing none who passed,
And none took note of me.

One day a stranger saw me, and had thirst, Had burning thirst of me.

Had burning thirst of me.

Graceful he bent, took me within his hand,

And pressed me to his lips.

And then he went his way and I went mine,— But from that day I weep.

NEERA.

From "The Soul of an Artist." Translated by E. L. Murison.

## Ocean Messages.

Feathers of foam that flit along the beach,
Soft down from sea-bird's breast,
Or kisses stolen from the wild wave's crest
By spirits of the winds that haunt the seas—
Tell us, what is your quest?

Bubbles that glow with iridescent tints
Of the anemone,
Or rainbow where it dipp'd into the sea,
A moment here—then vanishing! Are ye
Emblems of Destiny?

Tokens to teach us: Life's a bubble cast
Adrift upon Time's shore;
Wisdom full hardly won, mere idle lore;
Beauty and Love, fair evanescent gleams
Soon lost forevermore?

Nay, weary soul, that aimless seems to flit
O'er sunless seas forlorn,
By winds of Fate to drear horizons borne;
Through Life's dark wave a Light from Heaven breaks—
The Herald of the Morn.

DORA AMSDEN.

Copyright, 1905.

## A Word for Impressionism.

HERE are probably no two terms regarding modern art more generally misunderstood and wrongly applied than "Impressionism" and "Impressionist,"

The recent exhibitions in Boston and New York have done much to improve this condition of things in the minds of Eastern people, but for the sake of the many on the Pacific Coast, who, while anxious to keep in touch with all that is progressive in art, have as yet had few opportunities to see the best examples of the work of this school, a few words along these lines may not come amiss.

To compare one of the canvases of the so-called Hudson River school, or any done forty or fifty years ago, with one of the modern impressionistic pictures, is to notice at once the marked advance that landscape painting has made. This is largely due to a group of men who broke away from the old conventionalities of composition and color, to a keen appreciation of the wonderful subtleties and color effects of Nature.

The prime mover and one whose influence has been felt all over the world is Claude Monet. Of this man and his work there is much to be said, so much in fact as to scarcely come within the scope of this article.

His early career was much the same as that of many others who have been willing to sacrifice their comfort to their ideals. His pluck and perseverance have won him the place he now holds, as the master of landscape painting. He not only enjoys at last the fruits of his hardearned success, but is seeing his influence felt in every country in the world where art is recognized.

The new manner of painting which he introduced was called "Impressionism"-a rather unfortunate name, as it does not give a clear idea of

what the movement really stands for.

All artists who see nature through their own eyes and place upon canvas their impressions, are Impressionists, but they are not necessarily

of the same group to which Monet and Pissaero belonged.

The men who had the new message to bear interpreted Nature in an entirely different way from the men who had preceded them, obtaining many qualities that had never before been suggested - namely, luminosity, vibration, and purity of color.

The result of this work is plainly shown by the fact that in many countries where bitumen and a muddy palette once reigned supreme, we now find clean painting with a new atmosphere of purity and strength in

color and technique.

This purity of color at once strikes the key-note of the Impressionist's success, for he of all men is an ardent student of Nature, and, as such, can appreciate to the fullest extent the marvelous quality of the sunlight which glorifies everything on which it falls or the subtle delicacy of the shadows of twilight, for each effect has a wealth of color as well as a quality of its own.

For years artists have been painting black and brown under the mistaken impression that anything not in full light must perforce lack color entirely. This theory has been exploded, as Impressionists have proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that black does not exist in Nature.

Take for an illustration a group of live-oak trees and the shadows they cast. The individual leaves are undoubtedly green, but these same leaves seen from even a slight distance lose their individual outlines and become an indistinguishable part of the whole. Even then some may say that the tree itself should be green: but in point of fact the color depends entirely on the atmospheric conditions, while the shadows show the marked effect of reflected light and are as rich in color as any part of the landscape.

The atmosphere will often make the shadows in the trees themselves a deep blue, the quality varying according to the distance that they are from the eye of the observer. The same principle holds good in the treatment of a gray day or a foggy morning. A "gray day" is not actually gray, but is influenced by atmospheric conditions like the oak trees we have just noticed. There are no strong effects of light and shade as in full sunlight, but the values must be studied just as carefully, for those depths that the sunlight would place in shadow are full of pure color, though vastly different in quality from those parts which, under opposite conditions, would be placed in direct light.

But, after all, it is in their treatment of sunlight that the Impressionists differ most widely from artists of past generations. It is here that they face some of their most difficult problems. To put sunshine into a picture is to give it life, a vibrating intensity that all gray days

put together fail to produce.

California is a land that revels in perpetual sunlight for many months of the year, and yet in California there is a most deplorable lack of sympathy with the same sunlight depicted on canvas. Strangely enough, the general public cherishes the idea that any other than low-tone effects are crude and unnatural. Some have reached the point where they are willing to accept a picture with a faint note of sunlight, not realizing that sunshine pervades a whole landscape and that no one spot can feel its influence to the entire exclusion of all others. And this is the difficult problem. The artist who has learned to paint sunlight has accomplished much indeed, for he is able to instil into his pictures life and warmth; he understands how, by means of an accurate sense of color and a broad vigorous handling of the brush, to produce a picture that carries with it

the effect of cheer and uplift, a picture that should be an inspiration to

those who are fortunate enough to possess it.

A visit to an exhibition by the Society of American Artists in New York, were it possible, or to the annual exhibitions of the Pennsylvania Academy at Philadelphia and the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, would convince the most sceptical that Impressionists are different from artists of the older schools in that they are not daunted by any mood of Nature, however difficult or unusual. They are not bound by conventions, they are dominated by no one method; each canvas receives the treatment that belongs to it individually, making it possible to reproduce the predominant features of any group of landscapes, however widely divergent in character they may be.

The true Impressionist strives to reproduce on his canvas not only the thones of a landscape but the spirit of it as well, retaining the purity of color and the atmospheric delicacy that give a picture its charm whether

the subject be a gray day in California or a sunset in Venice.

This result can be obtained only by the most skilful manipulation of color supplemented by a judicious handling of varnish, since anything but the thinnest and most transparent of mediums changes inevitably the quality of color, often ruining a previously good effect.

In a word, then, the Impressionists adapt their means to their ends,

like all artists who look at Nature through their own eyes.

It is time that California, with her high ambitions and incomparable resources, awoke to the fact that other States are far ahead of her in their appreciation and encouragement of this great movement which the artworld has long since accepted. If we are to take pride in making our State one of the greatest in the Union, we should be not the last, but the first, to welcome any new movement, whether in the realm of science or art, that will help to make this possible.

GEORGE L. NOYES.



# The Message of the Silence. (To Mrs. John Walter Bartnett)

Unhalting strains of heaven's melodious winds That fill our future dwelling-place, and make The maiden trees bend earthward and the waves Clap cool, white hands in maiden ecstasy, Where learn ye your perfection? Who is He That bids ye on unseen Æolians Thus voice His holy music — His desire?

Untainted glory of the flame-fed sun,
Whose splendor were our envy were we not
So sure, so sure of all it promises;
Whence comes thy Time-defiant energy
That bathes the worn world's temples and relights
Her chilled heart's shadowed places? Whence, ah, whence
Thy golden love that bids Man hope again?

Caressive beauty of the sea-sweet air
That presses down so lightly, lovingly,
And ever hints of a Companionship
Ineffable, unearthly! From what urns
And by whose hands art thou these æons poured
From awful heights while scraphim intone
Their thunderous chants among the whirling stars?

Listen! The winds are silent, And our spirits are enswathed By the peace that came to Jesus In the gloom of Calvary: Silent the wild, wise breezes In the heights of amethyst, That our thanks may rise to heaven And our eyes behold the Face.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

#### A Foreword to the Life of An Artist.

Being " Un Anima Sola" Englished from the Italian.

When between the world and me there was a veil of clouds,

T WAS a work of duty on my part, who derived a great consolation from the reading of this book by Neera—a countrywoman of mine—to put before the translator, Miss E. L. Murison, this true and gentle book. It was a work of generosity on her part to gather the sighs of a lonely soul, to understand them with that intuition which has neither geographic nor moral frontier, and to translate them, so that other lonely souls might also derive consolation.

A romance made up of magnetic atoms in the air hovers over this book: a whole honest romance of sadness, conceived, transmitted and put together, to be found expressed in the language of souls, which has

only one alphabet.

This book of Neera has, according to my idea, no counterpart but, possibly, Amiel's Journal Intime. I shall not say here fully why it appeals to me, neither is it necessary for the translator to do more than to present the book, for it speaks for itself; it will be clear to all those who possess in the highest degree ideality and sentiment, to those for whom

common, every-day life is not the last desideratum.

Is this "Anima Sola" a novel? No. An autobiography? No. A poem? No. It is simply a book, in the amplest signification of the word, a companion, a friend, — exquisite pages of thoughts, of love, of life. A very original work in conception and form, it elicited, since its appearance in Italy as well as in Germany, the most conflicting criticisms. Pervaded by subdued fervor, it is a refined book which, alas, will not meet with the delirium of the multitude; yet every reader will find, amidst the many thoughts expressed, something of personal benefit, and will feel its peculiar charm, thus leading to an interest in the study of the author, a woman who, with each of her volumes, gives us a surprise either of idea or of form.

Foremost among the Italian writers of both sexes, in spite of the advertisement which has been lavished in the wrong direction and to which she has a strong antipathy, she shares with the best writers of Italy the healthy privilege of writing to say something with a moral and practical purpose. By practical purpose I do not mean material: the domain of story-writing today, chiefly in Italy, is not confined to amuse and divert, but to keep in touch with humanity, and solve those problems

knotted in the deepest labyrinths of our souls.

Modern education, in spite of certain drawbacks, has given a new direction even to the so-called light literature, thus rendering possible a great versatility. It would be rather an easier task for me to dwell here upon the usurped claim to celebrity of certain writers most in evidence in Italy at the present time, than to enumerate the names of the thoughtful, powerful writers, and of their works, of whom Italy is proud—all workers and thinkers indeed.

Even America has become aware that the Drama, the Poetry, the Novel, has made long strides, and that Goldoni has his grandchildren, Alsieri his nephews, Boccaccio a progeny, Dante and even Manzoni a posterity of writers, who, out of respect toward them, have not dared to

write unless an idea had prompted them in so doing.

With the conscience of rare artists, the Italian writers consider that when they have seen their work printed the last word on that matter has not yet been said, and they do not assume the pedantic boisterous attitude of infallibility. They consider themselves yet in the experimental period in search of truth and of harmony, seeding the ground with good grain,

in the hope of a large harvest of altruistic ideas.

Wrongly, let me be permitted to say, the study of the Italian language—which at one time England was considering to substitute for the Latin in the schools—is in America relegated to a few elect and refined people. Wrongly, it has not appealed to the intellect of those who direct the destiny of education in America, the necessity of acquiring through the knowledge of the Italian language and literature, the meaning of certain essential ideas, of certain canons, of certain fundamental principles which constituted the bulwark of every ethical and political foundation of the Latins, who were masters in everything. To converse with and to be thrown in contact with Italian men of letters and science, to be able to peruse their intellectual productions, would mean a great deal to Americans.

To come back from generalities to the book of Neera I shall say, taking it as an example of the aforesaid, that her work is signalized and characterized by a constant aspiration toward the new and toward the better. She has treated the novel in almost all its forms, realistic, mystic, psychological; she has written pages of morals, of poetry, of sociology, and now, with "Un Anima Sola," she goes out of whatever is known and seen and whatever has been read, into a new field. Never before, as in this novel, has she touched the high idealities of life, never has she surpassed herself as a stylist.

When this book was published in the German translation, the cover bore the portrait of Eleanora Duse. The translator hinted by this at the possibility of Neera having taken Duse as a model of her heroine. Possibly Duse, one of the most sensitive personalities of our century, has

contributed in a large proportion to the composite portrait of Neera's heroine, who, for me, represents in one person the soul of many. Blessed those who, like Duse, can live many lives, or assimilate the feelings and the precious sensations of souls. She can check her own misery by living in the remembrance of others. The theatre has furnished her the remembrance of many lives that she has impersonated, and she can ruminate over the hours of misery consoled by instants of glory - proud of having awakened the conscience of others in becoming a martyr.

And, since we are on the subject of theatres, and of artists, let me quote Glatigny, who was a poet and a Bohemian actor, and took the stage as a compensation to life. He speaks to the bourgeois, showing his rags:

"Nos habits vous font voir les cordes de nos lyres." And Clartie in

"Brichanteau Célèbre":

"If you wish to continue to run the chance of this macabre lottery the theatre-you must keep until the last hour the love of your art: to love it for its success, for its failures: you must keep until the last minute your love and faith of the first years, to believe in that which exists not: to believe in the dream and say to oneself that in its distributive justice, destiny has been element if it has given you one minute of illusion: illusion, my friends, is perhaps the only thing which permits men to live their own lives."

The author of "Anima Sola" who signs with the nom de plume Neera, in private life is Anna Zuccari, wife of Signor Radius. She is a Florentine by birth, a Milanese by choice. Among her best novels are "Un Romanzo," "Vecchie Catene," "Addio," "Il Castigo," "Freccia del Parto," "Un Nido," "Lidia," etc. While indulging in writing of glorious battles, ignoble victories, and of the throes of a soul in the grasp of that overpowering passion, love, she is very domestic, the angel of her home,not at all the portrait of any of the heroines of her books. Personally, ten years ago she was considered a beauty, tall, with brilliant black eyesa graceful figure, and a woman of very nervous, sympathetic temperament.

This new book is a consolation to all those who, endowed with a high sensitive nature, are obliged by circumstances to live alone, and to keep hidden, for fear of deception or disillusion, that sacred flame which otherwise would have shown and lighted the road to a hero.

L. D. VENTURA.



### As to Origin.

### Sovereign Woman.

The woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam. Not made out of his head to top him; not out of his feet to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side to be equal with him, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved.

Matthew Henry.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind, Old Adam called her wo-man; But when she wooed with love so kind, He then pronounced her woo-man; But now, with folly and with pride, Their husbands' pockets trimming, The women are so full of whims, That men pronounce them wimmen.

Anonymous.

Woman, they say, was only made of man,
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike;
It may be all the best was cut away
To make the woman, and the nought was left behind
with him.

Beaumont and Fletcher.



A Page from
Sovereign Woman Versus Mere Man
A Medley of

A Medley of Quotations Compiled and Arranged by Jennie Day Haines











